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Odd Fellowship on Nantucket Since 1845.

In the beginning of the year 1845 a number of gentlemen of this town, who had the humanitarian principle largely developed, combined (for the good of the community in general and themselves in particular) to have a Lodge of Odd Fellows here. After a number of preliminary meetings and some correspondence with the authorities of the order, they delegated five of their number—William Summerhays, H. C. Worth, G. H. Riddell, Joseph B. Lawrence and Francis B. Coffin—to proceed to the nearest Lodge, which was "Acushnet, No. 41", located in New Bedford, and there be initiated and receive the five degrees of a subordinate Lodge.

Accordingly they went, fulfilled the mission, and returned fully empowered to petition for a charter. They made their application and a delegation of grand officers—M. W. G. and G. R. William E. Parmenter—assisted by a large delegation of officers and members from the mother Lodge, "Acushnet", on the evening of the 20th of March, 1845, in the east room of the old Athenaeum, instituted "Nantucket Lodge, No. 66", and granted them a dispensation under which to work until the next meeting of the Grand Lodge (it then being the recess of that body).

After the applicants for the dispensation were installed into office—William Summerhays as Noble Grand, George H. Riddell as Vice Grand, and Henry G. Worth as Secretary—they immediately proceeded to initiate 20 brothers, and by special dispensation conferred the five degrees on a majority of them, from whom the appointed offices were filled.

There is a tradition that the work of that evening was done good and strong, and occupied all the time into the "wee sma' hours beyant the twel' "—after which, it is said, they passed the time very pleasantly, and some of them didn't go home till morning. At that time the work of the Lodge was done according to the ritual of the Manchester Unity, England, under the jurisdiction of which society the Grand Lodge of the United States then was.

We are informed that the usages of the Unity are entirely different from what is called American Odd Fellowship, under which the order works, which had its beginning in the year 1846. In the quarterly returns ending March 31st of that year we find this Lodge credited with a membership of 120, and the receipts up to that time, from various sources, were nearly \$3,000.

In the same year, on the night of the 13th of July, a direful calamity fell upon Nantucket. It came in a devastating, sweeping fire; and in several hours the fierce scourge had swept over an area of thirty-seven acres, leaving many desolate hearths on which their last fires had burned out.

Then it was that from Maine to Georgia, from Massachusetts to Arkansas, material aid flowed into the coffers for the benefit of the distressed brothers; and many hearts were made glad by the knowledge that in their suffering they had the sympathy of the thousands who had covenanted to "visit the sick and relieve the distressed".

Besides other aid, \$6,090 was received by the Lodge for the benefit of its members, some of whom had lost their all, and others whose loss was partial. Most of the brothers were in business within the range of the fire, and therefore were heavy losers. By the fire the Lodge lost its meeting place, and then held its meetings in what is known as the old Lodge building on Main street, next west of the Pacific Bank. The new hall was finished in 1847, and it has been occupied by the Lodge until the present time.

The Lodge continued to grow and wax strong, until in 1849 it numbered 181 members, a large number of whom went to California in that and following years; and when Odd Fellowship became a fixed fact and had a local habitation in that great State, many withdrew from the local Lodge to join the order there. Some, by inattention and for other causes were suspended, and others were removed by death.

The prosperity of the Lodge then began to wane, and in ten years it had lost fifty-two members. To the credit of the membership of the Lodge, none was lost by expulsion; no member was ever expelled from "Nantucket Lodge."

In the September session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in 1851, the committee of the Degree of Rebekah, presented to that body, for their acceptance and the use of the subordinate Lodges, the ritual of the degree, which was accepted and went into operation at the commencement of 1852.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was one of the first jurisdictions to receive and accept it, and "Nantucket Lodge", being interested in the welfare of the ladies, communicated with Brother Henry C. Worth, who was at that time representative to the General Court, and then in Boston, who would come to Nantucket and instruct the Lodge in the Degree, provided his travelling expenses should be paid.

He came in February, and on the 24th of that month the Degree was conferred upon three ladies, viz: Mrs. William Calder, Mrs. Joshua Parker and Mrs. Moses Derby. Each succeeding meeting some sisters received the Degree until twenty-three had taken it. Then the interest, in a measure, died out, and for twenty years the Lodge had no applicants. In 1872 it was revived; and between that time and the institution of "Island Lodge", on the 29th of September, 1873, the Degree was conferred on twenty-four sisters. The institution of that Lodge withdrew the degree from under the care of "Nantucket Lodge."

From November 22d, 1859, when Brother Alexander B. Pinkham was initiated, until October 11th, 1864, when Brother William C. L'Homme-dieu promised to be a good Odd Fellow, no person joined the order here—a period of nearly five years without any stranger knocking at the door or asking to be admitted within the veil of the sanctuary, to partake of the hidden manna provided for the elect of the household of the faithful.

The membership of the Lodge was still on the decrease until December, 1866, when it numbered only 71; being a loss in about 17 years of 110. The following June there were 80 Brothers good and true, and from that time to the present it has steadily increased.

[The above was written by the late William B. Starbuck, for many years active in Odd Fellowship on Nantucket.—Ed.]

"Once in a Blue Moon." What Does it Mean?

From The Christian Science Monitor.

"Once in a blue moon" occurs Nov. 22! Users of that phrase will be interested to know that the full moon rising that night is the one astronomers and more romantic amateurs among stargazers have dubbed "blue moon," causing the year to have 13 full moons instead of just one a month.

The cosmic timetable calls for seven blue moons to occur during each 19-year period. Just why the word "blue" was tagged onto that extra full moon is apparently not established in fact or legend, at least among the formal astronomers of Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Harvard's observatory staff has announced an erudite quiz-kid game to be started on its bulletin board, where any member may post any explanation he may have run across in research or recreation.

The most the astronomers seem willing to agree on is that "blue" is used to connote that depressed feeling associated with "the blues," for calendar makers throughout the years have been troubled with the problem of where to insert the extra moon every two or three years.

Pending the outcome of the astronomers' search, an independent look into literary allusions brings to light data that are interesting if not exactly explanatory. H. L. Mencken's recent book on American quotations said the phrase "once in a blue moon" does not occur before the nineteenth century.

The Oxford Dictionary reports a proverb known in 1528 to suggest believing in an absurdity: "If they say the mone is belewe, We must beleve that it is true." Also, the word occurred in 1529: "They woulde make men beleve . . . that ye Moone is made of grene chese."

In any event, the blue moon coming up Nov. 22 won't look any bluer than its thin-milk appearance at other times, so its naming can't be ascribed to a distinct coloring at this time.

Ordinarily there are 12 full moons in a year, three of which, before the time of our great-grand-fathers, were allotted to each of the four seasons. This year there happen to be 13 full moons.

Blue moons have caused the calendar makers a great deal of trouble. Sometimes they had to tuck it into one season and sometimes into another. Americans' English ancestors once had the moons named as follows: fall moons—the harvest moon, the hunter's moon, and the moon before Yule; winter moons—the moon after Yule, the wolf moon, and the Lenten moon. The first spring moon was called the egg moon. This was followed by the milk moon and the flower moon. The first moon of summer was known as the hay moon, to be followed by the grain moon and the fruit moon.

Astronomers recognize the full moon nearest to the autumnal equinox as the harvest moon. This full moon which occurs around Sept. 22 rises in northern latitudes about the same time every evening for several successive nights, and so helped the farmers in harvesting their crops long before floodlights were invented. The next full moon following the harvest moon occurs late in October or early November and is known as the hunter's moon. Because of peculiarities in the moon's orbit, this moon again rises but a little later each night for several nights a round, full moon, thus giving long moonlight nights.

The next full moon was known as the moon before Yule, occurring just before Christmas.

This year the harvest moon, the one nearest the autumnal equinox, occurred on Sept. 24, so the next moon, the hunter's moon, came on October 24. The third of the autumnal moons falls on Nov. 22. This obviously is not the moon before Yuletide, as that occurs on December 22, the Sunday before Christmas. To take care of this fourth moon in a season or the thirteenth moon in the year, the term "blue moon" was devised.

By another reckoning, some of the early calendar makers undoubtedly would have had the blue moon of 1942 injected into February. The placing of the blue moon causes all kinds of confusion. Fortunately, long since calendar makers have given up trying to consider the moons as important dates, but romance seekers who like something different might well mark the full moon of Nov. 22. This at least would be one date that could happen only "once in a blue moon."

March 1943 A Letter From Auntie.

One of the boys in service received a letter from his aunt in the form of a poem, which was certainly something different in a letter from home. It read like this:

Dear John:
All through the week
Everything was the same,
I only missed you
When I heard your name.
But now that Saturday
Is here
Something is wrong—
Things seem odd and queer.
For I know there is something
I'm going to miss—
I remember—
Your good-by kiss.
And I realize
You are not on your way
To come home, as you did
Every Saturday.
I cleaned up your room,
And also your bed.
This week I even
Washed the spread.
So it's all as nice
As it can be,
And no one to look
At it but me.
No one to come
On that afternoon train
Which you never missed
In sunshine or rain.
No one to see hurry
Out at night
And wonder if you
Would get home all right.
I even am smiling
Through my tears
As I think of the night
You froze your ears.
That wasn't so very
Funny, I know—
'Twas your mother's joking
That made it so.
I am only writing
A line or two
To tell you I miss you—
I surely do.
And that your room
For you will wait
Till you come back—
Whatever the date.
And the same old key
Will be hanging there,
And right by the 'phone
The same rocking chair.
So I'll say good-by
Till that future date
And then we all
Can celebrate.
I guess this letter
Is not so hot
But you're sure to know
It's from your Aunt Dot.

Miracle.

The hyacinth bulbs went to sleep in the ground,
In their little brown nighties they slept snug and sound,
King Winter arrived, hailed and snowed overhead,
But nary a bulblet turned over in bed.
'Till a morning in April, the golden sun smiled
On the gardens, and dormant things out in the wild.
The hyacinths yawned, flipped their nighties away
And emerged frilled in pastels
a spring roundelay.

—Grace Campbell Lecke.

The Chaplain's Bucket Became Popular on The Voyage.

The Rev. Fred D. Bennett, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Nantucket, is now serving as Chaplain at the Naval Base at San Pedro, California. Mrs. Bennett and the children, Tommy and Peggy, are also in California.

The little publication issued by the unit is called "Terminal Island Beacon", and Chaplain Bennett is listed as editor. A recent issue contains the following:

"On a recent Sunday the RecSta Choir accompanied Chaplain Bennett to the Catalina Coast Guard Training Station to take part in the church services at that place.

The trip was made aboard a Coast Guard Cutter. The waves were wild that day, necessitating many trips to the rail. Upon continued performance of these actions the following parody was born in the minds of the "heavenly" choir members. We need not tell you the tune which was used:

Down went Tommy,
The ocean was his fate.
Down went Peggy,
And then the Chaplain's mate.
Up jumped the Sky Pilot,
Gave the choir a look.
And started to pass the bucket
As he laid aside his Book.
Praise the Lord and pass the Chaplain's bucket—
Praise the Lord and pass the Chaplain's bucket—
Praise the Lord and pass the Chaplain's bucket—
And we'll all take a heave.
Praise the Lord and head straight for the rail,
Praise the Lord or grab yourself a pail.
Praise the Lord we're headed for perdition
On the deep blue sea.
Yes, the Sky Pilot did it,
We've got to give him credit,
For a son-of-a-gun of a sailor was he.
We shouted—
Praise the Lord, we're on a sloppy ocean,
Praise the Lord and what a choppy motion,
Praise the Lord, and pass the Chaplain's bucket
And we'll all take a heave."

The "Chaplain's bucket" seems to have been quite popular on that little voyage, but the parody gives us the impression that the Sky Pilot proved himself a good sailor and did not have use for his bucket. Still, on the other hand, he may have been so busy passing it around to the other members of his party, that he did not have time to use it himself.

Death of Captain Collins.

Word was received on Thursday of the death in Cranston, R. I., of Capt. Charles E. Collins, for many years a familiar figure along the water front. He went to Rhode Island a few years ago to reside with his son. He was over eighty years of age.

Captain Collins was a member of the Pacific Club and also of the Wharf Rat Club. Flags are displayed at half staff in his memory.

March 25, 1943

Found Nantucket Land of Peace and Plenty in Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Dame recently made a mid-winter visit to Nantucket to get an insight into the life of the island "out of season," and they found the Nantucket hospitality just as congenial and welcoming as in mid-summer. Upon his return, Mr. Dame wrote the following entertaining article for the Boston Sunday Herald of the 10th.

By Lawrence Dame in Boston Herald.

Nantucket in winter is still the enchanted island. Known to thousands of off-islanders only as a summer resort, where balmy breezes curled waters warmed by the Gulf Stream and vacationists could do about as they pleased in an infallible atmosphere of ancient times, the tight little haven now ruled by Jack Frost offers delights undreamed by city folks. Any one who thinks that 3200 residents "marooned" 30 miles at sea are holed in like clams had better put himself down as a landlubber and look to his own troubles.

War is close and yet far away. More than 300 natives have joined the services and they are far from forgotten. About 300 Coast Guardsmen and 150 soldiers are stationed on the island, war bonds sales break records and civilian defense is beautifully organized.

Yet you will hear less talk about war than about weather. The pre-war atmosphere of peaceful simplicity holds strong despite the service stars behind the hand-made glass and the hearts yearning, as they always have, in a place where foreign adventure seemed close, at the partly empty family tables.

Fuel oil shortages have not seriously affected the island. Native caution of whaling days, when as many as 83 vessels formed the blubber-hunting fleet, still exists and fuel reserves are sufficient for more than a month ahead. Gasoline rationing does not hit the 14-miles-long region very much, because most folk from remote places like Sconset have moved to Nantucket town anyway. Almost everybody prefers to walk dreamily through the cobbled streets, never tiring of the play of sunlight on the spick gray houses.

So, while Nantucket, the little gray lady of the sea, is doing more than her share in the war, it is good to report that her charm remains intact.

On this island the ancient art of neighborliness is practised constantly. Front doors are never locked. People drop in for visits when they please. Beans are still baked on Saturday nights in old-fashioned kitchen ranges and water is often brought to a boil for tea on fire-place cranes that swung during the Revolution.

Off-islanders appearing in winter, who, like the writer and his wife, are known to have been part of the summer scene for years, are greeted on every corner—and if they say "Hi, there," to the same person a dozen times on the same day, both sides are all the more delighted.

Native venison has been swinging in many back sheds since the shooting season closed, and a round of parties are centered about venison roasts on charcoaled hearths started with the New Year. The official state tally on deer hunting there shows the bagging of 19 buck and 13 doe. One Nimrod estimates that some 400 deer are still browsing round the chill, mauve-colored moors.

The native cranberry bog and bayberry diets have done something to these deer. Or perhaps it is the Nantucket air, as much of a tonic in the winter as in summer. At any rate, venison steaks cut like veal and are twice as palatable.

A bean supper on Saturday night in a doctor's home put the spotlight on some other home-grown products. The doctor's wife raised the beans herself, as well as a pig that gave the pork. She cooked them just as her great-grandmother had done. Her pickles were put up a year ago, properly aged now, and the faultless mince pie, available for breakfast as well as supper, featured deer meat instead of beef. We ate in a kitchen neat enough to make a Dutch housewife jealous and a sauce of good wit made everything taste even better.

"You know the old story," said the doctor. "Some tourist came up to a Nantucketer and commented about so many funny-looking people on the streets. The native replied, 'Wal, sir, most of them disappear around Labor Day'."

After the meal, the doctor showed a remarkable collection of firearms—scores of them—in rooms handsome with the furnishings and knick-knacks of whaling times, when his ancestors sailed the seven seas out of Nantucket.

Up the street a piece, another doctor with leisure for hobbies in winter, displayed his home-made smokehouse. "It's made out of a dog kennel," he said, chuckling. He had just killed a hog and the clean cuts waited on a table in the yard for a place in the smoke.

Putting another bit of water-soaked hickory on the smokehouse fire, the man who has made many notable cures in his own profession talked gaily about food and at the same time revealed his treasure trove. It would have looked familiar to Nantucketers, as it hung from the blackened smokehouse beam, a brace of pheasants and more bacon than has been seen in most stores since rationing started, were being seasoned by fumes as pleasant in their acrid way as the perfume of Sconset honeysuckle in the spring.

This doctor is but one of many islanders accustomed to making things with his own hands, finding great pleasure therein, and sure to be ingenious enough to live well despite war and ration cards.

"Want to hear a recipe for cooking coot?" he asked, raising his head from the smoke.

"Well, you take the coot right after it's shot and strip it. Then you soak it in salt water for four hours, and shift it over to a pit of boiling fresh water. You put a brick in the fresh water with the coot. Cook the whole business for eight hours. Then throw away the coot and eat the brick."

We laughed and took another sniff at the smokehouse. Then we went into a delightful room to taste old-fashions compounded with the care of a chemist and hors-d'oeuvres made with smoked chicken.

"It's a land of plenty," sighed the doctor, leaning back before the fireplace in a chair he made himself.

Nowhere in New England does a town look more shipshape and prosperous. In winter, as in summer, the houses are a delight to see. Behind many walls, however, upper rooms are shut off to save heat.

New Year's Eve passed in the gracious rooms of a Main street mansion, with champagne served by the light of an open fire as 1943 waltzed in, made us realize the tawdriness of most Eve celebrations in a city. The calm, civilized talk had more value than the drinks. The neurotic bustle of urban parties was absent.

Every day in the week brought some sort of satisfying party in a place where nobody hurries. Then we realized the cosmopolitan character of the island off-season. Most Nantucketers, of course, have been about everywhere, and with them this winter are many people of income classes who know how life may best be lived in war-time.

The Commodore of the Yacht Club turned Coast Guard lieutenant, the retired army colonel, the Springfield painter, the Norwegian mariner, the German refugees, the former Governor-General of Puerto Rico and his charming French wife, the ex-rector of a Parish church—these are a few among the many adopted Nantucket folk today.

In the red brick quarters of the Pacific Club we were welcome to take chairs and put our feet on the rail of an old stove while Police Chief Lawrence Mooney wheedled anecdotes out of the Club custodian, Cap'n Timothy Newcomb. Down the wharf a piece, Commodore Herbert H. Coffin, of the Wharf Rat Club, all bundled up for winter but full of sunny wit, keeps open house in his marine store no matter what the weather.

And, though Rupert Warren's blacksmith shop has closed down until the spring, the wide-open padlock swings on a hasp to proclaim the simple security of Nantucket.

Except for the service men on the streets (who include many southerners very gradually getting accustomed to island ways), and the stars in the windows and the honor roll of about 300 names of men and women helping win the war, you might easily forget here that the shooting is not over.

However, the service roll bears three golden stars opposite the names of Harry Gorman, Mason Stevens and Robert Henderson with a promise of more fatal stars to come before the Stars and Stripes is safe. To "avenge" his dead son, Patrolman William Henderson was given a leave of absence to join the Navy.

Most of the island fishermen have joined the Coast Guard. Another sign of war is the substitution of green paper for pink on the mailing wrapper of Harry B. Turner's distinguished *Inquirer and Mirror*. Much to Harry's disgust the pink paper ran out. The flavor of the news sheet is the same and Harry is producing his annual calendar this year, as he has every year since 1914.

For a laugh in times of war, look at the cat in Si Kaufman's Green Coffee Pot cafe. Nature endowed it with a Hitler mustache and the cat will continue to look downcast until Der Fuehrer is overthrown and the boys and girls come home.

Meanwhile, the tight little isle will be getting along fine, all things considered. Thumbs are up no matter how hard Jack Frost and Hitler bite.

"To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—A friend of mine was given a ring by his parents recently when he entered the army. Inscribed in this ring is the word 'Mispah'. Can you tell me what this means?"

"Mispah," or Mizpeh, is a Hebrew word literally meaning "watchtower." It was the name of several towns and places in ancient Palestine. The name was particularly to the pillar set up and the heap of stones gathered on Mt. Gilead by Jacob and his brethren as a witness of the covenant made there with Laban. In modern usage "Mizpah" signifies a parting salutation, a meaning perhaps suggested by Genesis 31:49 which contains Laban's prayer at Mizpah: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." The use of Mizpah on memorial rings is based on the same passage.

Aviators.

Who are they—these men who fly
And battle in a shell-torn sky?
These pilots brave—these bombardiers—
These hell-cats whom the Axis fears?
These navigators, over-head, who pilot
their course where angels tread?

They're only boys from cities grey
Who went to school but yesterday;
And country lads who short before
Have clerked in some old village store.

They're only boys who wield a gun—
Just some mother's adored son.
But how they fight! And how they fly!
How gallantly they choose to die!

Above the earth, above the sea,
Waging the fight for victory;
They build the world the future brings
Beneath the shadow of their wings.

The largest turnip ever raised on Nantucket was grown by William Rawson in 1829. It measured 3 feet in circumference and weighed 11½ pounds, closely trimmed.

JANUARY 6, 1943.

The Eccentric Newbegin Family As Told by Phebe Herself.

Many tales have been printed from time to time about the eccentric "Newbegin family" who lived just west of the town, a short distance east of the "Hawthorne lot". In a little newspaper called "Island Fairie", printed in 1870 and edited by the late Anne Mitchell Macy, appears an interesting story about the "Newbegins" as related by Phebe Newbegin herself to Miss Macy. At the time the "Fairie" was printed in 1870, Phebe herself had passed away—the last of the island family noted for its eccentricities and peculiar mode of life.

The present generation may have heard their elders occasionally mention the "Newbegins", but to the young people of today, even though they have heard the name, it has meant nothing. The story told by Phebe Newbegin, the eldest of the three sisters, three-quarters of a century ago, contains much of real historic interest, aside from the references to the eccentric family.

By Phebe Newbegin.

My father, a man in very humble circumstances, and I think of very humble capacity, by some incomprehensible law of attraction became the suitor of my mother at an early age, the latter being possessed of unusual character originally, but saddened by disappointment in her affections which she would never reveal.

Always kind to my father, she pursued the even tenor of her way, without ambition, without courage, and seemingly ever looking to the past or the future—never at the present. It is natural to suppose, with this skeleton in the house, that any young girls, isolated as we were, should grow up without manners, rough, careless, but with our mother's example, ever having the profoundest respect for truth and virtue.

We were all taught to read, for our mother's education had not been neglected, and she performed these mechanical duties without a murmur, but so far from town were we—and in those days, schooling was not free—that we were contented to be able to read from the Holy Bible.

After the death of our parents, and the removal of our brother to town, we lived alone, and very soon became to be considered as queer which characteristics were so apparent even to ourselves, that our whole lives were influenced by the fact. Our furniture was scant, consisting generally of three chairs, one for each sister, and though we knew chairs to be requisite to a dwelling we had not knowledge sufficient to raise us to the exertion of going into town for them.

We were very poor, and our room very limited, but no one can ever say that our floors were unwashed or uncleaned, for sister Anna was very neat and particular, though her own appearance did not exactly indicate the traits.

As years went by, many visitors would call to see us during the summer season among them some of the most respectable of the town and state, not excepting Gov. Lincoln and Gov. Briggs, and though we had no credit for insight into character, we knew very well when parties came to make fun, and when they came from curiosity or kindness.

The Society of Friends sent their messengers to us, and but for these we might have suffered. Every few weeks a deputation from this body would arrive, bringing food and comforts, clothing, etc., for we were not even capable of sewing much. Their marks would last long after the food was consumed, and the clothing tattered, as they were always with their poor and needy.

Young girls would call, and so fond were we of the gay and youthful, that when Anna, the most retiring of us, would slide into the room, take her seat on the bed, and look intently out the window, as if the barren hills were a new scene, and filled with startling objects so rapid without recognition on her part.

Her hair was red and unkempt (perhaps auburn and frizzled), which with her wonderful eye, gave her the appearance of "frenzy", whereas, she was the most cheery of us all. After the guests had departed, she could tell which were the pretenders and which were the realities.

Young boys, introduced themselves as "Lieutenant this" and "Captain that", and while we were pitying them for their want of breeding, and on this account we treated them with respect. They imagined that we who had lived through two wars did not know an infant from a General; but, if we made fun of them then, they have lived to see their folly and we will leave them to the sober reflections of an after life.

We never found difficulty (or at least sister Mary never did, for she was our conversationalist) in talking with John Q. Adams, Dr. Bowditch and other learned men, whose hearts kept pace with their heads, and who had a plenty of the latter.

Our place was small; our little garden, unfenced, being our farm; yet we were quite interested in fowl, and begged a few. These we accommodated in the lower drawer of our bureau, which drawer we left open always, knowing that fowl required the air.

The fact became so notorious, the inquiries so unpleasant and annoying, that we were obliged to dispose of them, with the exception of one chicken, which remained to me as a pet, but which had the happy faculty of running away when strangers approached. As Anna was the only nimble one among us, it gave her the appearance of ever running wild, but she always brought the chicken to terms, and to my lap for protection, which gave me the credit of being superannuated in tending it.

This turned all questions to my sister Mary, who sat bolt upright, and talked as though she were the flower of the family, and I the mere Martha of old.

After the guests were gone, there never was peace for Mary; but she had those winning ways with her which were not the parts of Anna and myself, and so was beyond our control.

Many acts have been noised abroad concerning our modes of living, which we could have kept to ourselves but for the shyness of the chicken, and our fear that it would be lost. Thus the whole lower drawer tradition would have escaped the new generations, but that we were obliged to secrete the pet there sometimes, and the internal rattling of the drawer handles would arouse suspicion.

As winter approached, our only callers were the dear old Quakers—our real friends. Thus year after year passed. At the time of my writing, there is a move making to get us into town—we have not been in for more than half a century, and we dread the strange ways.

We have heard of the wonderful boat, and Anna has seen it, but Mary and I fear it, as the noise of its steam is audible even here.

We have heard that the cistern on Main street, opposite Pleasant, has been changed. We hear that the old Friend's Meeting House, corner of the latter street, has been torn down, and a stately house built at its stead; that the Cartwright house at the corner is gone.

The Franklin school-house near the old Mary Starbuck spot is no more; where the wood buildings stood, corners Main and Liberty, are now a brick bank and a chapel.

The Gelston House is gone—that new three story house—and in its place, a brick dwelling of only two stories.

All is changed but ourselves; there is but one change that we desire, and that is, when we leave this old Newbegin homestead, that we may pass on to that higher house in which we are told are many mansions and a place prepared for each, where our spirits unencumbered by earthly conditions, and circumstances, can be at rest forevermore.

P. N.

FEBRUARY 13, 1943.

Sergt. "Andy" Swain's Citations Reveal His Heroism.

The local Government Appeal Agent of the Selective Service Board has received the following response to his letters of inquiry to the War Department concerning the awards made to Sergeant Andrew J. Swain, a Nantucket hero of World War II. The letters follow:

War Department.
The Adjutant General's Office
Washington, D. C.

Feb. 2, 1943.

Dear Sir:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of January 29th, relative to awards to Sergeant Andrew J. Swain.

I am pleased to inform you that Sergeant Swain has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Silver Star. Extract copies of the General Orders in which he was cited are enclosed.

Very truly yours,

J. A. Ulio, Major General,
The Adjutant General.

Extract Headquarters General Orders,
Allied Air Forces, Southwest Pacific.
May 25, 1942

General Orders No. 12.

II.—Awards of the Silver Star.

By direction of the President the award of the "Silver Star" is hereby made to the following named enlisted men of Bombard. Sqdn. Group (M) United States Army Air Corps, for extraordinary heroism and bravery in an aerial flight against an armed enemy.

Technical Sergeant Luther B. Word.
Corporal Henry R. Sheppard.
Corporal Andrew J. Swain.

On May 1, 1942, the above named enlisted men were serving as gunners on a bombardment airplane which was en route from Lae to Port Moresby, New Guinea, when they were attacked by a force of 5 Japanese "Zero" fighters. These men displayed extraordinary heroism and bravery under the fierce assault which lasted for 35 minutes. Never once did they permit the enemy fighters to maneuver into a position where effective fire could be directed against them. They stuck gallantly to their posts and succeeded in shooting down two of the attacking enemy aircraft. Their determined defense is an inspiration to their fellow men.

George H. Brett, Lieut.-Gen.,
Commander.

General Orders No. 24
(Extract)

I. Awards of Distinguished Service Cross.

Andrew J. Swain (11018842), Sergeant (then Corporal), Bombardment Group (L), Air Corps, United States Army. For extraordinary heroism in action near Lae, New Guinea, on April 30, 1942. When the airplane in which he was upper-turret gunner was intercepted by five enemy fighters, Sergeant Swain, throughout a constant attack lasting 35 minutes, courageously and skillfully handled his guns so that, although attacking planes came from two directions, they were never once allowed to get into positions from which sustained fire could be delivered. As the result of his courageous action, the hostile planes were shot down or badly damaged, and the enemy was forced to discontinue his attack.

By command of General MacArthur.
R. K. Sutherland, Major-Gen.
Chief of Staff.

Nantucket Boy in First Group to Bomb Occupied Europe.

Sergeant Charles Q. Norton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas E. Norton, of Cottage Court, Nantucket, is home on a well-earned furlough after almost a year's service in the European and African theatres of war.

Sergeant Norton is an aerial gunner and he, with the other members of an attack bombardment squadron, saw plenty of action in both theatres. They raided the enemy from all heights—from tree-top level to altitudes in the thousands of feet. Their



SERGEANT NORTON

mission was to bomb and strafe the enemy and, judging by the various decorations Norton and his fellow flying sergeants are wearing, they did a good job of it.

In addition to their military decorations, the men were presented by the Douglas Aircraft Company with lapel pins fashioned after the type airplanes they used in battle.

Norton was behind the machine guns when American planes participated for the first time in raids against European targets. He and his squadron also carried out the first all-American raid against occupied Europe.

Norton's squadron arrived in North Africa a few days after the Allied invasion and he was in action almost until the day he was sent home on furlough.

In North Africa, Norton's squadron spent the day bombing and strafing the Axis forces, then spent the night being bombed by Jerry.

Upon their return to the United States, Norton and his buddies were sent to the Third Air Force headquarters at Tampa, Florida, for assignment before receiving their furloughs.

March 1943

G, FEBRUARY 19, 1944.

Staff Sergeant Charles Q. Norton, who has been serving as instructor here in the States for a year, is again overseas. He saw a year of active duty immediately following the outbreak of the war, both here and in England, and is a veteran of the African campaign, for which services he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters.

WILL OF MRS. HENRY LANG

Testatrix Leaves a Large Estate and Makes Many Bequests of Interest. Nantucket Institutions and Individuals Are Among the Beneficiaries.

The will of the late Florence O. R. Lang, widow of Henry Lang, which was filed for probate in the Essex County Surrogate's Court, New Jersey, on the 20th of February, is of interest to our readers, inasmuch as it contains a number of bequests that affect Nantucket, directly and indirectly.

The will contains a number of bequests to island institutions, among which are: \$5,000 to the Nantucket Atheneum; \$5,000 to the Old People's Home Association; \$15,000 to the Nantucket Cottage Hospital; \$10,000 to the First Congregational Church.

Individual bequests of particular interest to our readers include the following:

\$100,000 and 300 shares of preferred stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company to Florence Elizabeth Ingall.

\$100,000 and 300 shares of preferred stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company to William E. Ingall.

\$25,000 and 100 shares of preferred stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company to Adeline E. Ingall, widow of Oswald Drew Ingall.

\$50,000 to Anna Lang, sister of the deceased's late husband, Henry Lang.

\$1,000 to Mrs. Herbert R. Crane, of Nantucket.

\$1,000 to Miss Emma Cook of Nantucket.

\$1,000 to Ormond Ingall, of Nantucket.

15 shares of the capital stock of the Island Service Company to each of the following: William Donnell, Jr., Gilbert Manter and Sidney Thurston, of Nantucket.

The complete text of the will, which is signed by the testatrix and witnessed on the 21st of May, 1938, is as follows:

I, FLORENCE OSGOOD RAND LANG, a resident of the Town of Montclair, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, do hereby make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and codicils at any time heretofore made by me.

1. The provisions hereinafter made are to take effect in the order named, that is to say, if my estate is not sufficient to carry into effect all of the provisions of this my will, the last mentioned provisions shall abate first, without regard to the class or kind of each legacy or devise.

2. I direct that my debts, should any exist, and my funeral expenses be promptly paid.

3. I give and bequeath to Florence Elizabeth Ingall, my namesake, daughter of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000) and Three Hundred (300) Shares of the Preferred Stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

4. I give and bequeath to William E. Ingall, son of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000) and Three Hundred (300) Shares of the Preferred Stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

5. I give and bequeath to Adeline E. Ingall, who is the widow of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, Twenty-five Thousand Dollars (\$25,000.) and One Hundred (100) Shares of the Preferred Stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

6. I give and bequeath to Anna Lang, sister of the deceased's late husband, Henry Lang, \$50,000.

7. I give and bequeath to Mrs. Herbert R. Crane, of Nantucket, \$1,000.

8. I give and bequeath to Miss Emma Cook, of Nantucket, \$1,000.

9. I give and bequeath to Ormond Ingall, of Nantucket, \$1,000.

10. I give and bequeath to each of the four children of Eric D. and Gertrude Ingall, of Ottawa, Canada, the sums set after their names: to Josephine Ingall, Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000); to Gertrude Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Desmond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Ormond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000).

11. I give and bequeath to each of the four children of Eric D. and Gertrude Ingall, of Ottawa, Canada, the sums set after their names: to Josephine Ingall, Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000); to Gertrude Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Desmond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Ormond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000).

12. I give and bequeath to the Montclair Art Association, Montclair, N. J., a corporation incorporated under the law of the State of New Jersey entitled "An Act to incorporate associations not for pecuniary profit" and the amendments thereof and supplements thereto, Two Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$200,000.), to be added to its Endowment Fund, the income of which shall be used for the purpose of maintaining and improving the art collection of the association.

13. I give and bequeath to the First Congregational Church of Nantucket, \$15,000, to be added to its endowment fund.

14. I give and bequeath to the Island Service Company, a corporation of Massachusetts, to each of the following persons: William Donnell, Jr., Gilbert Manter and Sidney Thurston, all of Nantucket, Mass., 15 shares of the capital stock of the Island Service Company.

estate, an annuity contract or contracts from one or more life insurance companies.

9. I give and bequeath One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000) to each of the following persons: my friend Miss Alice A. Bouden, of Montclair, N. J., my friend Mrs. Herbert R. Crane, of Nantucket, Mass., my friend Miss Emma Cook, of Nantucket, Mass., and my friend Miss Maud Mason, of New York City.

10. I give and bequeath to each of the four children of Eric D. and Gertrude Ingall, of Ottawa, Canada, the sums set after their names: to Josephine Ingall, Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000); to Gertrude Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Desmond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Ormond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000).

11. I give and bequeath Fifteen (15) shares of the capital stock of the Island Service Company, a corporation of Massachusetts, to each of the following persons: William Donnell, Jr., Gilbert Manter and Sidney Thurston, all of Nantucket, Mass.

12. I give and bequeath to the Montclair Art Association, Montclair, N. J., a corporation incorporated under the law of the State of New Jersey entitled "An Act to incorporate associations not for pecuniary profit" and the amendments thereof and supplements thereto, Two Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$200,000.), to be added to its Endowment Fund, the income of which shall be used for the purpose of maintaining and improving the art collection of the association.

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14. I give and bequeath to the Island Service Company, a corporation of Massachusetts, to each of the following persons: William Donnell, Jr., Gilbert Manter and Sidney Thurston, all of Nantucket, Mass., 15 shares of the capital stock of the Island Service Company.

15. I give and bequeath to the Nantucket Atheneum, Nantucket, Mass., \$5,000.

16. I give and bequeath to the Old People's Home Association, Nantucket, Mass., \$5,000.

17. I give and bequeath to the Nantucket Cottage Hospital, Nantucket, Mass., \$15,000.

18. I give and bequeath to the First Congregational Church of Nantucket, \$15,000, to be added to its endowment fund.

19. I give and bequeath to the Island Service Company, a corporation of Massachusetts, to each of the following persons: William Donnell, Jr., Gilbert Manter and Sidney Thurston, all of Nantucket, Mass., 15 shares of the capital stock of the Island Service Company.

20. I give and bequeath to the Nantucket Atheneum, Nantucket, Mass., \$5,000.

21. I give and bequeath to the Old People's Home Association, Nantucket, Mass., \$5,000.

WILL OF MRS. HENRY LANG

Continued from First Page.

ing, to his sister or brother in the order of birth, the silver bowl given by his family to my deceased husband on his sixty-fifth birthday; to some member of the Rand family, as they may decide, the silver tea service given by Addison C. Rand to my mother; to the Trustees of the Westfield Atheneum, Westfield, Mass., my grandfather Rand's secretary and the mahogany bureau (swell front with lines of inlay), which once belonged to my grandfather's sister, Candace Rand Rice; to my namesake, Florence Elizabeth Ingall, the water-color portrait of myself painted by Elinor Barnard, and also my three-stone blue diamond pendant; to my cousin Margaret Goldthwait Bennett, of Wellesley, Mass., my ring containing one ruby and two diamonds, formerly belonging to my aunt, Nellie Goldthwait.

20. I give and bequeath to the Mountside Hospital Association, of Montclair, N. J., Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000), for its endowment fund; and to the Community Hospital Association of Harrison Avenue, Montclair, N. J., Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000), for its endowment fund.

21. I give and bequeath to the Family Welfare Society of Montclair, N. J., Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$2,500) and to the Montclair Day Nursery, of Montclair, N. J., Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$2,500).

22. I give and bequeath to the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Association, of Nantucket, Mass., Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000), this amount to be added to its endowment fund.

23. I give and bequeath to the First Congregational Church of Nantucket, Mass., Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000).

24. I give and bequeath to the First Congregational Society of Montclair, N. J., Twenty-five Thousand Dollars (\$25,000).

25. I give, devise and bequeath to the said Florence Elizabeth Ingall the land at Shawkemo, Nantucket, Mass., extending from the Polpis Road to the Harbor, being the lot bought from Louis Coffin and which is commonly called "Baa-Baa Lot."

26. All the rest, residue and remainder of my property and estate of whatsoever nature and wheresoever situated, including any and all real and personal property not validly otherwise disposed of by this my will, and any gift herein made which may for any reason lapse or fail to take effect, all such property being hereinafter collectively referred to as my residuary estate, I give, devise and bequeath, in equal shares, to Florence Elizabeth Ingall, my namesake, daughter of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, and to the said Montclair Art Association of Montclair, N. J., a corporation of New Jersey, for its corporate purposes, and to Stevens Institute of Technology, a corporation of New Jersey, for its corporate purposes. If the said Florence Elizabeth Ingall shall not survive me, then I give, devise and bequeath my residuary estate, in equal shares, to the said Montclair Art Association and to the said Stevens Institute of Technology for their respective corporate purposes.

27. I direct that all estate, transfer, legacy, succession and inheritance taxes payable upon or in respect of my estate or the transfer thereof, or in respect of any devise, bequest, or gift made by the terms of this my will, shall be paid by my executors as part of the administration expenses of my estate and without deduction for any such taxes from the amount of any such devise, bequest or gift.

28. I direct that no interest shall be payable for any period prior to the expiration of two years after my death, upon any of the legacies hereby given and bequeathed.

29. I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my husband's nephew, Walter Kidde of Montclair, New Jersey, William Osgood Morgan of Montclair,

New Jersey, and the Bank of Montclair, a corporation of New Jersey, to be the executors of this my will. I direct that the said executors shall be permitted to qualify and serve as such executors without bond or other security in any court or jurisdiction.

30. I direct my executors to sell any and all real property, other than the land at Shawkemo, Nantucket, Mass., mentioned above, which may form part of my estate, and to convert the same into personal property, such sale to be made from time to time and at such time or times as my executors may deem expedient.

31. My executors shall have the following rights and powers in addition to the rights and powers conferred upon them by law:

(a) To settle, compromise and adjust any and all claims in favor of or against my estate, as in their uncontrolled discretion they may determine.

(b) To sell, assign, transfer, convey, deal with, exchange, lease or otherwise dispose of all or any part of my property, real or personal, other than the land at Shawkemo, Nantucket, Mass., mentioned above, and other than the articles of my tangible personal property specifically given and bequeathed by the foregoing provisions of this my will, without the necessity of applying to any court for leave so to do, and to allow any portion of the purchase money to be secured by a purchase money mortgage or other lien upon the property so sold, on any terms and in any manner which they, in their uncontrolled discretion, may deem advisable, and to receive the proceeds therefrom, and to make, execute and deliver all necessary or proper instruments to accomplish the foregoing purposes.

(c) To retain any securities or other property at any time acquired by them, although the same may not be legal investments for executors under the laws applicable thereto.

(d) To invest and re-invest any and all property at any time held by them without limitation as to investments which, under the laws applicable thereto, executors are at the time permitted to invest funds held by them.

(e) To cause any securities held by them to be transferred into their names or into their names as executors or into the name of any nominee selected by them, all as they, in their uncontrolled discretion, may determine. I direct that the Bank of Montclair, as one of the executors of this my will, shall keep the custody of all personal property forming part of my estate and the individual executors named above shall not be responsible for the custody of such property.

32. I authorize my executors to deliver to the legatees hereunder, for the purpose of paying any legacy given and bequeathed by the terms of this my will, any stocks, bonds or other investments (hereinafter collectively called "securities") at the time held by my executors and selected by them for that purpose, such delivery of securities being in lieu of the payment of cash and being hereby authorized in each and every case where, in the uncontrolled discretion of my executors, it may not for any reason be expedient to convert the said securities into cash; and the values placed by my executors upon any securities in making any such delivery thereof shall be final and conclusive.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 21st day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

Florence Osgood Rand Lang.

Attesting witnesses:
Elizabeth K. Rathbone, Kathryn R. Washer, Martin Mason.

(Copy from the office of Eugene F. Hoffman, Surrogate of the County of Essex and Clerk of the Surrogate's Court of said County, State of New Jersey.)

BRUARY 13, 1943.

Death of Mrs. Florence Lang in Montclair, N. J.

The passing of Mrs. Florence O. R. Lang, removes one of Nantucket's most enthusiastic and helpful summer residents—a woman who has done much for the island and its people in many ways through a long period of years.

Lang had been in failing health for a number of years, yet was able to maintain her interests even though she realized that the final sum-mer was not far distant.

As a woman of artistic temperament and an artist by whose pen many island subjects have been preserved. It was Mrs. Lang who started the nucleus of the Nantucket art colony when in her more active days she utilized what a rare field she had in Nantucket.

She had constructed a large number of little studios for the summer artists and has since maintained them as a part of her contribution to the development of Nantucket's summer art. She purchased the building which some years ago was used as the hot water bath-house and had it moved from its site near the Yacht property over to Easy street, where it has become popular as the "Street Art Gallery"—actually a part of the annual art exhibits in Nantucket.

Her late husband, Mrs. Lang a woman of a century and more ago, extensive real estate development on the island, resulting in many improvements which the island and summer visitors greatly appreciated. The Langs never turned



THE LATE MRS. LANG

to a worthy cause and were always ready to contribute to any movement which they felt had merit.

The children's beach was built on the inner harbor, it was Mr. and Mrs. Lang who purchased the swings, and other equipment for the beach. They became interested in the children in the south part of the island and when dredging was in progress in the harbor, they had a sandy stretch thrown up on their beach in the south beach, where the children were living in that section of the play-ground.

Throughout the long years that passed since Mrs. Lang became interested in Nantucket, the interest she has maintained has been evident in so many ways that it is impossible to name them. Her interests in the Congregational church were ever manifest, both in spiritual and material ways, and in

1914 Mr. and Mrs. Lang presented the church with the new bell which has ever since sounded the call to worship.

With her late husband, Mrs. Lang became interested in the formation of the Island Service Company in 1917 and they spent large sums of money in the rebuilding of the south wharf and the development of what has become Nantucket's leading mercantile institution. Since the death of Mr. Lang in 1930, Mrs. Lang has filled the position of president of the company and although unable to remain active, she has maintained a keen oversight over the business, and whether at her home in Montclair, N. J., at her winter home in Pasadena, Cal., or in Nantucket during the summer months, her interests have always been the same.

She was a woman of marked hospitality and gave of her means for the development of art and education. Besides large benefactions made at Montclair, she also gave Rand Hall, a mechanical engineering building, to Cornell University; and an out-door amphitheatre and improved athletic plant to the high school at Westfield, Mass., her girlhood home.

Mrs. Lang was one of the chief donors and supporters of the Montclair, N. J., Art Museum. The original building, opened in 1914, was her gift and in 1924 the library, upper gallery and office quarters were added by her. In 1931 her liberality and interest was again manifest, when she had a new wing built to the Museum building in which the Rand Indian collection was placed.

She was also a benefactor of the Los Angeles Art Museum, a trustee of the Newark Museum, and at times had contributed in a substantial manner to Cornell University and to Scripps College, Cal. Throughout her life, Mrs. Lang was a patron of the Arts and Education.

The deceased was born at Westfield, Mass., September 8, 1861, the daughter of Jasper R. and Annie (Ballantine) Rand. Members of her family formed the Rand Drill Company of New York, makers of the first compressed air machines on the market. The company afterwards consolidated with the Ingersoll Sargent Drill Co. under the name of Ingersoll-Rand Co.

The deceased is survived by no near relatives, other than cousins. The late Oswald D. Ingall, a step-child of her sister, was always looked upon by her as a nephew and he was closely associated with her up to the time of his death in March, 1938. Since then his daughter, Miss Florence Ingall, has been the close companion of the deceased and ministered to her comfort during her last illness.

NG, MAY 1, 1943.

Experiences of a Nantucket Boy Over-seas.

In a rather round-about way The Inquirer and Mirror receives more details about the experiences of Sergeant Charles Q. Norton with the Armed Forces over in Africa. The clipping is from the Vineyard Gazette of April 23rd:

A few weeks ago this department carried a story about Sgt. Charles Q. Norton and his experiences. Sergeant Norton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Eldridge Norton of Nantucket, and a grandson of the late Capt. Charles Norton of Edgartown, whose home still stands on South Water street. Now, through the kindness of Mrs. Edna C. Langille of West Roxbury, a former resident of Edgartown, there are some further details of a fascinating kind. The extracts are from a letter from Sergeant Norton's mother, who adds that he is a very modest person and might not thank her for divulging his exploits, but that she feels that they are "history and interesting to us all."

Charles got home Feb. 22 and had until March 14 to report to Will Rogers Field in Oklahoma. He is thin and shows the strain he has been under—his eyes were bruised from the bomb sight, but that had cleared up before he left. The FBI impounded all his personal stuff until after the war—pictures, log, etc., and would not let it out of Africa.

One souvenir only he brought home, a twisted and riddled bit of aluminum piping, part of the feed line of an engine shot out of their plane on a raid, and they barely got to base safely. All took a scrap of the remains for a memento. He was tail gunner on a Boston Bomber, piloted by Lieutenant Colonel Crabtree of Texas, and called The Texas Tumbleweed.

Charles has decorations for bombing Norway, occupied Holland, France and Italy, and the Douglas aircraft insignia for being of the first all-American unit to bomb Germany. The Distinguished Flying Cross and Airman's Medal with three silver Oak Leaf Clusters, is awarded in twenty-five separate counts—but he doesn't tell what.

I am enclosing a rotogravure picture of the gun crew who came back, and you will notice a wound stripe on the arm of the man next to Charles, who is his best pal, Delbert Gillem of Smackover, Ark. Part of Charles' award was for pulling this lad, wounded, out of a plane, which got back so badly damaged it crashed in landing. He says, "They needn't have given me a medal for that. I couldn't leave my best buddy to burn in there. Anyhow, he would have done the same for me."

A newsreel taken at the time (last August in England) shows Charles helping carry the stretcher to a field hospital. No knowing when, if ever, we will see that reel. Ernie Pyle in the Globe gives a good picture of their life in Africa.

He was in the first flight in the invasion—a suicide squadron in fact. They had forty-eight hours' supplies. If things had gone wrong on the ground and gas failed to reach them, it was "finis", but it did get to them with food of sorts, and they held the position, built their own runways, hangars, shacks and fox-holes after landing in virgin desert. At first they didn't have enough gas to get away if attacked, but later took baths with it and washed their clothes, playing ball while their duds were drying by breeze from propellers. Nobody dared smoke for a while.

In this town, May 6, Annie Cartwright Brock, widow of the late Albert G. Brock, aged 82 years, 6 months, 1 day. Year 1943

Death of Mrs. Brock.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Annie (Cartwright) Brock, widow of Albert G. Brock, passed away Thursday afternoon at her home on Liberty street, in her eighty-third year. The deceased was the daughter of Capt. William J. and Lucretia R. Cartwright, and was born at sea aboard ship in latitude 40 south, longitude 37 50 west.

Receiving her early education in the Nantucket schools, she afterwards studied at Smith College, and then became a teacher in the primary grades of the Nantucket schools.

On the 19th of October, 1886, Miss Cartwright was married to Albert G. Brock, by Andrew M. Myrick, justice of the peace, and in 1936 they observed their golden wedding together.

The deceased was for many years an active worker in the interests of the Nantucket Relief Association. She had been a member of the Congregational church since 1884 and as long as she was able continued active in the work of the church and its allied organizations.

She is survived by a son and a daughter—William C. Brock and Mrs. Mary B. Lewis, (wife of Lieut. Colonel Frank E. Lewis,) both of Nantucket. She also leaves four grand-children, namely: Miss Elizabeth C. Brock, Private Albert G. Brock, U. S. A., Miss Frances Lewis and Brock Lewis.

NRING, MARCH 20, 1943.

Rationing of Meats and Butter Starts March 28.

Rationing of meats, canned fish, cheeses and edible fats and oils, including butter will start at midnight Sunday, March 28. Housewives will use the red stamps from War Ration Book Two to obtain the newly rationed foods which will include all fresh, frozen, cured, smoked and canned meats and meat products derived from beef, veal, lamb, mutton and pork as well as "variety meats" and sausages; canned fish and canned shellfish; natural and processed cheeses and most of their derivatives, but not the cottage type and cream cheese; and most edible fats and oils, including butter, lard, margarine, salad oils, and cooking oils, excluding mayonnaise and salad dressings.

The program does not involve any declaration by consumers of the amount of the newly-rationed foods on hand. This exemption extends to food largely used by farmers in storing meat produced by them and slaughtered for home consumption.

In the first month, each holder of War Ration Book Two, regardless of age, will have a basic allotment of 16 points a week to spend, and family shopping may be done with the books of all members.

The official lists of point values will be made public sometime during the week of March 22, and as in the case of processed foods, the point values will be stated on a pound basis with differences in values according to the supply situation and with regard to consumer preferences. Where meat is involved, point values will vary also with the edible meat content of the various cuts and products.

WILL OF MRS. HENRY LANG

Testatrix Leaves a Large Estate and Makes Many Bequests of Interest. Nantucket Institutions and Individuals Are Among the Beneficiaries.

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\$25,000 and 100 shares of preferred stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company to Adeline E. Ingall, widow of Oswald Drew Ingall.

\$50,000 to Anna Lang, sister of the deceased's late husband, Henry Lang.

\$1,000 to Mrs. Herbert R. Crane, of Nantucket.

\$1,000 to Miss Emma Cook of Nantucket.

\$1,000 to Ormond Ingall, of Nantucket.

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The complete text of the will, which is signed by the testatrix and witnessed on the 21st of May, 1938, is as follows:

I, FLORENCE OSGOOD RAND LANG, a resident of the Town of Montclair, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, do hereby make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills and codicils at any time heretofore made by me.

1. The provisions hereinafter made are to take effect in the order named, that is to say, if my estate is not sufficient to carry into effect all of the provisions of this my will, the last mentioned provisions shall abate first, without regard to the class or kind of each legacy or devise.

2. I direct that my debts, should any exist, and my funeral expenses be promptly paid.

3. I give and bequeath to Florence Elizabeth Ingall, my namesake, daughter of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000) and Three Hundred (300) Shares of the Preferred Stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

4. I give and bequeath to William E. Ingall, son of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000) and Three Hundred (300) Shares of the Preferred Stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

5. I give and bequeath to Adeline E. Ingall, who is the widow of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, Twenty-five Thousand Dollars (\$25,000.) and One Hundred (100) Shares of the Preferred Stock of the Ingersoll-Rand Company.

6. I give and bequeath to Anna Lang, a sister of my deceased husband, Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.)

7. I give and bequeath Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000) to each of the following named persons: Albert E. Rand, of Providence, R. I.; Sumner G. Rand, of Orlando, Fla.; Dorothy G. Thayer Greene, of New Britain, Conn.; Ellsworth Thayer, of Cambridge, Mass.; Sherman R. Thayer, of Newton, Mass.; Joel A. Goldthwait, of Providence, R. I.; Margaret Goldthwait Bennett, of Wellesley, Mass.; Una E. Valentine Partridge, of Bronx County, N. Y.; Elsa A. Kidde, Marie Kidde Bornemann, Emile L. Bornemann, Walter Kidde, Louise Carter, Kidde, Emma Kidde Sanders, all of Montclair, N. J.; and H. Clarkson Enyard, of Newton Centre, Mass.

I give and bequeath to Sophie Goff Enyard, of Newton Centre, Mass., Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000). If any of the legatees mentioned in this subdivision 7 of this my will shall predecease me, leaving surviving a husband or wife or descendants who, or any of whom, shall survive me, I give and bequeath to such husband or wife and descendants who shall survive me, to be divided equally among them, the bequest which the deceased legatee would have received if living.

8. If Frank Kidde and Edith Judson Kidde, his wife, of Montclair, N. J., shall both survive me, then I give to them an annuity providing for the payment of Two Hundred Dollars (\$200) per month to Frank Kidde during his remaining lifetime and payable thereafter to Edith Judson Kidde during her remaining lifetime. If Frank Kidde, but not Edith Judson Kidde, shall survive me, then I give to him an annuity providing for the payment to him of Two Hundred Dollars (\$200) per month during his remaining lifetime. If Frank Kidde shall not survive me, but if Edith Judson Kidde shall survive me, then I give to her an annuity providing for the payment of Two Hundred Dollars per month to her during her remaining lifetime. For the purpose of providing for the payment of the said annuity, I direct my executors to purchase, out of my

estate, an annuity contract or contracts from one or more life insurance companies.

9. I give and bequeath One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000) to each of the following persons: my friend Miss Alice A. Bouden, of Montclair, N. J., my friend Mrs. Herbert R. Crane, of Nantucket, Mass., my friend Miss Emma Cook, of Nantucket, Mass., and my friend Miss Maud Mason, of New York City.

10. I give and bequeath to each of the four children of Eric D. and Gertrude Ingall, of Ottawa, Canada, the sums set after their names: to Josephine Ingall, Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000); to Gertrude Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Desmond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000); to Ormond Ingall, One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.)

11. I give and bequeath Fifteen (15) shares of the capital stock of the Island Service Company, a corporation of Massachusetts, to each of the following persons: William Donnell, Jr., Gilbert Manter and Sidney Thurston, all of Nantucket, Mass.

12. I give and bequeath to the Montclair Art Association, Montclair, N. J., a corporation incorporated under the law of the State of New Jersey entitled "An Act to incorporate associations not for pecuniary profit" and the amendments thereof and supplements thereto, Two Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$200,000.), to be added to its Endowment Fund, the income therefrom to be used for its corporate purposes as its trustees may see fit; also such articles of my Indian collection as I have not previously given to it and all my books pertaining to the collection; also two bronzes of Indians, one by Dallin, the other by McNeil; also the portrait of my mother, who started the Indian collection; also a portrait of myself by Orlando Rouland, if the Association desires to have it; also any four other paintings belonging to me that it may choose to have; and also my collection of Chinese snuff bottles.

13. I give and bequeath to William McNulty, of Montclair, N. J., the sum of Twenty-five Hundred Dollars (\$2,500) in recognition of many years of faithful service, if he shall survive me, but if he predeceases me, I give and bequeath the said sum to his wife, Mary McNulty.

14. I give and bequeath to John Kaveny, of Montclair, N. J., the sum of Two Thousand Dollars (\$2,000) in recognition of many years of faithful service, if he survives me, but if he predeceases me, I give the said sum to his wife.

15. I give and bequeath to the Children's Home and Welfare Society, of Montclair, N. J., the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000) in memory of my mother, who was one of the founders of it.

16. I give and bequeath to the Trustees of the Nantucket Atheneum of Nantucket, Mass., the sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000), to be used as desired for the library.

17. I give and bequeath to the Trustees of the Westfield Atheneum, of Westfield, Mass., the sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000) to be used as they desire for the benefit of the Atheneum.

18. I give and bequeath to the Old People's Home Association of Nantucket, Mass., the sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000).

19. I give and bequeath to the following persons the following articles: to Walter Kidde, or if he be not liv-

ing, to his sister or brother in the order of birth, the silver bowl given by his family to my deceased husband on his sixty-fifth birthday; to some member of the Rand family, as they may decide, the silver tea service given by Addison C. Rand to my mother; to the Trustees of the Westfield Atheneum, Westfield, Mass., my grandfather Rand's secretary and the mahogany bureau (swell front with lines of inlay), which once belonged to my grandfather's sister, Candace Rand Rice; to my namesake, Florence Elizabeth Ingall, the water-color portrait of myself painted by Elinor Barnard, and also my three-stone blue diamond pendant; to my cousin Margaret Goldthwait Bennett, of Wellesley, Mass., my ring containing one ruby and two diamonds, formerly belonging to my aunt, Nellie Goldthwait.

20. I give and bequeath to the Mountinside Hospital Association, of Montclair, N. J., Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000), for its endowment fund; and to the Community Hospital Association of Harrison Avenue, Montclair, N. J., Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000), for its endowment fund.

21. I give and bequeath to the Family Welfare Society of Montclair, N. J., Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$2,500) and to the Montclair Day Nursery, of Montclair, N. J., Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$2,500.)

22. I give and bequeath to the Nantucket Cottage Hospital Association, of Nantucket, Mass., Fifteen Thousand Dollars (\$15,000), this amount to be added to its endowment fund.

23. I give and bequeath to the First Congregational Church of Nantucket, Mass., Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.)

24. I give and bequeath to the First Congregational Society of Montclair, N. J., Twenty-five Thousand Dollars (\$25,000.)

25. I give, devise and bequeath to the said Florence Elizabeth Ingall the land at Shawkemo, Nantucket, Mass., extending from the Polpis Road to the Harbor, being the lot bought from Louis Coffin and which is commonly called "Baa-Baa Lot."

26. All the rest, residue and remainder of my property and estate of whatsoever nature and wheresoever situated, including any and all real and personal property not validly otherwise disposed of by this my will, and any gift herein made which may for any reason lapse or fail to take effect, all such property being hereinafter collectively referred to as my residuary estate, I give, devise and bequeath, in equal shares, to Florence Elizabeth Ingall, my namesake, daughter of Oswald Drew Ingall, deceased, and to the said Montclair Art Association of Montclair, N. J., a corporation of New Jersey, for its corporate purposes, and to Stevens Institute of Technology, a corporation of New Jersey, for its corporate purposes. If the said Florence Elizabeth Ingall shall not survive me, then I give, devise and bequeath my residuary estate, in equal shares, to the said Montclair Art Association and to the said Stevens Institute of Technology for their respective corporate purposes.

27. I direct that all estate, transfer, legacy, succession and inheritance taxes payable upon or in respect of my estate or the transfer thereof, or in respect of any devise, bequest, or gift made by the terms of this my will, shall be paid by my executors as part of the administration expenses of my estate and without deduction for any such taxes from the amount of any such devise, bequest or gift.

28. I direct that no interest shall be payable for any period prior to the expiration of two years after my death, upon any of the legacies hereby given and bequeathed.

29. I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my husband's nephew, Walter Kidde of Montclair, New Jersey, William Osgood Morgan of Montclair,

New Jersey, and the Bank of Montclair, a corporation of New Jersey, to be the executors of this my will. I direct that the said executors shall be permitted to qualify and serve as such executors without bond or other security in any court or jurisdiction.

30. I direct my executors to sell any and all real property, other than the land at Shawkemo, Nantucket, Mass., mentioned above, which may form part of my estate, and to convert the same into personal property, such sale to be made from time to time and at such time or times as my executors may deem expedient.

31. My executors shall have the following rights and powers in addition to the rights and powers conferred upon them by law:

(a) To settle, compromise and adjust any and all claims in favor of or against my estate, as in their uncontrolled discretion they may determine.

(b) To sell, assign, transfer, convey, deal with, exchange, lease or otherwise dispose of all or any part of my property, real or personal, other than the land at Shawkemo, Nantucket, Mass., mentioned above, and other than the articles of my tangible personal property specifically given and bequeathed by the foregoing provisions of this my will, without the necessity of applying to any court for leave so to do, and to allow any portion of the purchase money to be secured by a purchase money mortgage or other lien upon the property so sold, on any terms and in any manner which they, in their uncontrolled discretion, may deem advisable, and to receive the proceeds therefrom, and to make, execute and deliver all necessary or proper instruments to accomplish the foregoing purposes.

(c) To retain any securities or other property at any time acquired by them, although the same may not be legal investments for executors under the laws applicable thereto.

(d) To invest and re-invest any and all property at any time held by them without limitation as to investments which, under the laws applicable thereto, executors are at the time permitted to invest funds held by them.

(e) To cause any securities held by them to be transferred into their names or into their names as executors or into the name of any nominee selected by them, all as they, in their uncontrolled discretion, may determine. I direct that the Bank of Montclair, as one of the executors of this my will, shall keep the custody of all personal property forming part of my estate and the individual executors named above shall not be responsible for the custody of such property.

32. I authorize my executors to deliver to the legatees hereunder, for the purpose of paying any legacy given and bequeathed by the terms of this my will, any stocks, bonds or other investments (hereinafter collectively called "securities") at the time held by my executors and selected by them for that purpose, such delivery of securities being in lieu of the payment of cash and being hereby authorized in each and every case where, in the uncontrolled discretion of my executors, it may not for any reason be expedient to convert the said securities into cash; and the values placed by my executors upon any securities in making any such delivery thereof shall be final and conclusive.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 21st day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

Florence Osgood Rand Lang.

Attesting witnesses:

Elizabeth K. Rathbone, Kathryn R. Washer, Martin Mason.

(Copy from the office of Eugene F. Hoffman, Surrogate of the County of Essex and Clerk of the Surrogate's Court of said County, State of New Jersey.)

WILL OF MRS. HENRY LANG

Continued from First Page.

Probate Court Rules on a Case Involving \$1,734,671.86 Estate.

A case of considerable interest was heard this week in the Probate Court of Nantucket before Judge George M. Poland. The estate of the late Mrs. Caroline (Hagner) Walters, involving \$1,734,671.86 in real and personal property within this Commonwealth, was claimed to be indebted to the State in taxes to the amount of \$74,000, according to the views of Tax Commissioner Henry F. Long, who demanded the tax on the grounds that the late Mrs. Walters was a resident of Nantucket. The executor of the estate, George Cutting, of Virginia, claimed Mrs. Walters was a resident of the State of Nevada at the time of her death in 1939.

Tax Commissioner Long was represented by John Patton, Deputy Commissioner of the Inheritance Tax Division, while the Walters estate executor was represented by Gardner W. Russell, attorney, of Boston, and summer resident of Nantucket.

A number of unusual angles characterized the case, while numerous points of law were involved. Attorney Russell presented a very conclusive *prima facie* case in arguing that the late Mrs. Walters was never, at any time, domiciled in Massachusetts. As witnesses, he called upon Allen Norcross, who took care of the Hagner estate at 30 Orange street for several years; Frank Leial, caretaker since 1933 of the grounds and house; and William S. Walsh, Secretary of the Nantucket Yacht Club.

The witnesses testified that Mr. and Mrs. Hagner spent their summers at Nantucket from 1931 until 1938; that they purchased 30 Orange street in 1932 and re-modeled it during the winter of 1932-33, and were interested in yachting and social life at the Nantucket Yacht Club. During the winter season—or from September to June of each year—the Orange street house was closed, its carpets rolled, drapes and linen stowed, water drained, etc., and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hagner ever came to the island during this period.

As further evidence, Attorney Russell presented a certified record of the divorce proceedings of Mr. and Mrs. Hagner in Reno, Nevada, concluded May 8, 1939, in which the plaintiff, Mrs. Caroline Hagner, stated her bonafide residence (for six weeks) was in Nevada. Also presented was the certified marriage certificate of Mrs. Caroline (Roebbing) Hagner to Paul A. Walters on the same day—May 8, 1939, with the same residence stated. A certified copy of the death certificate of Mrs. Walters was also introduced as evidence of her residence being given as Nevada. It also stated that death was caused by a gunshot wound in the left shoulder, accidentally inflicted.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters were married twice, the second time in the State of Washington, at the request of her parents, for reasons of sentiment. She then gave her age as 27; Mr. Walters gave his as 43.

In November, 1941, Executor Cutting filed an inventory of the estate with the State Commission of Corporations and Taxation at the request of Commissioner Long. This showed that property, real and personal estate, totalled \$1,771,541.36 inside and outside this State. Of this amount, \$37,640.00 was in real estate in Nantucket, and \$6,835.00 in personal estate.

The Commissioner then informed the executor that for inheritance tax purposes he considered Mrs. Walters a resident of Nantucket at the time of her death (July 1939) in Reno, Ne-

A controversy arose between Attorney Russell and Commissioner Patton concerning the tax levied and jurisdiction of the Court over the same.

"It seems to me the question before the Court is that of domicile," stated the Deputy Commissioner.

"Exactly," replied Attorney Russell, "but the Commissioner himself imposed the determination of residence."

After some further discussion as to the Statutes involved in this case, in which the questions of the determination of the tax, valuations, and inter-related facts were discussed as much as that of domicile of the decedent, Judge Poland asked if the State was to offer any evidence to support its claim that Mrs. Walters was a resident of Nantucket. Deputy Commissioner Patton stated he had no evidence to submit. Judge Poland then ruled he would enter a decree which would declare the decedent was not a resident of Nantucket.

As to the determination of the valuation of the estate, Attorney Russell stated that, in his opinion, it was a question as to which part of the property was taxed in this State. He believed that the Nantucket Probate Court, having decreed the decedent to be a non-resident had the jurisdictional right to determine what part of the valuation of the estate was taxable by the Massachusetts Commission's authority.

Deputy Commissioner Patton remarked that the peculiar question in this case had to do with the valuation of the estate at the time of the death of Mrs. Walters and the valuation today. He declared that, under the statutes, the executor had a right to appeal the Commission's fixation of valuation within three months of the determination. Estate, real and personal, within the Commonwealth, was valued at \$1,735,671.86 in November, 1941, according to the executor, he said. The only tribunal to which he had a right to appeal was the Appellate Board, he remarked. He cited two cases as illustrations of his argument, further declaring the executor should bring a new petition before the Court if he desired a ruling on this part of the case.

Attorney Russell remarked that the statutes clearly stated the Probate Court might determine all questions in connection with the tax on the estate, in order that the executor may bring all questions before it.

After a short recess, Judge Poland ruled that the actual determination of the tax in the case should be left to the State Commission.

His ruling on the non-residency of the late Mrs. Walters means a difference of \$74,000 demanded in taxes by the State Commissioner and a tax of approximately \$2,000 which the estate is likely to pay.

Experience of Ambulance Driver in North Africa.

The brief letter which we printed in our last issue from Sergeant Gilbert C. Wyer was thoroughly appreciated by our readers, and we are sure that the interesting description of his life as an ambulance driver over in North Africa, which we received this week through "Censor 6444" will be enjoyed even more. Sergeant Wyer writes a good letter and what he tells met the approval of the censor, for not a single word was blocked out.

The American Field Service is a front-line task and all those who know Gilbert realize that he is well-fitted for that particular type of work. His letter bears the date "January 1st—on active service," and it came to us through the Army Postal Service in care of the Postmaster, New York city. Sergeant Wyer's descriptive letter reads as follows:

"We are now resting for over the holidays in a spot right near the sea and it is very blue today, as the sky is so clear. The desert around us is a reddish sand and has a growth of low bush; also there are flowers of many kinds that cover the ground in spots like a spread of yellow and lavender, as you see back home at Easter.

"The shore line is very rocky and we go in for a swim each day at two o'clock, when the sun is the hottest. It is winter out here and gets very cold after sundown until nearly noon the next day.

"We are wearing a warm battle dress which was issued to us all on Christmas, and, boy, it was good to get it, for we have been cold in our uniforms.

"I am in charge of four Dodge ambulances and have seven drivers—two ambulances have a spare driver along. This makes up a sub-section and we are sent out to work with a Medical Unit on the desert.

"Our first job was with a New Zealand outfit, and then to a S. A. Unit but we are now again back with the New Zealand outfit, and I must say both are the tops to work with, and I can not say enough about them both.

"We first worked with the New Zealand C. C. S., which is a casualty clearing station made up of tents, where all patients come into before going to a base hospital. These medical tents are set upon the desert and take care of all patients that come in from a M. D. S., which is a Main Dressing Station.

"I can give you a brief idea how a wounded soldier is cared for. He is picked up to be taken to a R. A. P. (Regimental Aid Post) where he is treated; then to a A. D. S. or (Advance Dressing Station) where more work can be done to care for his wounds. Then he comes on to a M. D. S. where most times he is sent on to the C. C. S., where they have everything to work with and you can believe me I have seen some fine work done in the M. D. S. and C. C. S.

"These doctors work with a great speed and are sure interested in seeing their patients come through, as most do. I have seen the amputation of arms, legs and both on some poor fellows, but I have yet to see any of the patients kick about their loss; they still smile as we carry them on.

"Some wounded lose a lot of blood and they have to give them some at these stations, which is a wonderful thing. I have seen a few I would not bet on their life and they came out O. K.

"I have seen a great deal of fireworks so far and I hope it never hits the shores of the U. S. A. There is one song I shall always be glad to hear Kate Smith sing on the radio—'God Bless America.'

"As a leader of my section, I can

Continued on second page.

Experience of Ambulance Driver in North Africa.

Continued from First Page

say I have seven fine fellows that are ready at all times, day or night, whenever we are needed. It is my job to see that these ambulances go out ready for a hard job, and that they are in running order, as it is important that they get greased up every other day.

"Up to a few weeks ago I had my own ambulance to drive and was the mechanic of the section; then I was made the leader (so I had to give up the ambulance to another driver and ride with him wherever he goes.)

"We have only lost one fellow and his ambulance so far, and that happened a few weeks ago when his ambulance was captured by the jerries. We all felt sorry, but we hope to see him re-captured before long, as it is possible, as we never give up out here.

"Well, I have been in Cairo, Alexandria, El Alamein, Tobruk, Bengasi, on the desert in Libya to Barce. That is as far as I can say for now.

"We were on the push Thanksgiving Day, so our feed was just as any other day—bully-beef and a package of hard-tack that we sopped in our tea. We all talked about other years back there with a turkey on the table and all the fixings, but we hope to see it again soon.

"Only a few days before Christmas we were out in the old desert in action, when word came we were to go over to the shore for the holidays, where we are right at this minute.

"We dug ourselves in, as we do wherever we are, for it is safer in a hole if we are bombed. We even sleep in our slit trenches. We dig it big enough for our bedroll and cover it with a 'bivy tent,' so it is not bad.

"The night before Christmas every one was given a bottle of beer and a cigarette as a gift from the Unit we were with. There was no package from home, as we got word through the post office a few days before that a ship had been sunk which had a great deal of the Middle East parcels on it, so it looked like a sad Christmas for us fellows. But we had some mail and I had eight letters myself from friends back in America.

"I was in my dug-out Christmas night reading my mail, when three fellows of the New Zealand Unit came to visit me and brought along their packages they had received from home. Well, we ate fruit cake, made up some hot coffee and canned fruit, candy and cookies that were all home-made.

"I shall never forget these fellows, as they are my buddies now and every night we play cards in the dug-out by candlelight. Christmas morning I was awakened by a jerry plane, as we learn to know them by the sound of their motors, and sure enough it dropped two light bombs right near us and we saw the plane go off out to sea.

"At breakfast I found out one bomb landed only four feet from two fellows in the dug-out under a 'bivy tent,' and the tent was in threads, but they were not hurt. The other bomb hit a motor bike and broke a window in a truck.

"These buddies I speak of have served in the campaigns at Greece and Crete, so their tales are endless and hair-raising, but they all feel it is a better world we are to live in and these New Zealanders are fighters of the best.

"The desert is filled with the German and 'Ities,' vehicles of war, such as tanks, trucks, guns and many wrecked planes everywhere. I have had a few of the German and 'Ities,' who were wounded and they seemed so glad to be captured, as we treat them as wounded and we hope our boys are treated as well by them.

"Our next move will be out in the desert again and water is rationed to a pint a day, which ration one has for washing, shaving and use as drinking water. As the Germans retreated they blew up the water points so we have to drill again as we go on.

"Well, as this is nearly all I can write now and it being the first day of the New Year I do wish to send this greeting from my buddies and me: 'A happy and peaceful New Year to you all over there in America.'

"I shall close by saying, 'Cheerio!'
Gilbert."

[Anyone wishing to write to Sergeant Wyer should address him as follows: Sgt. Gilbert C. Wyer, Volunteer American Field Service, A. P. 616, care Postmaster New York city. A 6-cent air-mail stamp on the envelope means that he should receive the letter in about two weeks.—Ed.]

The first section of the largest pipe line in the world has been completed from Longview, Texas, to Morris City, Illinois. This section is laid with a twenty-four inch pipe, a distance of 501 miles at a cost of \$35,000,000. Work on the second section to extend to New York by way of Philadelphia is under way. When completed the line will carry as much oil as could be carried by 85 tankers by way of the Gulf of Mexico and up the Atlantic sea coast. The line will do away with the submarines with which the tankers must contend. Feb 27 1943

Froze to Death on Vineyard.

The Vineyard was colder than Nantucket during the cold wave last week, according to the Gazette. The official reading of the local Weather Bureau station was 5 below zero, but the Gazette says the lowest reading on the Vineyard was 14 below.

One fatality occurred there. Abbott L. Fisher, a man living alone, was found frozen to death in a small building which he occupied. Fisher at one time lived on Nantucket, but returned to the Vineyard several years ago. Feb 27 1943

The First.

The first American soldier to kill a Jap was Michael Murphy.
The first American bombardier to sink a Jap battleship was Colin Kelly.
The first American to bag five Jap planes in a sky-fight was Edward O'Hara.
The first American Coast Guard to detect a spy was John Cullen.
The first American to be eulogized by the President was John Patrick Powers.
The first American to make himself a human torpedo was Edward Fleming.
The first American Naval Captain to sink six Jap ships was Mike Moran.
The first American Nurse to win the D. S. C. was Mary O'Brien.
The first American Admiral to be killed in action was Daniel C. Callaghan.
The first American to get four new tires and an "X" ration card was Abie Cohen.

ING FEBRUARY 20, 1943. FEBRUARY 20, 1943

Another Cold Wave Again Sends Mercury Down Below Zero.

Twice again, this winter, the temperature has gone down below zero, establishing a record. Predictions that a cold wave was coming were heralded over the radio on Sunday and all the predictions came true. Monday morning dawned with the mercury reading as low as 8 degrees below in some places, but the local Weather Bureau station recorded only 5 below.

All day long, however, the temperature hovered at the zero point, with a strong northwest wind blowing all day. Conditions were severe in every way and water pipes and radiators were frozen up. There were early calls for the plumbers in all parts of the town, and at Gordon's garage on South Beach street and at Al's garage on North Liberty street it was like a mad-house all day, as calls came to thaw out radiators and make repairs caused by freezing.

Usually, when there is a sudden drop in temperature, the mercury climbs up during the day, but in this instance it simply would not leave the zero point and Monday, February 15, has gone down into history as a record-breaker. Tuesday morning the mercury again registered below zero, but the wind had subsided during the night.

The sudden cold wave resulted in dense vapor arising from the waters surrounding the New England coast, making navigation hazardous—so much so, in fact, that the steamer did not attempt to venture the trip across the sound, bringing Nantucket with "no boat" again. Under the conditions it has become a common occurrence, so the islanders always accept the situation with good grace and no grumbling. The best place for the boat on Monday was right where she was—on the other side of the sound.

The intense cold resulted in the harbor being frozen over and the white ice reaching out beyond the jetties. When she came in Tuesday the boat found the ice hard, but managed to break through without any great difficulty and returned to the mainland.

Wednesday brought light snow—plenty of it—and the boat very prudently made no attempt to get through. Thursday the conditions had moderated somewhat, but the day dawned with the mercury still below the 20-degree mark, and it did not rise to the freezing point at any time. Over-head it was a beautiful day, with bright sun and clear sky from morning till night, but with the island surrounded by ice-fields to the north and the harbor apparently sealed solid.

The boat had difficulty in reaching New Bedford from the Vineyard that morning and was several hours late in making that port. The entire schedule was upset—for both islands—and it was realized in the forenoon that there was no possibility of any attempt to reach Nantucket that day, with only one boat to depend on.

It would not have been wise, anyway, for the boat to battle the ice-fields all day in the effort to break into Nantucket, and after discharging freight to attempt to break out again with night coming on. The chance of being frozen into this harbor had to be considered and it was far better for the boat to be frozen out than frozen in.

The local schools have not been open this week. When the cold wave struck Monday it was realized that it would be impossible to heat the school buildings, so the School Board promptly ordered the schools closed until next Tuesday.

No boat service either way on Monday, Wednesday, or Thursday. Put it down in your diary—that is, if you keep a diary.

Yesterday (Friday) morning word came that the boat had left Woods Hole for Nantucket. There were heavy ice-fields to battle, but around 11 o'clock word came that she was nearing Brant point and she finally reached the dock, bringing a heavy cargo of freight and quite a number of passengers.

URDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1943.

When the Sankaty's Crew Killed Rats For a Pastime.

It is a good story—well told—which appeared in the last issue of the Vineyard Gazette, and Editor Hough probably got quite a kick out of it. This is the way he tells it:

Among those smiled upon by fortune in the current cold wave has been Capt. Charles Leighton, who has been putting in the time at Edgartown on a lay-off instead of trying to break and push through the ice of Buzzards Bay on the steamboat. Waiting in the postoffice yesterday for the mail which had not come, due to the ice fields, Captain Leighton and Lawrence Vierra were reminiscing about the famous freeze-up of just twenty-five years ago.

At that time both Captain Leighton and Lawrence were on the Sankaty when she was frozen in for eighteen days at Nantucket.

"It was kind of monotonous the last part of the time when we got down to potato soup," said the captain.

Lawrence recalled that he had just been employed on the line by Frank Wall and Mr. Wall told him all he had to do was to put the Oak Bluffs mail off at Oak Bluffs, Nantucket mail at Nantucket, and so on. Lawrence then got on the Sankaty, went to Nantucket and was frozen in for eighteen days. When he got back, Mr. Wall said, "How are you getting along?" Lawrence said, "Fine."

"We used to go up in the church tower every day to look around," said the captain. "After a while we got tired of having nothing to do so we went hunting rats and killed rats all over Nantucket. We didn't have any red squill or anything like that, so we used brooms and whatever else was handy.

"The rats were as big as cats," the captain recalled, and Lawrence said the same.

"We happened to be in the A. & P. when the manager got a telephone call from Boston. He was wearing a kind of red kimono to keep warm and when he answered the telephone the superintendent in Boston told him not to wait for the boat but for God's sake get on a train right away because all the stores were running short and were needing help."

Due to the need of saving water in the Sankaty's boilers, the captain said, there wasn't any heat to spare, and after a while the whole crew would go to church meetings to keep warm—Unitarian and Methodist and any others happening to be in progress. The gulls and ducks were hungry, and one sympathetic man went out on the harbor to cut a hole in the ice so they could get food.

"While we're at it we can get some eels," he said.

The trouble was he cut the hole with himself in the middle and he went down kerplunk into the ice water. He got out in a hurry and told his friends that it was all over so quickly that the grease on his overalls shed the water and he did not get wet through.

A thick snow-storm prevailed for about half an hour early Thursday morning and when Jay Gibbs looked down upon the town from the bell-ringers perch at 7.00 o'clock he saw the roof-tops covered with a mantle of white. If you were one of the early risers who were breakfasting at that hour you, too, saw the heavy snow falling on the 15th of April.

Em Elliott was on the Sankaty as engineer at the time.

They used to try to get through the ice, the captain said, and the men would walk along on the ice until they found a hole. Anyone finding a hole would yell, and the steamer would be backed toward that hole. She backed because she broke ice better that way, but finally she broke a quadrant. In the end a minesweeper helped her get through.

"It wasn't any fun at the time," the captain concluded, "but it is funny to look back on."

It happened that Captain Leighton has been enjoying a vacation at his home in Edgartown and thus managed to escape the battle with the ice fields. He writes us that he was standing in the Edgartown postoffice, reminiscing with a couple of fellows who were on the Sankaty in that winter of 1918, and they were relating some of their experiences during that period.

"We mentioned the fact that we went rat hunting," Captain Leighton writes us. "At that time the wharf and the steamer were loaded with the darned things, so to kill the monotony of the day we organized the crew under Captain Sylvia and started to clean the rats out on the wharf and aboard the boat.

"While we were talking, Mr. Hough happened along and listened to some of our experiences. He got it a little wrong, of course, when he said in his article that we went rat hunting over the island—just misunderstood the situation, that was all. We simply went after the rats in the freight-house, around the wharf and aboard the boat—and we killed a lot of them."

[The Sankaty's crew had an exciting time and the gulls had a grand feed as a result. Brother Hough had a good story for the Gazette, anyway, just by listening in.—Ed.]

Autographs in Review.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Book reviews seem to be the order of the day. There are more and more books to review and, apparently, more who think themselves capable of reviewing. However, it may be in your community, it appears to be true in my town, that when a speaker cannot easily organize his thoughts about a worthy subject for an announced address, he falls back on a "book review."

Even the ministers are now reviewing books in another attempt to make the mid-week service attractive. After all, there are those who take much greater delight in reading a good book themselves, leisurely, deliberately, giving their own personal interpretation to hidden passages, and contemplating from time to time the beautiful word pictures painted by the author.

Having come so far, you have discovered that you are reading no Fadianian book review, nor one which will stand critical comparison with those inimitable reviews in *The Atlantic*; but I hope, and rather expect, that you will discover something interesting if not illuminating, before arriving at the foot of the column.

The book I'm about to review is a small affair, 3 x 5 inches, 100 pages, cloth bound, gold stamped, and cost (the price mark is still intact) 75 cents. Of the 100 pages, 58 are entirely blank, but the other 42 bear names and messages which are priceless. This little book has been handled more often and given more real pleasure than any other book in my possession.

It has been a constant companion for not less than 65 years. Its travels have been far and wide. It has been an inspiring exhibit before groups of varying interests, and has enjoyed interested examination by many friends.

Its title? Nantucket "Autograph Album." My great regret is that more of its pages were not used by others of my boyhood friends, but the 42 now there are a source of great satisfaction in contemplation. A majority, doubtless, of those whose names are here recorded are no longer with us in the flesh. Several are still active in the old home town. I am about to quote what one of the old boys (wouldn't you like to have his name) wrote on page 17—lines more precious as the years go by, for the sentiment expressed 65 years ago has been a reality—his friendship has never failed:

"My pen is bad
My ink is pale
My friendship for you
Will never fail."

The boy who wrote those lines is probably reading them again at this moment—I wonder if he remembers?

Then there is the sentiment of one of the North Shore girls who has long since gone to her reward, but whose children and grandchildren, I am very sure, are worthy members of your island home:

"I wish you a long life and a happy one.
I wish you a good wife
and a pretty one."

It would be a satisfaction for her to know that her wish has been granted—to a superlative degree.

Even as this "review" was in progress came *The Inquirer and Mirror* for March 27th, announcing the passing of one more dear friend whose name adorns this Album:

"Phebe W. Tracy,
Jan. 2, 1879."

This good woman was my teacher in the old Academy Hill School at that time. No words of mine can add to the reverence with which her name is spoken. Not long ago I spent an hour with her in the Main street home where she seemed so happy. My little Album will soon be well filled with black-bordered pages. But what a memory!

This review was intended to be more amusing than otherwise. The paper coming as it did with its message of another death in the circle of friends whose names are found in the book, has interrupted my train of thought for the moment. If any are interested, we can go on with the review at another time. In closing, let me repeat what "Ethel" wrote on page 7: "Remember me when this you see."

Reminiscently yours,
Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass.
April 1, 1943.

In this town, March 22, Phebe W. Tracy, aged 96 years, 2 months. Interment in Friends' Burial Ground.

1943

FEBRUARY 27, 1943.

NANTUCKET'S FIRST "WAAC"



Mrs. Elizabeth R. Chase being congratulated by her son, Roderick Chase, upon joining the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

G, APRIL 17, 1943.

Auxiliary Elizabeth R. Chase, of Nantucket, who was the first local woman to enroll as a "Waac," has completed four weeks of basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and has been sent to the Arkansas Polytechnic College at Russellville, Ark., for a special course in administrative training.

Everett Folger, chief water tender, U. S. Navy, has been transferred to the Naval Barracks at the Bethlehem Ship-yards in Hingham, Mass.

St. Paul's Plants a Tree on Arbor Day.

On Saturday afternoon, April 24th, an American Elm was planted on the grounds of St. Paul's Church and was dedicated to the men and women of the parish who have entered the service of their country. The Rev. Daniel Bennett, Rector, conducted the service.

Quite a number of interested people attended. Many participated in the planting to the extent of putting in a shovelful of more of earth around the roots of the tree. Members of the Church School held the cross, the American flag and the Church flag nearby.

Apr. 24, 1943

Sergeant Donald W. Brady is now in the 411th Bombing Squadron, and stationed in Idaho. His brother, John M. Brady, C. R. M., is in the Naval Research Laboratory at Washington, D. C.

year 1943

Nantucketer Afloat on Pacific Calls "Thar She Blows!"

We've sailed the great Pacific,
But we've sailed a ship of steel.
We lack the "Main and Mizzen"
And the customary "Heel",
For our cargo's stowed amidships
In great holds with hatches sealed.
We've seen the great Pacific,
But her skies are full of planes,
And the beauty of her blue is spoiled
by subs,

And we've had our thrills and moments
When we've neither died nor lived,
With our peaceful cruising spoiled by
Quite close rubs.

My Granddad sailed this pathway
When ships were made of wood,
And iron men saved from rust by good
sperm oil;

And I've really had a thrill that will
Stick to me through life
And that all the guns and planes and
Subs can't spoil.
I was leaning on the bridge-rail
In latitude four North,
And altho' the Longitude
I can't reveal
I saw a whirl to Starboard
That brought Nantucket forth.
I'd seen a whirl and knew that
It was real.

I scrambled for the microphone
And turned on all the juice
And pealed my eye to starboard in a
dream.

"She blows," the speaker shouted
"She blows and breaches, too.

"Sperm oil." A hundred barrels
On our beam.

"There's three. A bull and two cows
To leeward two ships lengths;
She blows and breaches, too,
And hard abeam."

The Captain left his cabin
And bounced out all agog;
The Crew. Some went to quarters,
Some to guns—

The officers, not having read such
Language in the log,
Came out on deck with all hands
On the run.

Explanations were in order—
The thing could not be helped.
I'd seen a sight I'd never hoped
To see.

Sperm Whales. Perhaps some old
enough
To know Nantucket's name—
Sperm Whales that brought Nantuck-
et—back to me.

Funeral Services.

From the Needham Times.

Charles Albert Chadwick, Needham business man and member of the firm of Willett and Chadwick, passed away at his home at 58 Oak street, Newton Upper Falls on Monday, May 3rd, following a brief illness. 1943

Mr. Chadwick was a native of Nantucket, born there July 17, 1875, the son of the late John and Harriet Cottle Chadwick, and although he had been a resident of Newton Upper Falls for the past thirty-six years, he always spent the summer months on the island where he maintained a summer home.

Mr. Chadwick was well known to many Needham people through his business connection with the Willett and Chadwick Coal Company, of which he was a member of the firm. He was a member of Norfolk Lodge of Needham and St. John's Lodge of Newton, Home Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Newton, and the First Methodist Church, of Newton.

Services were conducted at the First Methodist Church of Newton, at Newton Upper Falls, Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock by Reverend W. Henry Shillington, pastor, assisted by Reverend Hobart F. Goewey, both former pastors of Mr. Chadwick's church. Cremation was at Newton.

Nantucket's Subscription in 1st World War Liberty Loans.

Nantucket stood well out in front in Liberty Loan subscriptions in the First World War, totalling \$1,665,500 for the five loans—an average of \$555 per capita. The subscriptions were as follows:

July, 1917—\$441,000.
October, 1917—\$589,000.
April, 1918—\$130,000.
October, 1918—\$306,000.
May, 1919—\$229,500.

Easter Sunday Weather.

Inquiries have been made the past week as to the kind of weather provided on Easter Sunday. Well, of course the local Weather Bureau station cannot arrange for weather conditions in advance, but it is interesting to note the kind of weather that has been experienced on Easter Sunday in recent years.

Last year (1942) Easter came on the 5th of April and it brought an east wind and a very chilly day.

In 1941 Easter fell on the 13th of April and the weather was fairly moderate. But in 1940 it came on the 24th of March and the temperature was below freezing all day, so that winter clothing was worn instead of new Easter finery.

For the eight years previous, the record shows Easter Sunday weather as follows:

1939—April 9th, the roofs were covered with snow.

1938—April 17th, a beautiful day from morn till night.

1937—March 28th, weather was very chilly with snow-flakes in air.

1936—April 12th, very bleak.

1935—April 21st, cloudy and chilly all day.

1934—April 1st, east wind with drizzle all day.

1933—April 16th, mild.

1932—March 27th, cloudy.

Since 1932, there has been only one beautiful Easter Sunday—a day that was actually spring-like and favorable for the display of Easter finery.

Headache.

My cook was never a financier—Which up to now I've not thought queer—

But now it's an awful handicap, For on business matters I'm a sap.

And our butcher boy, still in short pants,

He knows even less about finance—But even if we could figure right,

The coupon values change over night.

There are prices, points, and ceilings, too,

In this book of stamps of different hue—

But, anyway, I am glad to find My cook's not the least bit color blind.

For just at a glance she can refer To those little stamps in our brochure,

And know exactly which ones to tear, So's not to be cooking the shoes we wear.

The old method of trying to sleep By lying in bed and counting sheep;

While there's no priority on this fad There is no nourishment to be had.

And when we go out each week to scam

In an elbow fight for a leg of lamb, There's one thing I know I'll never do,

Is to bite off more than I can chew!

And so, though we seldom have a roast,

Perhaps we're just as well off as most—

But in any case I thank the Lord That I am not on the Ration Board!

—M. B. F.

April 24-1943

Your Boy and Mine.

It's not so many years ago, When the world seemed at rest; We thought the wars were over And tried to do our best To make each other happy, Live up to God's request That men should love each other; We tried to do our best.

To reward us for our efforts And receive His Holy Grace, A little baby boy was born— Who could ever take his place? We watched those tiny fingers, Those little wiggling toes, We often had a great big laugh— About his funny little nose.

We tried to plan his future, Put his rainbow in the sky, To see that he had all the things, That were denied to you and I. We each one thought that our's was best—

There is no reason to deny— That's just a dad and mother's love We would do for him, or die.

But, today the world has changed again,

We are lonesome, you and I, For that baby, as we called him—

He, has gone to do or die. Many hearts will soon be broken,

A lot of kind words will be spoken. A medal or a monument is fine,

But who cares about this glory? We have only got one story,

We want him home again— Your boy and mine.

Wm. J. Blair.

April 3d 1943
During World War
72

A "Service Man" handed us the following one day this week, stating that it was going the rounds of the Army camps and seemed to have become quite popular:

I am writing this short letter, And every word is true, Don't look away, Draft Dodger, For it's addressed to you.

You feel at ease—no danger Back in the old home town; You cooked up some pitiful story, So the Draft Board turned you down.

You never think of the real men Who leave there day by day; You just think of their girl friends Whom you get while they are away,

You sit at home and read your paper You jump and say "we'll win". Just where do you get that we stuff— This war will be won by men.

Just what do you think, Draft Dodger, That this Free Nation would do, If all the men were slackers, And scared to fight like you?

Well, I guess that's all, Mr. Dodger, I hope your face is red; America is no place for your kind, And I mean every word I've said.

So in closing this letter, Draft Dodger, Just remember, what I say, Stay away from our girl friends, For we'll be back home some day.

May 1st 1943

Quite Warm!

The warm wave reached Nantucket on Thursday and but for the nice steady breeze it would have almost bordered on "hot." As it was, the first warm wave of the season was a bit uncomfortable and brought a brisk business in the ice cream and soda fountains.

At 8:00 a. m., the temperature at this office stood at 72 degrees; at noon it was up to 78°; and at 4:00 p. m. it had touched 80 degrees. And on the 3rd of June!

1943

No Mail For You.

He stood in line, with beaming face, Mail from home, from every place, But in his heart there was a fear The letter from her would not be here.

A letter for Joe, Frank and Jim, But where was the letter, the one for him?

The face that beamed now wore a frown

As he looked and saw smiles all around.

Not one little line from folks held dear, Not one little word to bring him cheer.

He turned from the crowd with tears on his cheek,

No more mail for another week.

Sixteen days of war and hell, Don't they care if I'm well?

It seems to me Mom should write, I still feel her kisses every night.

And Dad, he seemed sad when I went away

And Sis, she said she'd write, too, One letter a week, maybe two.

Seems funny to me that she doesn't write.

I can still see her vision standing in the light

And hear the promise she made to me Of loving and waiting 'til the world was free.

At the close of day, in the black of night,

They brought in the wounded after the fight.

There on stretcher number five Lies your boy, dead or alive?

There lies your husband, the one to be?

The one you'd marry when the world was free,

The angel of death whirling in his head,

But thoughts from your letters should be there instead

Please, Mom, Dad, and Sis, write a letter this very night,

And give the boy the will to fight. No, he's not dead, but he's not well,

Those bullets and cuts they hurt like hell!

But he'll take them all and a lot more too,

If he'd get just a line or a letter from you.

That's all he needs, a little cheer, To let him know you are near.

William Harrington
"Boats" CG-99001.

Rendezvous.

At dawn when the moon sinks deep in the sky,

A deadly brood wings toward home The sunlight striking to sudden bright flame

The greatest Armada the world can yet name—

Britain's Aces returning from Rome, From blasting a foe who razed Rotterdam,

Warsaw, Shanghai and Lidice, Raining down hails of metal and bombs. . . avenging treachery, death.

No sacrifice too great to be made, oft giving, their last drawn breath For Democracy's spinning the dice.

—Grace Campbell Lecke.

April 10th 1943

Things To Come.

Butter in cans, made from creamery butter, cheese curds and skim milk powder. . . Synthetic mica, filling an

important need in the electrical industry. . . Movable artificial eyes made from lucite. . . Magnetic printing by a process in which the ink jumps at high speed from plate to paper, saving wear on plates and making clearer impressions longer from the same plate. . . "Movie-jukes" with specially made films. . . Miniature movie projectors with a six-inch screen, to be used with a correspondingly small home movie camera.

MAY 5, 1943

500 PAIRS OF SHOES IN COLLECTION

Middleboro Woman's Miniatures From Many Places

MIDDLEBORO, May 4 — The OPA rationing of shoes holds no terror for Mrs. Harry Hull of Court End avenue. She has more than 500 pairs—a collection of miniatures, representing almost every State in the Union and many foreign countries.

SHOES OF MANY KINDS

She has every conceivable material in the collection. The shoes and slippers include glass, china, pottery, gold, silver, lead, iron, copper, chromium, brass, wood, leather, silk and even one made from \$5000 worth of greenbacks from the U. S. Treasury in Washington. The latter was made from old paper currency which was ground to a pulp and formed into a miniature shoe.

That was done before the Treasury Department inaugurated the policy of burning old paper currency taken out of circulation. Other samples in the collection include a Hawaiian beach shoe, a pair of English clogs, a pair of Chinese hand-embroidered silk slippers, an Italian mountain climber's shoes, a pair of hand-painted wooden shoes from Sweden and a pair of straw shoes from Armenia.

Mrs. Hull started her collection some years ago. She says that, many times, one shoe will arrive from one part of the country and a mate will follow from an entirely different section, as in the case of the wooden Dutch shoes. One came from Dorchester and three years later the exact mate turned up in Carver.

A lovely Dresden slipper came from an antique shop in New Hampshire and many months later Mrs. Hull met up with the mate in Maine. One of the late Mrs. Tom Thumb's (Countess Magri's) shoes are included in the collection, as well as one owned by her sister, Minnie Warren, which would fit a child of three.

Highly prized in the collection is an odd-looking shoe from New Zealand, worn by the South Sea Islanders. Mrs. Hull says her favorite shoes are those worn by her son, Stanley, now 21. Those shoes are preserved in bronze.

Mrs. Hull also has a collection of nearly 500 miniature elephants, coming from every State as well as from abroad. They are mostly of ivory and chromium, but two are outstanding. One is an old China teapot made in elephant form and the second a mother and baby elephant carved from petrified whalebone, which her son brought her from Alaska.

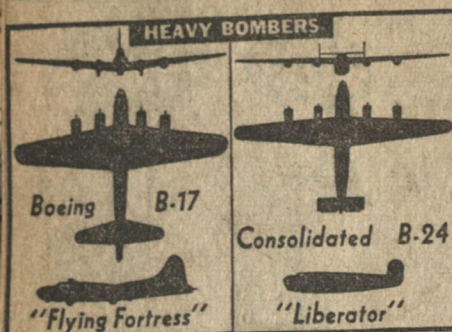
Names of Island's First Families Still Represented Here.

The census of the year 1870—nearly three quarters of a century ago—revealed that the roster of island families contained in good measure those names which represented the earliest settlers of the island. The list ran as follows: Coffin 185, Folger 138, Swain 112, Gardner 112, Chase 83, Hussey 76, Macy 76, Ray 67, Fisher 64, Coleman 61, Dunham 53, Starbuck 50, Brown 45, Chadwick 41, Barnard 38, Clark 38, Gibbs 36, Cathcart 35, Winslow 34, Smith 32, Bunker, 30 and Pad-dock 30.

From the census of January, 1943, as compiled by the Registrars of Voters, it is interesting to note the old family names in more or less proportions to the 1870 roster. The present day list reads: Barnard 3, Chase 39, Fisher 15, Macy 7, Swain 13, Brown 13, Clark 4, Folger 24, Pad-dock 1, Winslow 5, Bunker 1, Coffin 58, Gardner 32, Ray 19, Cathcart 2, Coleman 5, Gibbs 19, Smith 20, Chadwick 11, Dunham 29, Hussey 8, Starbuck 1, Barney 2.

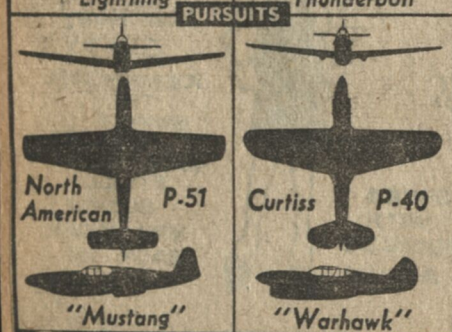
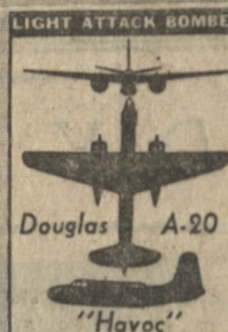
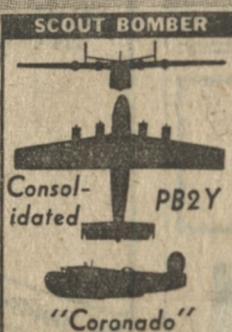
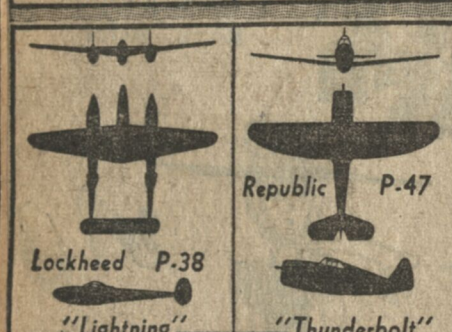
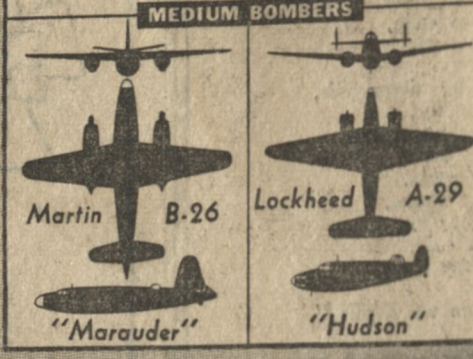
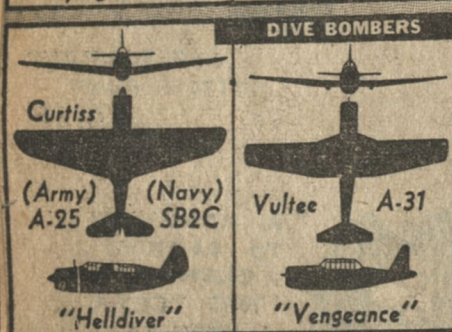
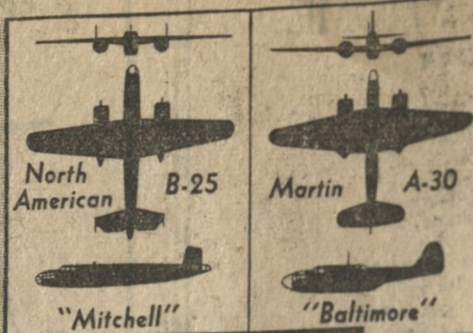
year 1943

United States Warplanes at a Glance



AP Features

HERE are silhouettes of the U. S. warplanes—Army, Navy and Marine—that will help you to recognize them at a distance. Shown are three views of the planes—when flying head on, when directly above in the sky, and as they look from the side. Given are the company names for the planes and the popular names for them which are now used in Army and Navy communications.



IR AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS. SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1942.

WENT INTO SERVICE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO THIS WEEK



WENT INTO SERVICE IN FIRST WORLD WAR, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

The thirteen Nantucket boys who went to Camp Devens, October 5, 1917, (as part of the second "40 per cent." contingent sent up from District 43) as they posed for the camera at Hyannis before boarding the train.

From left to right—Robert C. Nickerson, Maurice C. Killen, Irvin M. Wyer, George W. Cummings, Edgar Adams, Wallace Long, Lincoln Porte, *Charles H. Vincent, *William Main, George S. Furber, Byron Mooney, Franklin Webster, Karl Brockseiper.

* Now deceased.

"Indispensable." 1943

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Reading the remarkable outpouring in your issue of April 10, by Mr. Stanley Edwards Johnson, makes me realize that thousands of fine, up-standing American boys are dying in the Pacific and in Tunis in order that Mr. Johnson may have the freedom to publish just such foolishness, and to prove, as has been said, that a "good government is a government which allows any citizens to openly proclaim that it is a bad government."

Assailing those who do not think we have an indispensable one, Mr. Johnson writes about a recent incident:

"One of these pin-headed, piffing, petty-fogging efforts was on the nomination of Edward Flynn to be the American ambassador to Australia."

Mr. Johnson is vague as to New York politics, but the "Indispensable" President Roosevelt is not. He, like the rest of us, knows that as Sheriff of Bronx County "Big Eddie" Flynn named as a deputy sheriff one Arthur Flegenheimer, better known as "Dutch Schultz," a gunman, multiple-murderer and gangster. Giving "the Dutchman" a gold badge was not a proper step toward our diplomatic service, and Australia is an ally and an honored one.

Further, Mr. Johnson should know that there are not enough Republicans in the United States Senate to block even the nomination of Al Capone to the Supreme Court, but that fortunately the Democrats in that body are high-minded men who resented an unfair nomination which would have degraded the entire diplomatic corps had it gone through.

Your correspondent is singularly inept when he calls this action piffing and pettifogging. I remember nearly half a century ago that the same infelicity of expression was used when this gentleman congratulated my lovely bride immediately after the wedding ceremony by wishing her "many happy returns"—although in all the years that have since passed I do not think she has desired a return to the nuptial altar, let alone many of them, she not being a Hollywood star.

Sincerely,

Arthur C. Wyer.

Delhi, N. Y.

Another New Drug.

Most of us have heard of the wonder drug called penicillin. It has become important within this past year and our scientists tell us that it is many times more effective than the powerful sulfa drugs that have themselves proven so wonderfully effective in healing and saving lives. There are now nine firms manufacturing penicillin in order to fill the call of civilians as well as the necessary military quota. These firms hope to have stock on hand within probably six weeks, but this will not nearly supply the increasing demand. Penicillin is grown from mold and to extract the fluid is a long process. Sometimes the molds don't produce and then more time is needed and time is vital when lives are at stake.

We are thankful it is already being used successfully even in a limited number of cases. We thank our scientists, the laboratory workers who toil day and night that we may benefit. Time means more to them than to the awaiting public for they realize the effects before we realize the discovery.

The Boston Herald Editorially Comments on "Wooden Ware."

From *The Boston Herald*.

When we were very young and were taken to Nantasket Beach we carried a little pail and shovel made of wood. A much larger wooden shovel was used by our father to clear the walks in winter. In mother's pantry (grandmother called it a butt'ry) the sugar and flour were kept in wooden buckets. Butter and cheese came in round wooden boxes which when cleaned were used for all sorts of domestic purposes. We can still see the wooden lemon squeezer employed to such good effect in summer, and we recall a wooden wash board bleached ash-grey and smooth as satin. There were butter paddles and sugar scoops and a heavy potato masher and chopping bowls, all made of wood. In grandfather's barn was a grain shovel hewn out of a single piece of timber and polished by use till it shone. Of course there was an old oaken bucket in his well, not to mention an old oaken barrel in the cellar, which did not contain water. Barrel staves, indeed, gave to the boys of that era their apologies for skis or snow shoes, and barrel tops made shields for battle games.

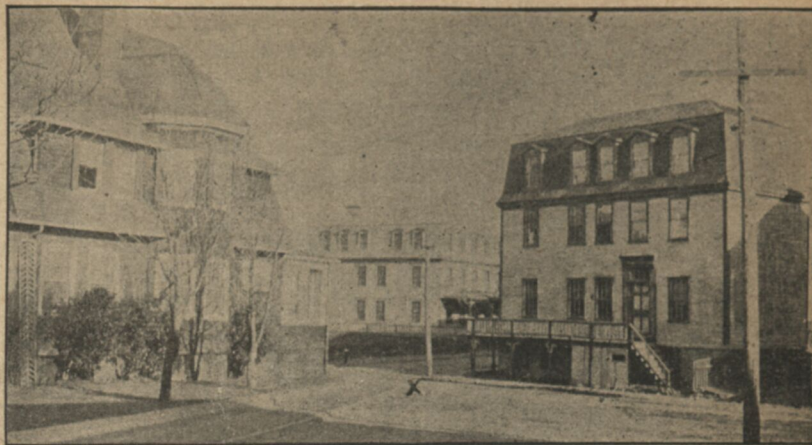
Every Yankee of middle age can remember how much wooden ware once contributed to the household. Of it all, only salad bowls and the accompanying fork and spoon (inevitable wedding presents) remain in service. And with the passing of the wooden ware have passed the little mills which manufactured it, so many of them on upland streams in our New England hills where wood and water power were alike sufficient. More than one village in Vermont, for instance, centered around the cheese box or bucket factory, and with the passing of the industry has sunk to semi-abandonment. Only rake factories seem to have survived, for there has never been a satisfactory substitute for the wooden rake.

Will they come back? Will the priorities on metal, perhaps on cardboard and plastics, force the return of wooden buckets and similar containers, and of numerous other household utensils which were so attractive (and grew more attractive with age), and which could be manufactured in small shops near the source of material, by natives who were always natural craftsmen in wood? We should like to hope so. It would mean a rebirth for many a New England hamlet. But probably the prospect of permanence for such industry is not bright enough to encourage re-em-barking upon it. Children will still have to dig in the sand with tin shovels which buckle into loops, and the family dole of sugar will be kept in a jar, and we'll all buy our butter a pound at a time, wrapped up in a paper.

There is a little old lady in Brooklyn who makes "scrambled eggs" for the caps worn by the highest ranking officials in the armed forces. She has been sewing gold braid onto the Generals' caps for half a century—and is still doing it. Her name is Lena Loeber and she is the "glitter girl" of the War and Navy Departments, even though she is 77 years old. With her scissors and needles, her skillful fingers outline the patterns for eagles, stars, leaves, and she knows just what design belongs for every officer's rank. To make a cap for General Mac Arthur to wear requires three and a half days and when she is finished it is a work of art—as you will probably agree if and when you see the famous General.

OCTOBER 17, 1942.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO



The "Springfield House Annex" was removed from the corner of North Water and Chester streets twenty-five years ago, and the land under it became a part of the street, thus removing a dangerous corner. The town appropriated \$3,500 for the purchase of the property. The building was sold to Dr. E. B. Coleman for \$95 and removed from the land.



A Nantucket Anecdote Handed Down From War of 1812.

In the War of 1812, after the fight between the American privateer Neufchatel and boats of English frigate Endymion, the wounded of both parties were landed on Nantucket. One of them had his under jaw badly shattered by a musket ball, and another had a wounded wrist, making it necessary to amputate his hand.

After the surgical operations had been performed they were soon invited to a friend's house to dine, and were observed to stick to each other pertinaciously. The company fell to; but our wounded heroes were disabled for the manual and maxillary exploits being performed around them.

After having complacently surveyed the scene without any offer of assistance from the busy guests, whose diffidence perhaps outweighed their inclinations—he with one flipper, thus sternly, though with much point of humor, addressed his broken-jawed companion:

"I say, Jack, since you can't grind, nor I carve, and the land-lubbers are all tucking the beef under their jackets, what say for splicing? If you'll cut for me, I'll chew for you!"

Mrs. William F. Jones, of Wauwinet, received word from the Navy Department on Tuesday that her son, William F. Jones Jr., fireman 2nd class, was reported missing in action over-seas. He was serving on a submarine and although no details were given and the name of the craft was not made public, it is presumed that the sub Jones was on was one of those lost.

G, NOVEMBER 6, 1943.

Lieut. Ralph Johnson Killed in Crash of Bomber.

From the *Clinton (Minn.) Advocate*.

A full military funeral was accorded Lieut. Ralph B. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson, who was killed in a crash of a Flying Fortress in Oklahoma two weeks ago. The Rev. Theodore Steinert officiated and members of the local American Legion Post took part. The body arrived in charge of Lt. Whitmer, with a military escort.

Lt. Johnson enlisted in the Army Air Force in February, 1942, and following training at various air fields, he was commissioned a second lieutenant at Douglas Field, Arizona, July 28 of this year.

He was receiving his final training as co-pilot on a 4-engined heavy bomber at the Army Air Base at Harvard, Nebraska, where he was to finish last week and leave for overseas service together with members of his own and 18 other bomber crews.

Few details of the crash were given which took the lives of 14 Army fliers. It has been revealed, however, that the accident occurred during an electrical storm on Friday, Oct. 22, when the squadron was flying from Texas to its base at Harvard, Nebraska. The plane crashed into the Arkansas river, near Ponca, Okla.

Lt. Johnson was married to Mrs. Frances (Ellis) Lusk, of Nantucket, Mass., at Gretna Green Chapel, in Yuma, Arizona, on May 16, this year, who with an adopted son, George Lusk, survives. Also are his parents and two brothers, Julius of Pipestone, and Sigfred of Bricelyn.

Nov 20th 1943



TWO POPULAR STEAMERS OF OTHER DAYS.

Steamer *Sankaty* (on the left) was popular on account of her speed and the fact that she could "go to windward" and maintain her schedule in spite of head wind and tide. The *Gay Head* was always popular and aside from her long years of service in the waters of Nantucket sound, each season for several successive years, she was chartered by the New York Yacht Club to take parties to the international yacht races. The *Sankaty* was burned at her dock in New Bedford on the night of June 30, 1924, was subsequently re-built for ferry-boat service at Stamford, Conn. In February, 1940, she was sold to the Northumberland Ferries, Ltd., of Canada, and is now a ferry running to Prince Edward Island. The *Gay Head* had her name changed to *Pastime* and served for a number of years as an excursion boat along the Connecticut shore, but was finally condemned several years ago. The *Gay Head* made her first trip to Nantucket July 8, 1891. The *Sankaty's* first trip was May 2, 1911.

ONE OF THE LAST OF THE "FIVE-MASTERS" SAILING TO HER DOOM



"HOW STATELY HER BEARING, SO PROUD HER ARRAY".

This picture was taken from the deck of steamer *Sankaty* thirty years ago next July. Schooner *George P. Hudson*, with "every inch of canvas drawing," passed through Nantucket Sound heavily laden with coal. Six hours later the vessel was struck by the steam collier *Middlesex* near Great Round Shoal and was sent to the bottom. Several of the *Hudson's* crew were killed by the collision, the remainder clinging to the wreckage until picked up. The captain refused to leave his ship and went down with her. A large section of the vessel's hull later drifted ashore at Quidnet.

Death of James H. Wood, Sr., Last of the G. A. R. Veterans.

The last Nantucket man who served in the Civil War has passed on, joining the ranks of the other Grand Army Veterans who have answered the final roll call. At the close of the day and while the evening shadows were falling Wednesday, James H. Wood, Sr., entered into rest at the age of ninety-seven years.

His bodily health had been failing steadily the past year, yet he remained mentally alert until a few weeks ago, when it became evident that his life was drawing to a close. The last of the 339 Nantucketers who, as young men, fought to preserve the Union, James H. Wood carried the traditions of the Grand Army through to the end and maintained its standards as long as he was able.

For many years he followed the livery business in connection with his son and grandsons, and was well-known to hundreds of summer visitors. He followed shore fishing during the spring and autumn seasons and was one of the last of the dory fishermen. He also made a "plum pudding" Atlantic voyage aboard the whaler *Rainbow*.

In his younger days he had followed the sea in several branches, both on the banks and on lightships, and his memory served him well in later years in connection with fishing and wrecking occupations about the island.

As "Grandpa Wood" he appeared before the school children each year prior to Memorial Day, and for many years he arranged for Memorial Day observances, and, one by one, watched

anks of the veterans decrease. Comrades were summoned home. He died to carry on as long as his health would permit, he was able to participate in the observance a year and while his mind remained clear his thoughts were of the obligation to be held this year, even though he realized he would not be able to take part as in the past.

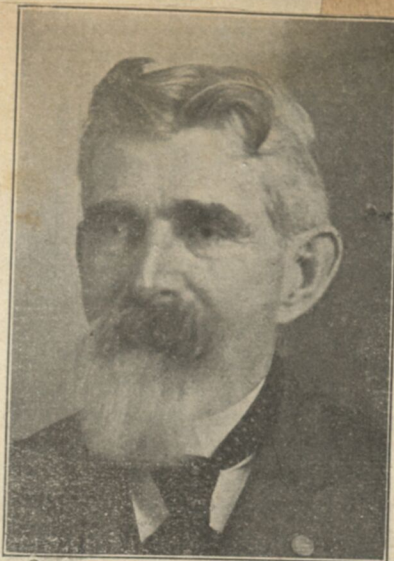
In the final summons came on a day evening, his last physical effort was an effort to raise his hand to his forehead in the customary Army salute.

deceased was twice married. He survived by his son, James H. Wood, Jr.; two grandsons, Herbert Wood and Allan D. Wood; a granddaughter, Mrs. Lillian Wood Thursday four great-grandchildren; one great-great-grandchild.

Funeral services will be held on Saturday afternoon from the late residence on East York street at 3.00 o'clock. The Rev. Claude Will conduct the services.

James H. Wood's war experiences in December, 1862, when he was six months before his 17th

In Brookline, Mass., Thursday, Nov. 11, Mrs. Almira Esther Crosby, widow of the late Uberto C. Crosby, aged 100 years, 3 months, 4 days. Funeral services 10:30 a. m., Saturday, at the New Old South Church Chapel. Interment in the family lot at the Centerville, Mass., Cemetery. No flowers. Year 1943



JAMES H. WOOD, SR.

From this photo he is best remembered during his years as a liveryman.



COMRADES TO THE LAST.

James H. Wood, Sr., who passed away on Wednesday, and James H. Wood, Jr., who died June 21, 1938—when they went to the polls to vote in 1936.

Nantucket Whalemens First To Sail Among Gilberts.

The fierce fighting in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, in which the American marines covered themselves with further glory, once again brings home the fact that these very islands were once the scene of adventure for the whalers from Nantucket.

In the early 1820's, the Gilberts were called the Kingsmills, and the whaling grounds in the vicinity were discovered by Capt. Elisha Folger in the Nantucket whaler *Equator*. In the next decade, ships from this island explored the Central Pacific, gradually working south and north. They had already discovered the "Japan" whaling grounds and now worked into the Carolines, Marshalls and Mariannas, as well as the Navigators and Solomons.

These Nantucketers were pioneers to these regions, bringing home tales of discoveries and explorations which rivalled those of Byron and Wallis, who had come upon single islands in the Gilberts before the Revolution.

The names which these exploring Nantucket whalemens gave to their discoveries were recorded as early as 1828—a decade before the U. S. Exploring Expedition visited the group. Many of the names have since been changed; in many cases, the native designations prevail on modern maps.

But some of the names bestowed by Captains Worth, Allen, Plaskett, Folger, Starbuck and Macy (to name but a few of these adventurous skippers) still remain—names such as Gardner, Swain, Maro, Starbuck, Enderby, etc.

The present trend of Pacific fighting indicates a campaign to take island after island from the Japs, until the bastions at Truk, Pellew, Sapien and the Bonins fall to our naval, air and army forces. It is a long process and must prove a costly one.

It is a great pity, of course, that the discoveries made by the early whalemens in the Pacific were not incorporated in a United States mandate that would have further protected our focal base at Honolulu. The rights to the Gilberts, Marshalls and Carolines were more properly American rights than Japanese, but the politicians of the Versailles treaty were not interested in the menace of Japan. Nantucketers of one hundred and twenty years ago wanted these islands, and had they been as politically minded as their mainland neighbors, they would have backed legislation to obtain them all. They were a full century ahead of their times.



JAMES H. WOOD, SR.

When he served in the Civil War.

He was ordered to Boston, where he was one of the soldiers who were forced to spend a period on one of the islands in Boston harbor in an old barracks, with winter temperatures prevailing—a bitter introduction to the methods of war-time training.

Member of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry, he went down into Virginia being detailed to duty in the Shenandoah Valley. It was there that he participated in several battles with the famous Moseby's "S." At Cedar Creek, he took part in the cavalry engagement during which two other Nantucket men were killed—Edward Hamblin and Backus, the latter riding a few feet of Mr. Wood when shot.

Receiving his first wound here, Mr. Wood was transferred to a hospital. Learning that able seamen were in the Navy, he applied for

service in that branch of the fighting and was accepted after he had successfully passed an examination in seamanship at Philadelphia's Navy Yard.

His naval service included duty on the gunboat *Astor*, the frigate *Minnesota*, the gunboat *Sassecus*, and the gunboats *Malvern* and *Princeton*.

While serving on the *Sassecus*, he escaped the disaster which befell many of his shipmates when a Confederate shot exploded the boilers of the gunboat, scalding many of her crew to death.

As a seaman on board the frigate *Minnesota*, he took part in the storming of Fort Fisher, that Confederate stronghold at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, and was present at the capitulation of the fortress in 1865.

Twenty years ago the Grand Army of the Republic was represented by the following: James H. Wood, Sr., James H. Barrett, Josiah F. Murphey, Alfred Ray, Charles M. Crocker and Elijah Bearse. During the next five years all but Comrades Wood, Barrett and Murphey had passed on. A few weeks before Memorial Day in 1931, Josiah F. Murphey died. Both Comrades Wood and Barrett carried on for seven more years, Mr. Barrett passing away in 1938.

Commander James H. Wood was the only Nantucket veteran who received an appointment as aide-de-camp to the Grand Army, the appointment being made by Grand Commander Russell C. Martin on January 2, 1934.



JOSIAH F. MURPHEY

Pvt. and 1st Sgt., Co. I, 20th
Mass. Volunteers.
Died April 29, 1931, aged 88 years,
3 months.

JAMES H. BARRETT

Pvt. Co. I, 20th Mass. Vol. and
10th Veterans' Reserve Corps.
Died June 21, 1938, aged 93 years,
5 months.

JAMES H. WOOD

Private 2nd Mass. Calvary and
Able Seaman U. S. Navy
Died May 26, 1943, aged 96 years,
11 months, 29 days.



MEMBERS OF THOMAS M. GARDNER POST, G. A. R. IN 1909.

Front Row—left to right—Benjamin B. Burdick, Charles M. Crocker, Charles Hyde, John R. Raymond, George
A. Backus, Peter Hoy, Frederick H. Barney, Sampson D. Pompey, Franklin B. Murphey.
Second Row—Edward H. Wing, Josiah F. Murphey, James H. Wood, James H. Barrett, Alfred F. Ray, Josiah
A. Young, Benjamin A. Coffin, Edward C. Bennett, Hiram W. Reed, Henry F. Fisher.
Rear Row—G. Howard Winslow, William A. Barrett, George Dolby, Horace Spencer.
At extreme left—George Fisher. At extreme right, Valentine Small.

Note—George Dolby was an associate member of the Post. Horace Spencer and George Fisher were sons of vet-
erans. The face of Reuben G. Coffin may be seen looking through his drug store window.

In Memoriam.

Thomas M. Gardner Post 207,
Grand Army of the Republic,
Nantucket Island, Mass.

1861

Reveille! Awake! A call to arms!
Fort Sumter has been fired upon.
Nantucket's generous youth responds.
The quota is exceeded.
Ball's Bluff claims its victims,
The first young heroes fall.

1862 -- 65

Fair Oaks, Glendale, Antietam.
At Fredericksburg, forty islanders,
Braving the smoke of battle,
Rally to defend the Union.
The bugle sounds the charge!
Mid shot and shell and prison-hell,
Through four long years-- four cruel years--
Till the last victim falls at Gettysburg,
The stubborn fight goes on.
Three hundred thirty-nine Nantucket boys
Sail from their island home,
Banner town of the Commonwealth,
To answer duty's call--
Sixty-seven or more never to return.

1868

By orders of General John A. Logan,
National Commander of the G. A. R.,
Grand Army Post Number 2, fifty strong,
Celebrates the first Decoration Day
On Nantucket Island, Mass.
Pledging allegiance to flag and country,
Loyalty to comrades passed beyond,
And establishing the 30th of May
Sacred to their memory.

Aug. 29, 1891

Thomas M. Gardner Post, 207
Grand Army of the Republic
With 38 Members mustered in,
Organizes on Nantucket Island.

1930

Memorial Day. Three comrades,
Side by side, stand at attention....
Three comrades, tried and true,
All that remains of the boys in blue
Who fought their country's fight
In '61 to '65.
Commander Josiah F. Murphey,
Comrade James H. Barrett,
Comrade James H. Wood.

April 29, 1931.

Seventy years since Sumter fell.
A bugle call! A voice....
"Commander Josiah Murphey!" "Here!"
"Attention! Salute! Fall out!"
Only two comrades left to carry on,
Faithful and staunch and true.

June 21, 1938.

The bugle note--the call....
"Senior Vice Commander James H. Barrett!"
"Here!" "Attention! Salute! Fall Out!"
At ninety-three, with memories of
The Great Emancipator, of Antietam
And of Fredericksburg,
He goes to join his comrades
Of the days of '62.

1942

Memorial Day! The ranks now thinned
to one,
Commander James H. Wood, at ninety-six,
Lone sentinel and guardian,
Still marches bravely on
To honor, for the last time,
His comrades gone before.
"I have been faithful--I have done my
duty--
Pre-sent arms!" Head up, hand at salute,
He sees the flag pass by,
The flag of faith and freedom,
The flag he fought for--
A mere lad of seventeen--
At the storming of Fort Fisher.

May 26, 1943

The bugle! Last, clear call.
"Commander James H. Wood!" "Here!"
Attention! Salute the flag!
Salute your comrades! Well done!
Good and faithful servant,
Loyal to the last: Fall out!
"Thomas M. Gardner Post 207
Grand Army of the Republic,
Nantucket Island, Mass!"
"All present and accounted for."
At rest--lights out--
The soldiers sleep--

TAPS!

Revere the G. A. R.
Cherish their memory.
Keep green their graves.
Recall their sacrifice.
Let them not die in vain.
Follow their ideals.
Preserve democracy,
Honor the flag, and
Carry on!

—Helen Cartwright McCleary.

Summer Residents of 'Sconset Aboard Exchange Ship.

In a recent issue we mentioned the
return of Alanson, familiarly known
as "Lan" Davis, and Bishop Roberts,
on the *Gripsholm*. Both "Lan" and
the Bishop are summer residents of
'Sconset.

A recent letter from "Lan" tells
of some of his experiences in Manila
and Shanghai concentration camps.
He was with Carl and Shelley My-
dams of "Life" Magazine and their
article "Tomorrow We Will Be Free,"
in the Dec. 6 issue of *Life*, is an ac-
curate description of the twenty-one
months spent at Santo Tomas, Ma-
nalia, and at Shanghai. He saw no
atrocities; the food was sufficient, but
thoroughly uninteresting.

In Shanghai, they tended their gar-
dens, raised some of their own food,
did plenty of menial work and or-
ganized a form of government which
became a model for other camps. They
took part in athletics; there was an
orchestra and books.

Their greatest sorrow was leaving
their friends who were not included in
this exchange; and one and all have
agreed that no word of criticism shall
imperil the lives of those they left
behind.

"Lan" had received no word from
his family during his imprisonment
and it was not until he reached Nor-
mugao that he learned of the death
of his grandfather, General Malvern-
Hill Barnum.

The care and the food on the ex-
change liner *Gripsholm* were excellent
and all put on weight and were in
good physical condition upon arrival
at New York. At Port Elizabeth and
at Rio the people outdid themselves in
kindness and hospitality.

What a journey and what an ex-
perience! From the ancient civiliza-
tions, extending beyond the begin-
nings of history to the gates of the
new world. Small wonder they sang
"America" with uplifted hearts.

There must have been no doubt in
their minds as to what they were fight-
ing for. year 1943

A June Storm.

"When did we have a severe storm
early in June?" we were asked this
week--just to settle an argument.

Records show that in June, 1941--
only two years ago--a heavy easterly
storm broke the first week in the
month. On the 5th a high wind, with
heavy rain, interrupted the boat serv-
ice. The afternoon boat made the
usual trip and had a rough passage.
The night boat did not reach the
island.

The easterly storm continued all
night and the morning of the 6th,
with wind and rain continuing. As
there had been no boat to the island
the previous evening of course there
was no boat to make the morning
trip out.

The schedule was resumed during
the day and the storm gradually sub-
sided. The Weather Bureau recorded
a breeze of 45 miles and a total rain-
fall of 3.55 inches. That was on the
5th and 6th of June, 1941.

No Boat To Island Two Days in Succession.

The heavy easterly storm which
swept the New England coast, Tues-
day and Wednesday, brought Nan-
tucket "no boat." The steamer put out
Tuesday morning and had a fairly
comfortable trip across the sound, as
the wind was behind her most of the
way, but the other boat made no at-
tempt to cross, as the conditions be-
came worse as the day advanced.

The storm continued Tuesday night
and well into Wednesday morning.
No attempt was made by the steamer
to cross Nantucket sound and, as a
result, the island was without boat
service either way on Wednesday. The
disturbance abated in the afternoon.
Thursday brought more favorable
weather, and steamer *Martha's Vine-
yard* made the trip across in the after-
noon, bringing Nantucket the first
connections from the mainland since
the boat came in Monday afternoon.

In consequence there was no service
from the island between Tuesday
morning and Friday morning--two
successive days of isolation the last
week in October. Oct 30 1943

Memorial Mass of Requiem For Captain Folger.

A memorial high mass of requiem
was held at St. Agatha's Church in
Milton for the late Capt. Ellenwood
Folger of Nantucket, who died at
sea on September 28, at the age of
forty-nine. He was buried on an island
off the Dutch West Indies.

A native of Nantucket, the son of
Mrs. Sarah and the late Edmund
Folger, he enrolled on the Massachu-
setts Nautical Training Ship *Ranger*,
then entered the Lighthouse Service,
serving on the *Anemone*, and was in
the merchant marine for more than
thirty years.

He married Miss Lila Tagney, of
Falmouth, and they have made their
home in Milton for a number of years,
Mrs. Folger coming to Nantucket
each summer with the children, while
her husband was at sea.

Besides his widow, Captain Folger
is survived by a son Walter (in the
maritime service) and by three daugh-
ters--Sheila, Ruth and Sally. He is
also survived by his mother, Mrs.
Sarah Folger, and by a sister, Mrs.
Mary Furlong, both residing in Sia-
sconset.

Party to Miss Hull.

For the third time members of the
Graduate Nurses have gathered to-
gether to bid farewell to one of their
group who have joined the Army
Nurse Corps. This party was in honor
of Miss Helen Hull, a much-beloved
nurse of the Cottage Hospital Staff.

The affair was held in the "Port of
Call" on Commercial Wharf, Wednes-
day evening, and a lobster supper was
served to thirty members and hospital
associates by Miss Ethel Anderson
and Mrs. Sophia Thompson.

A gift of money was presented to
Miss Hull, who reports to Camp
Edwards on the 18th.

Miss Hull, the daughter of Lester
Hull and the late Helen (Ayers) Hull
is a graduate of Sacred Heart Convent
of Fall River and of St. Lukes Train-
ing School for Nurses in New Bed-
ford. June 12 1943

In this town, December 28th, Ellen Carter, widow of the late William L. Russell, aged 68 years, 10 months, 20 days. Interment in St. Francis Cemetery, North Providence, R. I.

Year 1943

In Memoriam.

Ellen Carter Russell

About the year 1889, a bright-eyed, black-haired, fourteen-year-old colleen forsook home-ties and the emerald shores of Ireland to set sail for that land of golden promise—America. Older sisters had preceded her, and all had made good in the new life, under the kindly protection and guidance of the Tillinghast and Anthony families of Providence, R. I. A genuine welcome awaited little Ellen Carter with her eager spirit, brave heart and willing hands.

During those early impressionable years in Providence, young Ellen learned to evaluate and to appreciate the best things in life, to recognize "the best people" who went in and out of the Anthony home, and she set up for herself fine ideals and worthy ambitions as guides for the future. With the lavish generosity which characterized her entire life, she dedicated her strong and vigorous youth to the Anthony household, and during twenty-three years of loyal service she mortgaged her future health and undermined her marvellous constitution, in her unselfish desire to stand by to the very end.

A letter, written about 1893 by Mrs. Anthony to Ellen Carter's mother in Ireland, gives a beautiful picture of the loving ministrations of the eighteen-year-old girl.

"Providence, April 20
My dear Mrs. Carter:—
It is many a long and weary week since I have taken a pen in hand; but I have been promising to send you a letter; for I want you to know what a warm spot your Nellie occupies in my heart. I have always loved her; but each new day during my sickness developed some new, lovable trait in her—in fact, I often wonder if I can think too much of her, as the good God has forbid us to worship idols, and I fear that my love for Nellie comes almost to idolatry.

My dear Mrs. Carter, you have a daughter that is a perfect model of her sex, kind, loving, affectionate and true, loving the right while hating and spurning the wrong, a true follower of Christ and living for his glory, an example that many another would do well to follow. She has a large and brave heart and she has dealt with me so patiently. My doctors cry in her favor and they think her a perfect wonder, acting in the capacity of nurse, housekeeper and companion, never shrinking or shirking from the fate which has befallen her so early in life; and she displays all the ability of a first-class nurse without any special training but fits into all occasions. I ought to feel grateful to you for rearing such a noble daughter, and each day I thank my Heavenly Father for donating her to me. I hope she may be nobly rewarded.

(signed) Josephine J. Anthony

About 1898, Ellen Carter accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Anthony on one of their sojourns to Nantucket Island, Mass. It was there that Ellen met her future husband, William Lyman Russell, and they were married in Nantucket, September 27, 1903. Mrs. Anthony had died in 1901, so together Ellen Russell and her husband watched over the declining years of Mr. Anthony until he died in 1911, after a long illness, made easier for him by the devotion of the still faithful and patient Ellen. Mr. Anthony had previously purchased and bequeathed to Ellen Russell the old Bunker house at 22 Fair Street, Nantucket, as some recompense due her for her unselfish devotion to his family. Into this ancient ruin, Ellen Russell poured the earnings of the next twenty-five years, and she made of it an attractive home for herself, as well as a haven of rest for various elderly folk who needed kindly, personal interest and good home-cooking which their own kin could not always manage.

In addition, she converted a small barn in the yard into a cosy cottage which she rented out to tenants and in which she had planned to spend her old age, after her husband retired from his strenuous work with the Railway Express Company. Always ready to reach out to others who needed her, Mrs. Russell had made it her mission in life to answer all calls upon her for help, to feed the hungry and to watch over the aged folk of her acquaintance, be they rich or poor. No child or under-privileged person went away from her door without hands and pockets filled with goodies of some sort. Vicariously she lavished love upon the children of her own whom she had hoped for and had lost. Many a lonely, aged neighbor, in those early days, owed a peaceful night's rest and a fine, hot breakfast to the ministrations of Ellen Russell. Jonathan Swift once said, "We are most ourselves when we are at our best." Ellen Russell at her best was the soul of generosity and hospitality. She was filled with the Christian ideal of sympathy and helpfulness to others. "It is my life," she used to say. "It is my life."

In 1938, in her sixty-fourth year, Ellen Russell's dream of a peaceful and restful old age in the comfortable home, which she had created with such thought and labor, was rudely shattered by the sudden death of her husband, William Russell. Moreover, the inroads of arthritis which was slowly crippling her marvellous strength, added to her grief, finally broke her valiant spirit and aged her visibly from day to day. But there came to her, in these latter years of loneliness and constant suffering, a devoted, kindly helper, Miss Bertha Clark, who made it her mission to repay, in some measure, the self-sacrificing service given by Mrs. Russell, in her vigorous youth, to her beloved Anthony family.

Ellen (Carter) Russell was one of twelve children of Francis and Ann (Tackney) Carter, eight of whom came from Ireland to America and settled here. She leaves a niece, Miss Ann Carter, well-known in Nantucket, as well as fourteen other nieces and nephews and probably more than twenty grand-nieces and grand-nephews, including at least two great-grand-nephews. Because she had been deprived of advantages herself, she gave to several of the younger generation financial assistance towards their education. She lived to see one of them become a doctor of medicine and another an electrical engineer, while still others hold responsible positions in the business world or in civil office. Some words found recently in "Leaves from the Diary of Agnes Sligh Turnbull" seem aptly to apply

1944-Jan-4 Dwelling Seriously Damaged By Early Morning Fire.

An early morning fire on Tuesday, in the midst of a bad northeast gale and rain storm, did extensive damage to the residence of Orville Coffin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Coffin, at 55 Orange street. The fire is believed to have been caused by defective wiring in the house, which is one of the genuine old Nantucket houses on Orange street.

The alarm sounded at 6:45 a. m. from Box 46 and it was well after eight o'clock before the "all out" blew. The blaze was discovered by Mr. Coffin, and before he could awaken his son and daughter-in-law, who occupy the apartment on the second floor, the flames had leaped through the back hallway and upstairs to the back hall, cutting off ingress to the kitchen.

Fortunately, the fire was confined, by the efficient work of the Fire Department, to the rear of the house and was kept from breaking through to the outside of the building, where the extreme high wind would have fanned the flames to greater intensity.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Coffin succeeded in getting both their dog and cat outdoors, although they failed to get many of their personal belongings. Damage to the entire house, aside from the portion consumed by the fire itself, is extensive, due to the intense smoke and the water which had to be poured down the stairways from the attic to the basement, where the fire was discovered. However, valuable papers were untouched, and all three members of the family have some of their clothes and a few personal things which were found to be undestroyed.

Both the house and the furnishings were covered by insurance. Mr. Coffin Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Clark Coffin are living with Mrs. Coffin's mother, Mrs. Willard B. Marden, on Milk street, until such time as 55 Orange street will be repaired, probably several months from now.

The extent of the damage cannot be estimated at this time, since, due to the interruption in boat service Thursday, the representatives of the insurance companies have been unable to reach the island.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the Coffins at this time.

Jan-4-1944
to Mrs. Russell—"the good woman, the kind neighbor, the friend of the young. How she still blesses the old house! There is a very precious immortality for those who deserve it." And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?

Funeral services were held Thursday, December 30, St. Mary's Church, Nantucket, and at St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, in Providence, R. I. Interment was in the Carter family lot in St. Francis Cemetery, North Providence.

—Helen C. McCleary.

Hon. Breckinridge Long.

Hon. Breckinridge Long, of "Sea Crest," Nantucket, who has been serving as Assistant Secretary of State at Washington, has been mentioned in the press dispatches recently in connection with State Department matters.

Mr. Long has been connected with diplomatic circles at Washington for many years and his work in the State Department has been recognized by his appointment to several important positions, among them Ambassador to Italy, where he served until he returned to this country to undergo a surgical operation at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn.

He made an excellent recovery and as soon as his health permitted he accepted an appointment as Assistant Secretary of State.

Mr. Long was born at St. Louis, May 16, 1881, and has been identified with Nantucket from boyhood. Owing to his duties at Washington he has not been able to occupy "Sea Crest" for several seasons past.

Leon's Points.

Leon Henderson was the creator of point rationing. The first public reaction to the scheme was directed against Henderson, and when he passed from the scene into comparative obscurity no one mourned over his departure. His system has also turned out to be a "passing" custom inasmuch as friends and neighbors "pass the points" around to their friends, and exchange red points for blue, and swap coffee points for sugar points, and sugar points for shoe points. Some people even take a chance with their gasoline points. The Administration has had nothing but trouble in its efforts to convince the American public that the ration system is successful, or can be made successful.

Aug-14-1943
World War No 2
Rationing

The Corn Cob Pipe.

The corn cob pipe is said to have originated in Missouri in 1872 when a farmer dropped into the shop of Henry Tibbe at Washington, Missouri, and asked him to turn out a pipe on his lathe from a corn cob. Fitting a reed into the pipe the farmer proceeded to take a cool smoke. Tibbe made several more pipes the same day and sold them all. The industry grew until the factory now turns out 30,000,000 pipes a year. Some 20,000,000 acres are devoted to growing a special kind of corn with big white cobs. The corn cob pipes are known as Missouri meerschaums. The largest number of sales go to Massachusetts, with Pennsylvania second and New York third. Europe buys as many as 2,000,000 corn cob pipes a year. They are sold in Australia, Alaska and Africa besides many other parts of the world.

In this town, December 26th, Arthur A. Norcross, aged 75 years, 29 days.

Death of Arthur A. Norcross.

Arthur Augustus Norcross, a well-known and highly-esteemed resident of Nantucket, passed away on Sunday morning after an illness of several months. His death followed that of his wife by only six weeks, separating a devoted couple who had cheerfully borne their cross through life, sharing the burdens together, and leaving the husband to carry on a few weeks more with memories of a half century of companionship, but bereft of the vigor that had been his so many years.

When the final summons came, Arthur Norcross laid aside his working tools and was ready to meet his Master. He had lived a good life—the life of an honest man and a good citizen—leaving a heritage in which his children and grandchildren may well take pride.

The deceased was born on Nantucket, November 27, 1868, the son of James Henry and Mary (Maguire) Norcross. As a carpenter and builder he was held in the highest regard by



THE LATE ARTHUR A. NORCROSS.

all, and many summer residents sought his skill and advice in meeting problems connected with their property. Kindly and quiet in manner, he was always a courteous gentleman as well as a keen business man, and he will be greatly missed from the ranks of the island mechanics.

Arthur Norcross was the last member of the old Board of Firewards, serving on the board a number of years until, in 1914, the town decided to have a Chief of the Fire Department and the services of the Firewards were abolished. Mr. Norcross was a man of experience in handling fire department affairs and he was appointed the first Chief, serving continuously for five years in that capacity.

The deceased was an active member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities and at the time of his death he was the second oldest Past Master of Union Lodge, having held the chair in 1911 and 1912.

Funeral services were held in Masonic Hall, Wednesday afternoon, with a large attendance of members of the fraternal orders and relatives and friends. The services and the interment in Prospect Hill cemetery were under full Masonic rites.

The deceased is survived by a son, James A. Norcross, in service with the Navy somewhere in the Pacific. He is also survived by two daughters—Nellie, wife of Philip Morris, postmaster at 'Sconset; and Elizabeth, wife of Kenneth Van Fleet. He also leaves a number of grandchildren.

ING, DECEMBER 18, 1943.

Lieut. John Heath Had Narrow Escape in Southwest Pacific.

First Lt. John H. Heath, co-pilot of a B-24 Liberator, recently returned to "somewhere in New Guinea" after a thrilling escape from death. Lieut. Heath, in his next letter home, will probably describe it as "just another escapade," but it was far from the ordinary experience of war flying.

His bomber was one of those on a mission over Wewak, a Japanese base on the north coast of New Guinea. Lt. Heath's bomber swooped in at such a low altitude that it planted its egg squarely in a Jap airdrome.

Enemy anti-aircraft guns got the big Liberator's range and one of the hits conked the No. 3 motor. Limping homeward, the bomber began to lose altitude rapidly, dropping towards the surface of the sea. A skillful water landing was accomplished, but the sea was rough and the tail section broke away and the nose tilted under the surface.

Dazed by the crash landing, Lt. Heath and his companions were revived by the flood of water and managed to fight their way out of the plane and to the surface, bringing with them the body of a crew-man who (they discovered afterwards) had been instantly killed by the impact.

The five survivors got onto two rubber rafts and spent the night on the tumbling waters off the coast of New Guinea. The following day, an American fighter plane sighted the survivors and radioed their position. The plane then hovered overhead, to protect them from the Japs.

As the second night began, an American P. T. boat roared up and took the fliers from their precarious position.

Lieut. Heath has been "down under" since early in January, 1943. In November, he was cited for bravery and received the Distinguished Flying Cross for bombing missions covering more than 200 hours of combat duty from Feb. 15 to Sept. 30, 1943.

His many island friends join with his aged grandmother, Mrs. John C. Smith, and his brother Private Roy Heath, U. S. Army, in rejoicing in his stirring experience of rescue.

Lt. John Heath Piloted Bomber Through Dangerous Mission.

Lt. John Heath, of Nantucket, who was recently assigned to a bomber command in the Southwest Pacific area, had a thrilling experience a few weeks ago. The official account of an air raid against a Jap-held base in the Tanimbar Islands reveals that Lt. Heath and Lt. H. G. Havener, the latter of San Diego, Cal., were piloting a Liberator bomber during the raid and were attacked by five Zeros simultaneously. Despite the fact that the Liberator had two of its four motors shot out, Lt. Heath and Lt. Havener maneuvered their craft so that the Zeros were driven off—two of them probably destroyed—and the Liberator brought back to its base.

In a recent letter to a friend in Nantucket, Lt. Heath wrote that he "had come to as near an unscheduled swim in the Pacific as he wanted." Of course, he made no mention of his exploit, due to a natural modesty, but his version of the experience is unique to say the least.

Aug 25, 1943

Sept 25th 1943

Death of John C. Ring, Jr.

John Cunningham Ring, Jr., died suddenly early Wednesday morning, after an illness of only a few hours. He was the son of Mrs. Mary Ring and the late John C. Ring, and was born in Nantucket, December 5, 1894. He was educated in the Nantucket schools, graduating from the High School in the class of 1914, and serving in the First World War.

Following the death of his father in 1924, he took over the active management of the business and has since served in the construction of streets and highways, working at times on combined state and town contracts.

The deceased became interested in farming as well, and in recent years developed the farm property in Cato lane, where he had many acres under cultivation. He also represented other real estate holdings in different parts of the island and was always ready to assist in a venture if he thought it would benefit others.

In 1932 he was elected to the School Board and served continuously until 1941. At the time of his death he was one of the Sewer Commissioners.

On the 26th of June, 1916, he married Miss Ellen Tobey, also of Nantucket, who survives him, together with a daughter Lucile, wife of Major Roy E. Sanguinetti. He is also survived by his widowed mother and by three sisters, Mrs. Helen McGreavey, Mrs. Grace Murray, and Mrs. Marion Curtain.

The deceased was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., and of the Pacific Club, both of Nantucket.

Funeral services will be held this (Saturday) afternoon at 2.00 o'clock at the late residence of the deceased on Liberty street. The Rev. Melville B. Gurley, a close friend of the deceased, is coming from Cynwyd, Penn., and will conduct the services. Committal will be under Masonic rites.

Death of Elmer F. Pease.

On the evening of the forty-seventh anniversary of his birth, Elmer Francis Pease answered the final summons of mankind, and passed away while seated in the comfort of his home on Hussey street. He was apparently in his usual health, had returned the day before from a short pleasure trip, and Wednesday afternoon was down town as usual, talking and chatting with friends, and enjoying the relaxation that came after a busy summer.

The summons came without warning and was a great shock to the community as well as to the members of his immediate family. The deceased was known to hundreds of our summer visitors as the proprietor of the bathing beach bus line, and during the season just past he catered to many who enjoyed the pleasant drive between the bus stand in front of the library and the beach a mile away.

The deceased leaves two sons, both serving in the Army. Donald was stationed in California when he received word of his father's death, and is making the trip across the continent by plane. The other son, Francis, was stationed in Maryland, and the two brothers will be with their mother in the hour of sorrow. At this writing the time for the funeral services has not been determined.

On the 9th of June, 1920, Elmer Francis Pease married Miss Laura Frances Ellis, of Mattapoisett. Besides his widow and their two sons, Donald and Francis, he is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Pease, and by two brothers, Kenneth N. and Leroy A. Pease.

The deceased held the appointment of Dispenser of Public Welfare, in which position he had served the town well. He was a Past Master of Union Lodge, F. & A. M.; and a member of Thomas Turner Chapter, Sons of the Revolution.

Was Great-Grandfather.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

It was rather surprising to read in my article about Boston, recently appearing in your paper, that my "great-grandmother", when a member from Nantucket to the State Legislature, attended a reception given by Daniel Webster in 1835. I cannot let that go uncorrected or your readers will consider me a fit subject for membership in the Ananias Club. It was my great-grandfather, Captain Seth Pinkham, a prominent resident of an earlier day, to whom I referred.

Certainly in 1835 there were no petticoats sitting in the halls of our State legislative body under that omnipotent eye of the sacred cod. Not until a dozen years later did Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott issue the first call for a national suffrage movement.

In one of that illustrious pair—Lucretia Coffin Mott—Nantucketers should take special personal interest and pride. She whom Theodore Tilton called the greatest woman ever produced in this country, was Nantucket born; and, in the full sense of the word, a great crusader.

The real founder and the soul of the first woman's rights movement in America and England, she was

also one of the most outstanding feminine workers in the struggle to rid the country of slavery. It was she who became the first advocate of labor unions in a day when they were prescribed and generally considered illegal; and, although a Quaker, was a diligent worker in the field for a more liberal religion.

Lucretia Coffin, who at 17 married James Mott, was born on our island the third day of January in 1793, and among her ancestry were Coffins, Follgers and Starbucks—"the salt-water aristocracy of New England". Seventeen of the family are listed in Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography* and fifteen in the *National Cyclopedia*.

Tracing their descent from Tristram Coffin of Devon, they numbered among them judges and colonial governors, masters in the merchant marine and captains of whaling fleets. Mary Starbuck, Lucretia's "twice great-granddaughter," known as "the Great Woman", was the mother of the first white child born on the island. It was through her influence that Nantucket became, next to Philadelphia, the Quaker center of the country.

—William Crosby Bennett.

508 Sixth Street,
Manhattan Beach, California.

AN INTERESTING GROUP OF THREE DECADES AGO



A group of "fans" in front of Richard Mack's store on Main street thirty years ago. By careful study of the personnel, readers may be able to distinguish the following:

Judge Rufus Thayer (deceased), Robert Grimes, Frank Conway, Ernest Thomas, William O. Simpson, James T. Worth, Robert Mack, Jr., Herbert Oldrich, Augustus C. Lake, Carleton Coleman, (deceased) Clarence Hussey, Harold Thomas (deceased), Chesley Backus (deceased), Emile Genesky, George Furber, Elliot Sylvia (deceased), Judge Fitz Randolph (deceased), "Jack" Roberts (deceased), Edward H. Perry (deceased), Joshua B. Ashley, William Brownell (deceased), Lester Day (deceased), Henry Norcross, Alexander McGarvey, Louis McGarvey, Sr., (deceased), William H. Barrett. *Year 1913*

1943. SEPTEMBER 4,

Formation of the Polpis Historical Society.

On Tuesday, August 24, on the invitation of Mrs. Carl Marshall, a group of Polpis neighbors met at her home. The meeting was for the purpose of forming an organization to inquire into and record the history and anecdotes of the old village of Polpis, which is the oldest settlement in its original location on Nantucket.

Those present at the meeting, arranged alphabetically, were: Mrs. John S. Beale, Mrs. Addison G. Brenizer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ellinger, Mr. and Mrs. Fidelis Harrer, Mrs. Lola Hinchman, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett Jones, Mrs. George Lytton, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Leser, Mrs. Carl Marshall, Mrs. Everett Dean Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Leeds Mitchell, Dr. Leigh Schwartz, Mrs. Frederick Webster, Mrs. William Whitcomb, and Mrs. Theodore Zazulinska. An interesting discussion by the members contributing information they knew or had collected was brought forth. The following officers were elected: Chairman, Bassett Jones; co-Chairman, Mrs. Carl Marshall; Secretary, Mrs. Fidelis Harrer; Treasurer, Mrs. Edgar Ellinger.

It was voted to hold the next meeting early in July, 1944. If anyone has any interesting data or word-of-mouth stories concerning the early ownership of Polpis property or farms, will they please get in touch with Mrs. Carl Marshall either at Polpis or Providence, R. I. It will be greatly appreciated by the Historical Society of Polpis.

The Deer on Nantucket.

We have recently been asked about the Nantucket herd of deer, with the query "How many do you suppose there are on the island now?" One guess is as good as another, of course, for no one can tell how many there are, but everyone can venture a guess.

The herd originated when a male deer was found swimming far from land and brought ashore by a fishing boat on the 3rd of June, 1922. The animal was nearing exhaustion when found, but recovered on the way to port and by the time the boat reached here it was apparently perfectly well.

The buck was placed in charge of the local game warden and was taken out of town and liberated. For nearly four years the deer lived a lonesome existence and was seen only at rare intervals.

In February, 1926, two female deer were brought to the island and liberated, through the interests of Hon. Breckinridge Long. From the three deer the herd grew in numbers until there were repeated complaints of damage to gardens and crops.

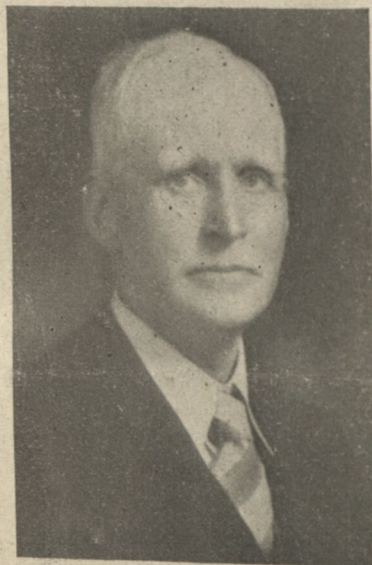
Then came the first open season, in February, 1935, when the slaughter was so great that Governor Curley was disposed to call a closed season the following day.

Since then the state open season has prevailed for a week each December, and as a result the increase of the herd of deer has been checked.

In April, 1936, three more females were brought to the island and liberated and the new stock has doubtless improved the herd to a large extent. *Aug 2/24 1943*

Cribbage Champion Observed His Eighty-Third.

William R. Morris, who still holds down the title of the champion cribbage player of Nantucket, having for two successive years defeated the Cape Cod champion, Sheriff Crocker of Barnstable, has been over-whelmed with congratulations since the recent contest. And now congratulations will



WILLIAM R. MORRIS.

continue to be handed him, for on Thursday of this week he observed the 83d anniversary of his birth—still hale and hearty and able to hold up his side of the cribbage board against all comers—local or from the Cape. *Aug. 7th 1943*

Hero's Grave Located.

The grave of Capt. Colin Kelly, who first bombed a Japanese battleship in the face of hopeless odds, has been located. His body was interred on the Philippine flying field from which he took off on December 10, 1941, in quest of the enemy, however numerous and powerful he might be. The bodies of Captain Kelly and his flight sergeant, William Delahanty, lie side by side, having been interred with religious rites.

Up until now and in the absence of contrary information it was supposed that Capt. Kelly and his bomber crew had perished in the sea in consequence of being shot down following their terrifically gallant and successful attack on the Japanese battleship Haruna some 10 miles off the coast of Luzon only three days after Pearl Harbor.

According to information received by Mrs. Colin P. Kelly, her husband and Sgt. Delahanty were interred in a "hastily dug grave at Clark Field, near Manila."

Contrary to previous assumptions with respect to Capt. Kelly and his crew, their bomber managed to make a get away from the Haruna after hitting her twice with bombs and had flown back enroute to Clark Field over which they were flying when set upon by six Jap fighter planes. Capt. Kelly's bomber burst into flames. Capt. Kelly bailed out, but Sgt. Delahanty was either dead or severely wounded by the Japs and failed to jump.

Capt. Kelly's parachute failed to open. It is not known just what happened, but it is probable he was machine gunned before he could pull his rip cord.

Capt. Kelly was the first American to die in naval combat against either the Japs, Germans, or Italians. His feat in "showing the way" to hit an enemy warship with bombs in the face of heavy anti-aircraft and plane protection will stand for all time. *Year 1943*

"Booby Trap" of 1777 Found on Jersey Coast.

According to the Associated Press, a "booby trap" set by George Washington's army in 1777 has been uncovered by Army Engineers dredging the Delaware river.

The trap, called a "stockade" was found off the New Jersey shore below Hog Island. It was a wooden crib, 30 feet long and 20 feet wide, weighted down with boulders and fitted with long iron spikes facing downstream just below the surface. The spikes were intended to pierce the hulls of wooden ships.

History shows that a traitor disclosed the existence of a stockade-free channel to the British and they sailed up the Delaware to capture Philadelphia.

AUGUST 21, 1943.

Pvt. Newport Writes Home That He is Happy and Healthy.

By Private Patrick J. Newport.

Foreword. Hey! Don't glance away from this column. Read, and you may get some un-useful hints that may prove useful to you some day. If you don't find anything useful, at least you will get some "corn," and "corn" is quite rare these days. Read!

This G. I. life is the best thing for a man. Right now I never felt better in my life, and to think that only five months ago, before my induction, I looked so pale and run-down that every time I passed an undertaker on the street he looked at me as though I might be his next week's pay. Now if he could see me—a picture of health. Bright rosy cheeks with a nose to match; physique that Charles Atlas couldn't build in eight days. I'm so proud of my physique that I can look in the mirror and stick out my chest like Mussolini used to—but who wants to look like Mussolini?

Of course, I have had the good luck of spending two G. I. months at one of the healthiest places in the world—Cheyenne, Wyoming. One of the citizens told me that Cheyenne is such a healthy place they had to shoot a traveling salesman to start the cemetery. However, I don't think Cheyenne is the reason for my present health, but the G. I. food, exercise, and sleep.

The first and most important thing for building and maintaining health is food, and the army has it. Although I didn't like G. I. food at first, now I take what they give, and eat all I can. If I don't, I'll have to eat it later anyway, for no G. I. food can go to waste.

When I go "down the line" in a mess hall, there is only one food that I turn down—horsemeat. I used to believe them when they said that the army doesn't serve horsemeat, but I don't accept this story any longer—not after I began galloping every time I ran.

Outside of horsemeat I've been getting the best food any camp can offer. The army makes certain the food is cooked so the soldiers get all the vitamins discovered by man. I sometimes think I have tasted some undiscovered ones.

The next thing toward building up health is exercise, and I've been getting plenty of that. Every morning while at Fort Warren, I got a half hour of calisthenics which did the most for building my present physique.

I got additional exercise by playing on one of the softball teams. I played catcher for the Company A "Softies", and was the only catcher behind the bat without a mask. I figured if my face couldn't stop a ball, nothing else could. I would like to write more about my softball experience, but we played every Sunday except when it rained, and every Sunday it rained!

The third important health builder is sleep, but I can't say I've been getting enough of it. The army wants each of its soldiers to get eight hours sleep at night. We would, too, if they didn't send men around the barracks early in the morning with a bugle, whistle or loud mouth. In spite of this most soldiers manage to get at least seven hours sleep a night, and until we are allowed to wake up at will, the "wake-up man" will go on being the army's most hated man next to Hitler and Hirohito.

To preserve the soldiers' health, the army has the best doctors, dentists, and opticians (according to a booklet my draft board gave me before I volunteered). Yesterday I got my G. I. glasses from one of these trained opticians. I used to see spots before my eyes, but now, with these glasses, I see them much clearer.

These things are not all that keeps soldiers healthy. They must be kept contented with army life, and to do this the army issues passes which give the soldiers free time away from camp. Then they have a chance to relax after a week of either K. P. or gold-bricking.

Last week I got a week-end pass and went to the beach out on the Great Salt Lake. I had a lot of fun out there splashing around in all the salt. The most fun, tho'; was the race I had with six other soldiers from the beach to a raft off shore. I was the first one in the water, keeping the lead until half-way. Then another soldier passed me; I over-took him at the three-quarters mark and might have gone on to win except for one thing. Just before I got to the raft, I remembered something—I can't swim! But the salt held me up. Anything can float on that lake; I even think the "Skipper" could.

There are some things which tend to break down the soldier's moral such as the disagreeable work of K. P. or garbage man. It really takes a "brainy" individual for these jobs, so I never get "stuck" with them—I have only a high school education.

Another thing is rumors. For instance, I've heard a rumor, away out here in the west, that they are going to draft the married women. Anyone who gives much thought to this can see that they'll never draft married women, but if Nantucket gets another quota to fill, they'll have to draft the draft board.

Aug 22 1943

MORNING, JULY 3, 1943

Hearty Welcome Home Accorded Sergeant Swain.

Sergeant Andrew Jackson Swain had a hearty home-coming last Saturday. Of course, "Andy" would have much preferred to come back to Nantucket quietly and without community greeting, but his friends thought otherwise and when the boat docked there was a large crowd on hand to give him cheers.

Sergeant Swain has seen tough service down in the South Pacific and had received the Distinguished Flying Cross and one or two other citations for bravery. He had been through some of the fiercest air battles around the New Guinea area and had some thrilling experiences, but he does not want to say much about it and prefers to be just "Andy" or "Jack" now he is back home.

When the steamer approached last Saturday evening, Captain Sandbury sounded three extra long blasts on the whistle, then the Wharf Rat cannon boomed forth, and by the time the steamer reached her berth there were several hundred people gathered on the wharf.

Commander L. S. Topham and Past Commander Fordyce, of the local American Legion Post, and Commander Smith, of the Spanish War Veterans, were able to board the boat as soon as the gang-plank was run off, and they soon located Sergeant Swain among the passengers. Sergeant Laprade of the State Police also boarded the boat and between them they prevailed upon Swain to remain aboard until the other passengers had landed.

"Andy" was very much embarrassed when he passed over the gang-plank and saw two lines of Coast Guards lined up through which he must pass. But it was all arranged nicely and the Coast Guards showed almost as much interest in his return home as did the townspeople.

An open car was parked near the landing and Sergeant Swain was escorted there, along with his mother and sister, Mrs. Gladys Swain and Miss Grace Swain. With Legionnaire Fordyce in the driver's seat, the embarrassed Sergeant was finally coaxed to take a seat up where his friends could see him as he passed out of the freight yard and up the dock, but he soon snuggled down into the seat again, while the crowd cheered and the auto-horns tooted.

"Andy" must have realized that his many friends on Nantucket were not only proud of him, but were glad to see him back on the island safe and sound.

Andrew Jackson Swain registered under Selective Service in the first registration, October, 1940, and in the national drawing at Washington his was the third number drawn out. "Grand!" he declared. "I want to be in the scrap if there is going to be a scrap. I am going to enlist at once!" And he did. He passed his physical examination and in November was qualified by the board for general service. But he did not wait for a "call." He hurried over to the recruiting station at Fall River and on the 2nd of December, 1940, he was enrolled in the Army Air Corps. Since then he has seen some hard service and when word came over the radio that a "Sergeant Swain" had been awarded citations for bravery, everybody on Nantucket knew that it meant "Andy," who had made good.



THE LATE RALPH W. DEGRW, U. S. N.

Good Hunting, Billy!

He had a quiet way—
This boy—
With level eye that held you with a
steady look—
And all the while he seemed to stare
beyond
As if his glance could pierce
The thick folds of curtained Time
That cling so close about us all.
As he walked with easy gait
Those he passed would glance in ad-
miration
For the kind of youth we think to be
Typically American.
He grew up in this Town
And liked it well.
In winter after school,
He took the weekly paper
To many an old gray house
That stands in friendly closeness
Staunch and solid along these wind-
swept streets.
In summer there were jobs—
Mending bicycles—jerking sodas. In
all
He became a part of this small spot
Where so much quiet fortitude is bred.
In his veins there flowed the blood
Of mountain people of the South
And his heritage could claim
The men and women of the Isle of
Eire.
But he was born upon this Island
here—
This flat sand strip that filters
through the hearts
Of all its sons.
He roamed its shores and fields.
When Autumn came, with gun on
shoulder
He'd set forth at dawn
And not till set of sun would he be

heading home—
When, in a golden haze of Autumn
mists he'd stroll
Contentedly through a winding lane
And have a soft word and a half smile
For those he knew.
And then the War was on us.
He could have done a number of
things—
He could have waited for his call.
Another year and he would have
finished with his class
At school.
But it was his wish to be where action
was.
At Navy Engineering School the
marks he made
Were so exceptional
He could have stayed on to instruct.
But he was all for going on.
He chose a dangerous post—
A landing barge.
And where he took this training
He worked well and hard
To perfect himself in the ways of
fighting men.
And then—through fate—or destiny—
we know not why—
He was stricken.
The end came quickly.
It was as if he had so soon worked out
his time
On what we call this earth, and has
gone on
Beyond those folds of curtained
Time—
Where his gaze so often lingered—
To carry on his part in freedom's
fight
In broader fields.
"Good hunting, Bill!"

M. F. W.

Funeral Services.

On Thursday, afternoon, friends and schoolmates of the late Mo. M. M. 2/c Ralph William DeGraw filled St. Paul's Church to capacity in a final and impressive tribute to his memory. Services were conducted by the Rev. William E. Gardner before the flower-massed altar, at which Billy received his Baptism, his Confirmation, and at which he served faithfully many years as a Crucifer.

The body was escorted from the home to the Church by a contingent of the Byron L. Sylvaro Post of the American Legion, an honorary naval guard, a complement of the Coast Guard, and members of his Class of 1943 of the High School.

Honorary pallbearers were schoolmates and life-long friends and included: Lester Ayers, Elliot Barnard, Arthur Egan, John J. Gardner, 3rd, George Haddon and Anthony Lema.

During the funeral services, Billy's favorite hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers," was sung by the choir in which Billy had been a member as a boy. It seemed like a challenge to us who remained to fight on bravely, that the noble sacrifice of his young life and the lives of countless others shall not be in vain for the noble cause in which we are now engaged.

Burial was in the family plot of the Prospect Hill Cemetery with full naval honors. Pall bearers were members of the U. S. Navy. Special escort from Florida was Hugh Sweeney, who had been with Billy from the time he entered training and held the same rank in the Navy. The local escort was Franklin Bartlett.

—C. T. M.

Irving Miller, S F 2/c, of the 78th Seabees, is responsible for the follow-
ing:

I'm not really a sailor,
Nor a fightin' Marine,
I'm not a Coast Guardsman,
Not even G-Irene.

My mark of distinction
Is one above all,
I'm a buzz-buzzin' Seabee
Right on the ball.

We move right ahead
To the thick of the fight.
We work all of day;
We work all of night;

We're in there with Diesels
A-whirrin' away.
Those big rugged Cats
Keep apurrin' all day.

No job is too big;
No job is too small.
We're buzz-buzzin' Seabees
Right on the ball.

A Queer Epitaph.

In a church yard near Plymouth, England, appears an epitaph reading as follows:

Here lies a poor woman
Who always was tired.
Who lived in a house
Where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were:
"Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done,
Nor sweeping nor sewing;
But everything there is
Exact to my wishes.
For when they don't eat
There's no washing the dishes.
I'll be where loud anthems
Will always be ringing;
But, having no voice,
I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now,
I'm going to do nothing
For ever and ever.

By Leland C. Bickford.

Note: The following is a tribute to the late Max Wagner, who was a close personal friend of the writer. Wagner was one of the most outstanding men in the city of Medford, loved and respected by everyone. He spent the major part of his life working in the interests of others and his constant and untiring efforts in behalf of civic betterment, which kept him working night and day, had much to do with the breakdown in his health which led to his sudden death. As a citizen he was patriotic to the extreme and in all his long experience the writer has never known a more conscientious, liberal, or honorable man. When the writer was the Republican candidate for Mayor of the city of Medford in 1941, he worked day and night in his behalf. He was a man whom the world could ill afford to lose at this time, a gentleman, and a christian in every sense of the word, a kind father and a devoted husband.

Leland C. Bickford.

There's a new star shining somewhere
In the ancient sky tonight,
A star that leads all others
With its brilliance and its light.
And beyond that great horizon
Where tomorrow's lands begin,
There's a welcoming reception
For a Great Heart enters in.

He was gentle, kind, and earnest,
Quite unspoiled by earthly show;
The human in its rarest form
Who loved both high and low.
A man of great dimensions
Who was honest, brave and fair,
Filled with milk of human kindness,
Loved and honored everywhere.

Long he labored for his brothers,
Met and parted 'on the square',
Giving all his life to others,
Living all his life to share.
Never stooping to the paltry,
Always reaching for the good,
And in face of each disaster,
Ever, he, who understood.

Blessed soul of God's creation
Who, undaunted, in his youth
Lifted arms to save his nation,
Fought for honor and for truth.
Met and vanquished every burden
That he met on life's hard road,
Lifting from the arms of others
All he could of trouble's load.

There's a new star shining somewhere
Where the souls of good men go,
There's a brighter spot in heaven.
Souls like his have made it so.
We, who here, have loved and lost him,
Can but offer simple prayer,
For the One who called him from us
Must have needed him up there.

Nantucket is Credited as The Inspiration For Hymn.

Editors of The Inquirer and Mirror:
Enclosed please find a clipping taken from the Providence Bulletin of October 18th, under the Questions and Answers column.

Q. What is the name of the hymn that was written after the author had watched a Coast Guard drill?
A. "Throw Out The Life Line," by the Rev. E. S. Ufford. The drill had taken place at Nantucket, Mass.

This is the first mention that I have found of Nantucket being connected with the writing of a hymn.

Yours truly,
Marcius H. Merchant, M.D.

At Wilmington, Delaware, December 15th, David R. Raub, aged 31 years, 2 months, 13 days. Interment at Nantucket.

1943.

Death of Capt. David Raub A Loss to Nantucket.

The tragedy which took the life of "Dave" Raub, the popular Nantucket flier, on Wednesday, December 15th, touched the heart-strings of every person on Nantucket. Leaving his home that morning to take up his duty as test pilot in the Army Air Corps, with his usual fond farewell to his young wife and infant daughter, Capt. David Raub took flight from the New Castle Air Base at Wilmington, Del., and passed into the Great Beyond.

David Raub had been connected with air service to and from Nantucket almost from the time passenger service was established on a permanent basis. He was born in Brooklyn on the 2nd of October, 1912, and when nineteen years of age he first came to Nantucket and associated with the late Leslie Holm at Nobadeer Farm. It was there that Raub's interest in aviation and his skill as a pilot became manifest and as a result the Nobadeer Airport was developed.

For a number of years Nantucket came to rely upon "Dave" Raub with perfect confidence that he would respond to any emergency, either day or night. It was "Dave" who made flights to the mainland and return, bringing over daily papers and passengers at times when the island was



ice-bound. When sickness or death came to a household, "Dave" was ever ready to render service if needed.

When aviation developed to a marked degree and transportation through the air was generally recognized as a modern means of travel, David Raub was called to larger fields. His skill was recognized and he accepted offers which a young man with a love for air-planes (who had taken to the air for his life-work) could not resist.

"Dave" maintained his interests in Nantucket, but he accepted the call and has since flown thousands of miles, not only to all parts of the United States, but to foreign countries as well, only a short time before the tragedy having flown a ship to India.

He entered the Army Air Corps, in the Second Ferry Command, and was connected with the New Castle, Del., Air Base, holding the position of assistant test pilot. He was commissioned a Captain in the Ferry Command on the 10th of July, 1942, and had ferried ships to the Pacific and Gulf coasts, and also across the Atlantic to Scotland, to India, and other parts of the eastern hemisphere.

He married Miss Kathryn Cady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cady of Nantucket, and a little daughter, Carolyn, was born to them on the 1st of last October. They were making their home at Wilmington at the time of the disaster which took Captain Raub's life.

The deceased was highly esteemed by his associates of the Second Ferry Command and the tragedy stunned them all. Accompanying the remains to Nantucket, and acting as an escort for the young widow and the mother of the dead flier, Mrs. Gertrude Raub, were two of his fellow pilots, Capt. Mathew Windhausen and Capt. Kermit MacKay, both of the Second Ferry Command.

All that was mortal of "Dave" was brought home to Nantucket on Monday last, and full tribute was paid to his memory by the people of this community. Following the arrival of the boat, services were held in the Episcopal church, conducted by Rev. Louis Parsons, supply rector. The remains were escorted from the wharf

by a detachment of Coast Guards, a delegation from the local American Legion Post, Veterans of the Spanish-American War, and representatives of the Legion Auxiliary. The military escort observed the five-minute period at "attention" following which the flag-draped casket was borne into the Church, where Rev. Mr. Parsons conducted the funeral services. Miss Ruth Ann Murphy sang "Abide With Me," and during the ceremonial prayers, Rev. Mr. Parsons read the following:

An Airman's Hymn.

When the last long flight is over,
And the happy landing's past,
And my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up's come at last,
I'll point her nose for the ceiling,
And I'll give my crate the gun,
I'll open her up and let her zoom
For the Airport of the Sun.

Then the great God of flying men
Will look at me sort o' slow,
As I stow my plane in the hangar
On the field where fliers go;
Then I'll look upon His face,
The Almighty Flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fills the horizon
From Orion to the Cross.

In a last tribute to Capt. Raub, flags all through the center of the town were placed at half staff and the business places were closed during the hour of service. Interment was in the Prospect Hill cemetery.

The Wilmington, Del., Daily News of December 17th gave the following account of the tragedy:

Officers of the New Castle Army Air Base, investigating the crash of a Lockheed P-38 Lightning on Pea Patch Island Wednesday morning identified the dead pilot yesterday afternoon as Capt. David Richard Raub, 31, of the Mayfair Apartments here.

His identity was disclosed after his wife, Mrs. Kathryn C. Raub of Wilmington, and his mother, Mrs. Gertrude Raub of Nantucket, Mass., had been notified by Lieut.-Col. Ronald C. McLaughlin, commanding officer of the base.

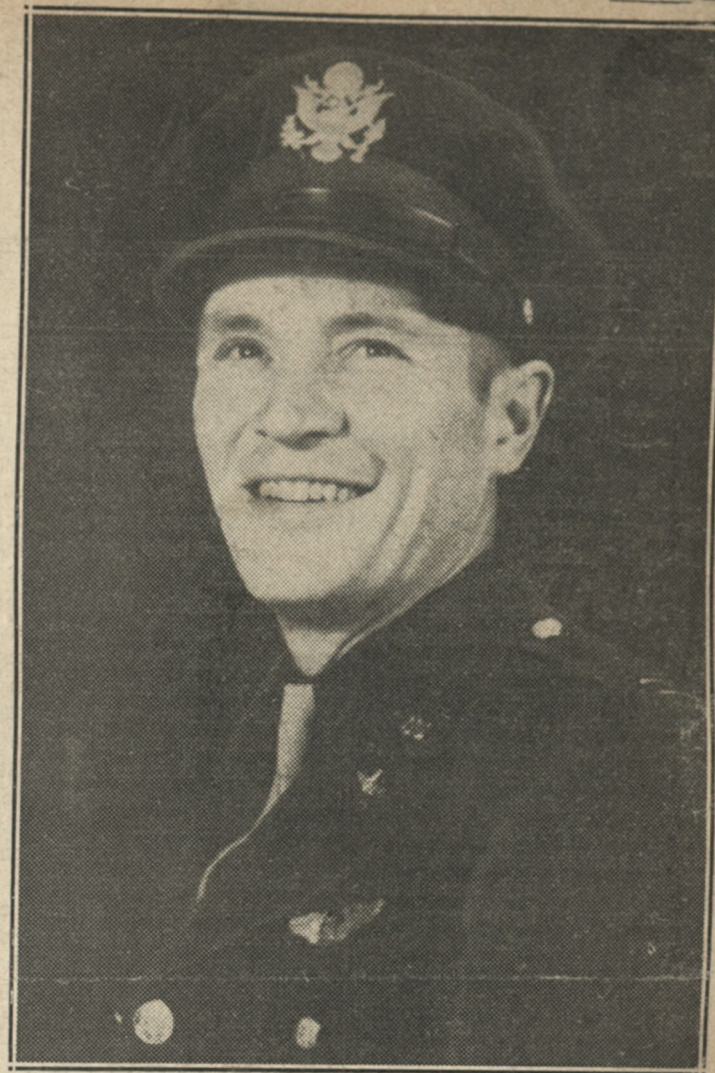
Raub, operator of an airport at Nantucket for several years before being commissioned a captain at the base on July 10, 1942, was the father of one child, a girl born less than three months ago.

He was assistant test pilot at the base and was testing the P-38 when the crash, which buried the nose of the plane six feet in the frozen swamp at the north end of the island, occurred at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Rescue and salvage operations were delayed because of a fire which, accompanying the crash, continued to burn until after midnight Wednesday.

Raub, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1912, was one of the early ferrying pilots and was an officer of the 2nd Ferrying Group, whose headquarters are at the base. Before becoming assistant test pilot he was engineering officer. In both capacities he was a veteran of many airplane deliveries.

At the time of the accident, which is being investigated by a group of qualified Army officers appointed by Colonel McLaughlin, Raub had been up about 20 minutes, it was estimated at the base.



CAPTAIN DAVID R. RAUB, A. C.

Born October 2, 1912. Died December 15, 1943.

Our friend is gone. To all who knew him, the thought is inconceivable. He was too much alive, too much a part of every-day activity of our base, too much in the hearts of those who worked with and for him, too fine a pilot to be here one day and gone the next. It is only a Higher Wisdom that can know the reason for his going.

The part he played was not spectacular, nor did he ever seek credit for himself. Yet much credit is due. The most menial, or the most important and arduous task was performed cheerfully and competently, always to the best of his ability, and no man can do more.

He died "with his boots on," in the performance of a hazardous duty which he would have been the last to shirk. And in his going he left a void which will never quite be filled.

Ronald C. McLaughlin, Lt. Col., Air Corps,
Commanding Officer, 2nd Ferrying Group.

BORN 1943

At Memorial Hospital, Wilmington, Delaware, October 1, a daughter, Carolyn, to Mr. and Mrs. David Raub.

Was Oldest Tree in the Town.

The old tree which stood at the corner of Main street and Ray's Court for so many years, and which was taken down following the heavy northwest gale of last week, was the oldest tree within the town, according to a record which Mrs. Addison Winslow reveals. This record is as follows:

Nantucket, May 15, 1901. "Reuben F. Coffin, who was born March 18th, 1793, told me that the button-ball tree, now standing at the corner of Main street and Turner's Alley opposite Walnut Lane, was set out there in the year that he was born. The oldest tree on the island. W. B. Starbuck, aged 85 years. To John C. Ring, Esq."

In this town, January 24, Theodore F. Newcomb, aged 82 years, 4 months, 12 days. Interment at Brockton, Mass.

Death of Theodore F. Newcomb.

Theodore F. Newcomb, who passed away at the local hospital on Monday after a lingering illness, was for a number of years janitor of the Pacific Club-room, where he made many acquaintances. Not only was he popular among the men who belonged to the club, but he lent "atmosphere" to the place during the summer months, when visitors would frequently drop in "just to look around". Mr. Newcomb always had a wealth of stories on his tongue's end, and furnished both entertainment and amusement.

For a number of years he was a special police officer and was on duty at the gate on Steamboat wharf during the summer months, in which position he became something of a character in his efforts to administer regulations and divert traffic. He enjoyed meeting people and if he did not have the correct reply to a query, it made no difference to him—he had an answer. year 1944

Pleasure Driving.

We haven't been able to go to drive
To see our friends when they were
alive;
Though they may have had some last
word to say,
Still—we had to wait 'til they passed
away.

As our only signals to go ahead
Were to the services for the dead.

Imagine now how happy we are
We can drive where we please in our
A car!

Provided we promise that we'll drive
slow

We may choose the places where we
go.

But I don't think we'll be long out
doors;

By the time we have done the needed
chores,

In spite of what seems their esprit de
corps,

We haven't the gas to do anything
more

Than to bring the car back to our
garage,

For all other places are just a mirage;
And there, the battery soon expires

At the same time that we save our
tires—

So whatever we do we are bound to be
Between the devil and the deep blue
sea.

If perchance for some distant spot
we yearn,

Remember it's just as far to return.
Think how we would hate to be pro-

pane

And have to come home again on the
train!

With perhaps some oaths still on our
lips

As we think of Eleanor and her trips—
How in foreign countries she made it

clear

That she is the wife of our "ruler"
here.

(Mr. Pegler in his column wrote
Of Eleanor's trips, from which I
quote).

But for us, we haven't the time to
roam

With so much that must be done in
the home.

There are rules for this, and rules
for that—

You might as well be an acrobat—
You must measure the floors to get

your heat

And look at the ceilings to get your
meat—

Gather up papers and trample on
cans—

Collect all metals and scrape out the
pans—

Remember without your spoonful of
grease

That this total war might have to
cease.

In And then, when it's time to go to bed
Put on your glasses and read instead;

For if you don't, it will be to your
sorrow

As most of the rules will change by
tomorrow.

In But isn't it better to study all night
Of Than to go to sleep and wake up in a

And fright

With the feeling that you may be
beset

By some gentleman of the alphabet.

But And another thing that my spirit
damps

Is buying our menus from small col-
ored stamps.

When I save them up for a nice bill of
fare

The shops never seem to have any-
thing there;

And then when I've used up all my
points

They show me the nicest of juicy
joints.

I see that they have the notion now
To ration the milk that comes from

the cow,

As they mull the question and chew
the rag

It will leave the cow just holding the
bag;

While we go without her healthful
milk

Which also makes gowns as fine as
silk.

We shift from the cow to the kitchen
cat—

Think what she does to a mouse or
rat;

She comes right down on them with
her paw

And lets them run out all over the
floor;

And she does this over and over again
Till the poor creature is out of his

pain—

"Down With Demon Rum!"

BACK in the early days of the tem-
perance movement in this country,
a poem, called "The Song of the De-
canter," which was often reprinted in
the newspapers, was this typographical
curiosity:

There was an old de-
canter, and its mouth was
gaping wide; the
ruby wine had
ebbed away
and left
its crys-
tal side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming—
up and
down the
sides it flew
and through the
reed-like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window where this blast was
blowing free and fancied that
its pale mouth sang the queerest
strains to me: "They tell me puny
conquerors!—that Plague has slain
his ten, and War his hundred thou-
sands of the very best of men: 'But I—
twas thus the bottle spoke—'But I have
conquered more than all your famous
conquerors, so feared and named of
yore. Then to me, you youths and
maidens, come drink from out my
cup the beverage that dulls the
brain and burns the spirits up,
and puts to shame the con-
querors that slay their
scores below; for this
has deluged millions
with the lava tide
of woe. Though in
the path of bat-
tle darkest
waves of
blood may
roll, yet while
I killed the
body I have
damned the
very soul. The
cholera, the
sword, such ruin
never wrought as I,
in mirth or malice, on
the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them,
and they shrink before my breath;
and year by year the thousands
tread this dismal road to death!"

© Western Newspaper Union.

And this is the way that Ickes has
been

With us—and our car—and the gas-
oline.

But there is one thing I've forgotten
to mention

Which has been just now the bone of
contention;

I mean the Pre-War Pearl-Harbor
father—

Wouldn't you think that he would
much rather

Be up in the air as a bombardier
Than to brave the dangers he has

here?

In case with his perils you're not au-
fait

I read in the papers the other day
The tale of two girls who were love-

lorn—

They met in a duel with daggers
drawn

To fight for the love of a married man
Which was in itself a daring plan

And not at all according to Hoyle—
Think how it must have made the wife

boil!

Emily Post, I'm sure if she met
With any such problem in etiquette,

Would have said—"Girls, since this
man you can't marry

Instead of a duel commit hara-kiri."

Excuse me from straying so far from
my theme—

But, then, Pleasure Driving is only
a dream!

Milton, Mass.

M. B. F.

JULY 17, 1943.

D,

AUGUST 7, 1943.

Real Estate Transfers Reported By Miss Wood's Office.

Miss Wood is glad to report an un-
expected early and healthy interest
in the acquirement of Nantucket
properties. She is particularly impres-
sed by the wide range of types of
property asked for. The conveyances
made recently in her office include
shore holdings, an ancient Nantucket
house, a modest farmstead, two mod-
ern cottages, and a parcel of outlying
lands, the acreage of which is one
of the largest ever sold on the Island
under a single Land Court title. These
conveyances are:

1. On behalf of the Thurlow
Barnes Trust—the house and land on
the Quidnet shore formerly the prized
possession of Nantucket's always-to-
be remembered Grace Barnes—to Mrs.
E. J. Butler, of Wellesley, Massachu-
setts.

2. For the Estate of Mrs. Charles
Jarvis—the 18th century house at 10
Martin's Lane, so long the Mecca of
Nantucket's summer sketchers—to
Mrs. William Higgins, of Richmond,
Va. The new owner is sister to Mrs.
Joseph Cochran of Nantucket. Mrs.
Higgins, keeping, happily, the old sags
of the house, has already made at-
tractive renovations in it.

3. For the Jarvis Estate, also, Miss
Wood has sold to Barbara McLean the
garden and buildings on Angora
street that once were part of the
"Moor's End" property. Here Miss
MacLean plans to carry on some in-
tensive farming and her Craft work.

4. For the Nantucket Institution
for Savings—the house on Martin's
Lane numbered 5—to Miss Carrie
Miller of Nantucket. Miss Miller, hav-
ing bought the house as an investment,
is making improvements in it, plan-
ning to offer it for yearly rental.

5. For Mrs. Herbert Page—her
house at 146 Main street—to Mr. and
Mrs. George Smith, of Allston, Mass.
Mr. and Mrs. Smith expect to become
permanent residents of Nantucket
after Mr. Smith, next spring, retires
from long service in the insurance
business.

6. For the Estate of Henry H. Fay
—the wide-spread meadows on Polpis
Harbor and the beautiful uplands
overlooking that Harbor that were
acquired by Mr. Fay over a long
term of years—to four men: Messrs.
Leeds Mitchell, Robert Atkins, Fidelis
Harrer and Sherman Sexton. Mr.
Mitchell, Mr. Atkins and Mr. Harrer
are well-known summer residents here.
Mr. Sexton comes from Chicago, where
he is head of one of the largest con-
cerns in the country dealing with the
wholesale distribution of grocers'
supplies.

The Fay estate comprises over 500
acres, three farm-houses, a barn, and
a boat-house. The enterprising group
of men who have bought this large
farm-hold hope to make it productive.
At this time, such a purchase, prom-
ising a development of unused land,
should encourage greatly those well-
wishers of Nantucket who long to see
some action taken here for self-main-
taining ventures for the Island people.

Transfers in Real Estate Recently Recorded.

Among the numerous transfers in
Nantucket real estate, which have
been recorded at the Town's building,
Union street, by Registrar of Deeds
Josiah S. Barrett, are the following:

Elizabeth and Carl Hill to Myra D.
Gifford, George and Florence Selleck—
land and dwelling on Prospect street
known in late years as the Remsen
property.

William D. Grenville to John W.
Murray and John C. Ring, Jr.—land
and dwelling in Newtown.

Mrs. Jessie F. Kelley to John H.
and Isabelle G. Kitchen—land and
dwelling on Starbuck Court, corner of
Pleasant street.

Elizabeth H. W. Danforth to George
and Nicholas Danforth—land on
Main street.

Alger Bickerstaff to Alice D. C.
Swain—land and dwelling on Pleasant
street.

Nantucket Institution for Savings
to Franklin Bartlett—land and dwell-
ing on Pleasant street.

Kenneth and Elizabeth Van Fleet
to Nantucket Institution for Savings
—land and dwelling on Lyons street.

Sherburne Realty Trust to Jane B.
Wallach and Florence Rand—land and
building near Grove Lane.

Melvin and Ethel Hardy to Cath-
arine L. Gibbs—land at the rear of
Main street.

Henry and Susan Fay to Sherman
A. Sexton, Fidelis Harrer, Leeds Mit-
chell and Robert Atkins—land at Pol-
pis and Squam.

Harry and Susan Larrabee, George
W. Jones and Ethel King to Clara
Block—land and dwelling on Pine St.

Annie M. H. Starbuck to the Old
People's Home—land and dwelling on
School street.

Marie C. Page to George L. and
Ruth M. Smith—land and dwellings on
upper Main street.

Nantucket Institution for Savings
to Marcus and Alice G. Merchant—
land and dwelling on Shell Street,
Sconset.

William J. Kaplan to Arthur Collins
—land and dwelling on Main street.

Richard H. and Cora D. Harris to
Donald W. Sanville and Cynthia H.
Sanville—land and dwelling at Plain-
field, Siasconset.

Collector of Taxes (instrument of
taking) secured land at Plainfield,
Sconset, from the estates of Frances
B. Whilton, J. Spencer Weed, Ella C.
Briggs.

Melvin W. Brown, Est., to Town of
Nantucket—land on Saratoga street.

Nantucket Institution for Savings
to Barbara L. Schell and Barclay Vin-
cent—land and dwelling on West
Chester street.

Rose Ulpinis and John R. Stirnus
to Daniel and Florence Harrington—
land and dwelling on Francis street.

Nantucket Octogenarians Now Number Eighty-Two.

There are at least eighty-two residents in Nantucket who are eighty years old or over—or who will attain their eightieth anniversary in 1943. The compilation made by the Registrars of Voters was as of January 1, 1943, and some residents have of course since then checked off another milestone. Others will do so before the close of 1943.

It is interesting to note that there are so many of our citizens who may properly be classed as octogenarians—and most of them naturally take pride in still being active every day. It is an honor to every man or woman to be included in such a list.

It should be understood, however, that the list as presented is the result of the checking and re-checking by the Registrars of Voters for several years past as required by Chapter 40 of the Acts of 1938.

Jokingly referred to by some as the book of errors," it nevertheless makes an excellent directory of men and women residents of Nantucket twenty years of age or over. In the effort to determine who is the oldest man and the oldest woman in Nantucket, we came across the following who will be 80 years of age or over in 1943.

Mary Ames	81
Helen E. Appleton	86
Beatrice Araujo	82
Annie O. Baldwin	80
Anna C. Baxter	80
Eleanore E. Brown	82
Anna E. C. Barrett	80
Mary E. Brooks	84
Adelaide W. Bates	85
Elizabeth H. Bartlett	80
Emily Bunker	81
William H. Barney	82
Emma Cook	83
Arthur B. Collins	80
May H. Congdon	80
Catherine Curley	88
Ida Cathcart	80
Orville Coffin	84
John S. Cross	84
Nelson H. Crocker	83
Albert R. Coffin	80
Agnes S. Coffin	83
Arthur C. Dunham	80
Sarah J. Dunham	86
Marcus W. Dunham	85
Roger Davis	82
Nelson P. Ewer	84
Abbie Flanders	85
Enna J. Frazer	82
Susan P. Folger	88
Alice M. Folger	87
Ellen M. Folger	82
Catherine Fish	86
Alonzo D. Fisher	81
Grace F. Gordon	81
Mary J. Gardner	90
Rachel C. Grant	91
Herbert C. Gardner	87
Lucinda Handy	86
Charlotte Holm	81
Mary F. Hamblin	89
Johanna Hendrick	80
Elizabeth C. Hussey	82
Frederick P. Hill	80
Jane Hiller	80
Ella M. Ingraham	85
Herbert M. Jones	80
Charles E. Lamb	88
Lizzie Lewis	87
Thomas Lewis	87
Ida M. Leach	80
Leonard Morris	86
William R. Morris	83
Elizabeth E. Marshall	93
Charles H. Macy	84
Isaac W. Moranay	85
Agnes L. MacVicar	80
Theodore F. Newcomb	82
Clara A. W. Norton	86
Horace G. Norcross	83
Rebecca M. Neimiére	83
Emma Porte	87
Ida Porte	80
Byron E. Pease	81
Bessie Rancour	84
C. Whitney Riddell	83
Emily B. Robinson	87
Mary E. Ring	82
Virginia G. Sharp	85
Asa W. Small	82
Mary T. Small	81
Annie H. Starbuck	88
William S. Simpson	82
Florence C. Thomas	82

"Painting The Lily."

The newspapers of the country devoted quite a little space recently to a report, said to have come from the White House, that official Washington now is of the opinion that the term New Deal and New Dealism ought to be dropped and that we ought to adopt a new slogan such as "unity for war" or something to that effect.

The exact purpose of this suggestion, whether or not it had political implications, was not made clear. However, it ought to be emphasized that the country is already united for war and is devoted to the carrying on of a total war. There is no division of opinion on this, either political or otherwise. Everybody wants to win the war as quickly and completely as possible. Nobody wants a negotiated peace.

It is impossible for us to neglect domestic issues entirely, however, for the reason that efficiency on the home front is as necessary as effectiveness on the field of battle. Therefore we cannot forget the New Deal, its record and what it stands for, because too many domestic principles are involved and some of them affect the entire picture.

For a moment let's go back to get a history of the New Deal. It commenced in 1933 and brought us the NRA, the AAA, the killing of pigs and cattle and the curtailing of food production. It brought us the WPA, the PWA, the CCC and various kinds of boondoggling and regimentation. It very nearly brought us a purge of the Supreme Court.

The New Deal as such reached its crest after the 1936 elections in which President Roosevelt won a sweeping victory over Governor Landon. After the unsuccessful court purge fight it began to curl at the edges. When an attempt was made to cut down on pump priming another depression started and with it again came Republican gains in 1938. The New Deal was apparently on its way out. Then came Hitler's march into Poland. The industrial picture again changed in the United States. Employment picked up on war orders for consumption abroad and for tardily planned defense at home. Since then the economic situation has been formed, not by New Deal domestic principles but by international issues and the exigencies of war which have completely dominated the domestic industrial picture.

But while war has supplanted New Deal planning as the motivating force in America, New Deal principles have not changed. They are still being applied on many portions of the home front. Therefore it would be idle to change the name without altering the principles. Furthermore there are evidences it will spring up on a world wide scale after the war is over, perhaps with an international WPA and a universal planning board, having to do not only with peace but with purely political ideology.—Republic-Bulletin.

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"Farewell Testimonial" to Rev. Fr. John Carroll.

The many friends and acquaintances of the Rev. Fr. John Carroll, young curate of the Church of Our Lady of the Isle, gathered at the Knights of Columbus hall on Cherry street, Tuesday evening, and paid an impressive tribute to the popular young Priest who, this week, was transferred to another parish.

Having spent three years on Nantucket as assistant to Rev. Fr. Joseph M. Griffin, the departing curate has made a host of friends throughout the town, and among those on hand to bid him farewell and "God speed" were clergymen from other island churches, co-workers in his endeavors in the Service Men's Club, committee members of his efforts in patriotic campaigns, and numerous acquaintances and friends, including a large number of Coast Guardsmen.

The program was in the charge of Past Grand Knight O'Neil, of the K. of C., and "Bill" did an excellent job in providing a well-balanced program, arranging the affair with his characteristic zeal.

Miss Ruth Ann Murphy, who possesses a fine soprano voice, sang two solos to launch the program. Chairman O'Neil then introduced Walter D. Glidden, of the Board of Selectmen.

"One of my wishes as a boy," said Mr. Glidden, during the course of his remarks, "was that I would become an orator. I never got my wish—but tonight I am sorry I didn't, because it will take an orator to properly evaluate the qualities which are so conspicuous in Fr. Carroll's make-up. He has been a great power for good in this community, and all who have either heard him give his sermons, as members of the parish, or who have become acquainted with him in his outside activities know what I mean."

Mr. Glidden went on to tell of one incident in his own daily life in which Fr. Carroll had provided inspiration for "keeping on the job." In conclusion, the speaker declared: "I know that wherever he goes we will have his prayers—and he shall have ours."

Hearty applause greeted Mr. Glidden's remarks, delivered with his customary sincerity and matter-of-factness.

Two vocal solos by Herbert Gibbs were next on the program. Mr. Gibbs sang "A Perfect Day," and "My Heart Has Learned to Love You, Now Do Not Say Goodbye."

When the Rev. Fr. Joseph M. Griffin arose in response to the request of the Chairman, spontaneous applause came from every corner of the hall. The beloved Pastor of "St. Mary's" occupies a warm place in the hearts of all Nantucketers, and his public appearances are so rare that his listeners always recognize their unusual opportunity in hearing him.

Despite his humorous remarks at the outset, it was obvious that Fr. Griffin regretted, as deeply as did his parishioners, the departure of his young assistant.

"When I learned last Friday from the Bishop that Fr. Carroll was to receive his 'marching orders,' for duty elsewhere, I felt keenly the sense of loss which I shall continue to feel for some time to come."

"It is hard, people," went on Fr. Griffin, "to have to part from some one you have grown to know so well for three years. The other day Editor Turner asked me just how many young curates I have had with me during my work here on Nantucket—I couldn't say; I'll have to look it up—it has been a good many. I have been fortunate in having their help. And it is hard to see them go."

"During his three years with me, Fr. Carroll has been a faithful worker, a hard worker, who has completed his tasks with fine judgment and rare insight. But he is not to be gone from us forever; he is going to come back on visits—that we know."

"There are always these goings-away in our work. I remember, in my life, it began upon leaving college, some fifty years ago. Then there was the seminary, and again the departures—each going his separate way. . . . A priest leads a lonely life, and so when it comes time to say goodbye to those whom we have come to know

well and respect much, we regret the parting deeply. May God bless Fr. Carroll in his new work."

Chairman O'Neil then presented Fr. Carroll with a purse from his parishioners and a leather travelling bag from the K. of C., of which organization he had been Chaplain.

Considerably moved by the testimonial of the gathering, the words of Fr. Griffin, and the visible expressions of good will, Fr. Carroll nonetheless made his thanks with the same dignity and quietness which have always marked him.

"I deeply appreciate all that you people of Nantucket have done for me—not only tonight but all during my work among you. I know that whatever I have been able to accomplish has been made possible only by your co-operation and friendly help."

"It is with sadness that I leave you tomorrow—sadness in that I must leave Father Griffin, who has been such a wonderful 'father' to me in its truest sense—sadness that I must bid goodbye to my parishioners, who have been so co-operative and willing to do their share in my work—sadness that I must say farewell to the people of Nantucket with whom it has been my good fortune to be associated in various organizational activities."

"A Priest works for the glory and honor of God and the sanctity of all mankind. Just as I have striven to do my duty here in Nantucket so I shall strive to do it in my new parish on the mainland. . . . I wish to thank the members of my parish gathered here tonight for this inspiring farewell; I wish to express my gratitude to the reverend gentlemen of the clergy who have come here to be with us, and also to my co-workers in certain activities such as the Service Club, the Flag Day exercises and the war bond drive. It especially pleases me to see so many here from the Coast Guard stations; I know it has taken a special effort on their part to get here, and I wish to thank them. I am grateful to all of you for this testimonial of our friendship. May God bless each and every one of you."

A Men's Glee Club then rendered "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Smiles," "There's a Long, Long Trail," and "Till We Meet Again." The singers were Maxwell Deacon, Sidney Thurston, Charles Stackpole, Norman Wilson, Herbert Gibbs, and Edouard Stackpole. Mrs. John Wilson was the accompanist during the evening.

Fr. Carroll left on Wednesday afternoon for his new parish of "St. Mary's" in Taunton, Mass.

**"The Night Before Christmas."
A Modernized Version.**

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of December 12 printed a modernized version of the familiar poem, "The Night Before Christmas," which has already been re-printed in many other newspapers. The parody was written by a young woman named Helen Griffin, who is a twenty-six-year-old private secretary. In her position she has heard much about the joys and sorrows of present-day rationing.

A copy of her poem reached the Rev. Howard Stone Anderson, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington. The President and his wife heard it read as a part of Rev. Anderson's sermon in a Christmas service. It pleased the President so much that he wrote to Miss Griffin for her permission to have it printed. The New York Herald-Examiner re-printed the parody, which is timely. Here it is:

On the night before Christmas and through the house
If only one able to stir was a mouse.
The rest of the family, from Papa on down,
Were soundly asleep after hiking from town.

The busses went flying right past them pell-mell,
And street cars and taxis ignored them as well.
While the family jalopy, as you might have guessed,
Was wanting for rations and taking a rest.

The kids snuggled close in 65-degree heat
And dreamed they had icicle toes on their feet;
The baby in dreams, bounced a synthetic ball
And saw plastic soldiers march on the wall.

His sleep Papa uttered to Santa this plea:
"You've any old toothpaste tubes bring them to me."
Mama, delirious, smiled in her bed
Visions of coffee beans danced in her head.

The stockings that hung by the chimney were rare;
Indeed, if you find some, St. Nick put them there;
The packages wrapped up in "V" shapes and seals
Said Hirohito and Hitler are fast on our heels.

And at in the pantry, in sarcastic sham,
Of d saccharin candy, and jelly and jam,
The an eggless and butterless, sugarless cake,
With its gay decorations, denied it was fake.

There was Sis in her WAC suit, and wearing wings,
Fading us gravely of war's bitter stings;
Santa, that jolly American elf,
"We won't let them put Uncle Sam on the shelf!"
And I think he exclaimed, though my hearing is hard)
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a 'B' card."

**"Christmas" as Typified in
Different Countries.**

Although December 25 is observed as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, the exact date of the birth is not known. Modern scholars are of the opinion that the date has been fixed arbitrarily. Different groups in the past have observed January 5, May 20, April 19 or 20. The early Christian church did not observe Christmas. The observance of birthdays was condemned as a heathen custom.

One writer gives the earliest day of any celebration as the latter part of the third or the beginning of the fourth century. The name for the day dates from the eleventh century. The English called it Christis Maesse; the Dutch referred to it as Krist-Misse; and in Latin it is Dies Natalis.

The French name Noel is derived from the Latin word "Natalis" meaning birthday. The Italians call the day Il Natale and the Germans Weihnachsfest. The English, besides calling the day Christmas, also speak of it as Yuletide.

The first Christmas hymn was written in the fourth century. The earliest German songs appeared in the eleventh century. French and English songs appeared in the thirteenth century.

The custom of decorating houses with evergreen is said by some to arise from the belief that flowers and plants blossomed on Christmas. The use of mistletoe is traced to the Druids who burned it on the altar as a sacrifice to their gods. The plant was regarded as a symbol of future life and peace. If enemies by any chance met under the mistletoe they dropped the arms and embraced. It is believed that the custom of kissing under the mistletoe grew out of this practice.

The Christmas tree is of German origin, where it appeared in 1605. The Christmas tree appeared in England in 1840. German emigrants introduced it into the United States.

The belief in Santa Claus as the giver of gifts comes from Germany as does St. Nicholas. The sleigh and reindeer and the sleigh bells were the invention of Dr. Clement Clark Moore, a professor in the General Theological Seminary in New York. His idea was first promulgated in his poem, familiar to everyone: "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

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Many New Names, Including Eleven Women.**

In response to numerous requests, and in order to keep the list of Service Men and Women up-to-date, we are once more printing the record as compiled at this office with the assistance of relatives and friends. We realize that changes may still be necessary in order to list a Service Man in the branch to which he belongs, but by revision from time to time the record can be made fairly correct. Since it last appeared in print there have been twenty-three more to enter the Armed Forces, and the list will probably continue to grow.

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Leroy E. Anderson
Lawrence J. Ayers
Richard Barrett
Walter S. Barrett
John J. Barrows
Edward Bennett
Robert A. Bennett
Alexis Bernard, Jr.
Gerald E. Bernard
William V. Blair
Douglas Blanchard
Earl C. Blount
Claude Bond
Albert G. Brock
Frank Brown
Robert Brownell
S. V. Burlingame
Clyde Burton
Eldred H. Burton
Charles P. Cahoon

William C. Touret
Robert W. Tyrer
John Viera
Herman Voorneveld
Wm. Voorneveld,
H. Brooks Walker
Rupert Warren
James E. Worth
Francis B. Wyeth

Joseph Viera, Jr.
Gilbert Waine
John F. Walling
Charles Welton
Stanley Whelden
Ch'mb'l'n Williams
Maxwell Wyeth
Theodore Wyman
Roger Young
Julius J. Zani

**ARMY AIR
CORPS**

Kariam G. Arges
John Beamish, Jr.
Charles H. Bennett
K. D. Blackshaw
Donald W. Brady
Allison E. Burt
Clyde H. Cartwright
George J. Cartwright
Norman Coffin
George F. Colby

**NAVY AIR
CORPS**

Clifford Allen
Arthur E. Butler
Frederick Egan
Parker W. Gray
Frederick Howes
Edmund H. Jones
Richard Maloney
Lawrence J. Mulken
Richard Mulken
Clifford Mulken
Clifford Mulken
Clifford Mulken

ADING ANTHRACITE

business, Thursday, was \$116,788.
Total sales reported at the close of
any address in the United States if so
requested.

The Drive office at Wing's will for-
ward bonds under registered mail to
Dorothy Watts, Mrs. Everts W. Pond
and Miss Charlotte Jones.
Mrs. Byron L. Coggin, Chairman
of the Sales Group, has added to her
force the following named ladies: Mrs.
Dorothy Watts, Mrs. Everts W. Pond
and Miss Charlotte Jones.

Elizabeth Hollister Frost, author of
"This Side of Land," her latest novel,
a Nantucket idyll, has offered pur-
chasers of bonds in the amount of
\$300.00 or more, an autographed copy
of this book as long as the limited
supply lasts.

Yours truly,
Mrs. A. W. Vogt.
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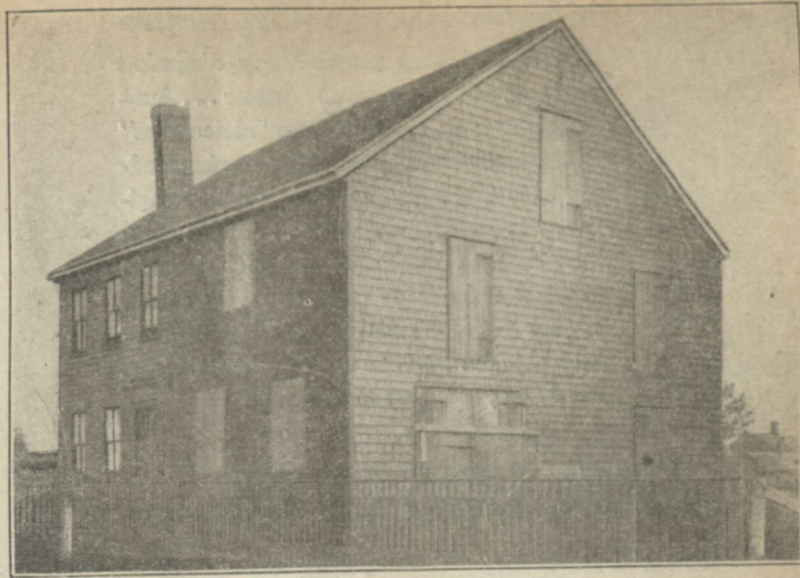
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Here it is!

The "Chatty" Letter to Men in Service.

A number of you boys in service have expressed a desire for a "chatty" letter from home, giving some of the comments heard on and around Main street. Well, here are a few bits that may interest you.....The usual crowd lines up for breakfast at the corner drug-store each morning and it is there much of the town gossip is swapped.....The postoffice crew has a bowling team. The other evening Tony Sylvia said he would give two dozen fresh eggs to the member who made a strike. On his last ball, John Conway got the strike and carried the eggs home to Bertha.....Members of the Pacific Club are looking forward to another scallop stew, to be served by George Lake and Lester Harris.....Helen Winslow is now teaching in the Junior High School. Helen graduated from Bridgewater, you know, and taught for a time in Fairhaven.....Ex-Sergeant Laprade has joined the Coast Guard Reserve and takes his "watch" two nights a week—minus pay, of course, but with uniform furnished by Uncle Sam.....Leo Killen is now a Major in the Army Air Corps. He expects to go over-seas soon and will leave Mrs. Killen and the baby here with his parents.....Gwendolyn Gouin and Abbie Gertrude Thurston are in the Waves.....Canopache is planning to raise pigs this year.....Fred Heighton substituted for Aquila Cormie as janitor for the Odd Fellows, while "Quilly" made a jaunt to America.....Reported that the proprietors of "Ships Inn" are negotiating for the purchase of the Barrett property on the corner of Mooers Lane.....Sergeant Chadwick has had an attack of the flu, but is now back on the force.....Roger is greeting patrons at the news-stand, as of yore. Last winter he was on defense work in Connecticut.....The lads under instruction of Joe Souza put on a boxing match for the Odd Fellows.....Jim Levins has been off his feed with another bothersome cold.....Leslie Martin is working with Roy True.....Frank Ramsdell has given up keeping hens. Found that grain was too high now.....Zelda Kaufman, "Si's" elder daughter, stopped Chief Mooney on the street the other day to show him her engagement ring. When Lawrence asked who was the lucky fellow, she replied: "Oh, he's a soldier".....Fred Williamson says he is the luckiest man in town—sleeps at Our Island Home and eats at the Roberts House, with nothing to worry over.....Lieut. Bobs Hills is ploughing the waters of the Pacific. Bobs recently joined the Pacific Club so that he could put his foot up on the iron rail when he comes back home, just as the other Nantucketers did when they came back from the Pacific.....Among others who have also joined the club lately are Franklin Atwood and Joe King. The club now has over 200 members.....Looks as though Tom Sheehan is to be our new Select-man, but of course you cannot tell until after the votes are counted on the night of March 6th.....Harry Gordon would not run again this year—said it took too much time away from his garage business.....Freeman Lawrence is in service. While he is away Kenneth Wilson shovels coal at the postoffice.....Byron Coggins hoists the flag to mast-head each morning.....The Andrews boys are still gathering scallops and bring in about six bags each trip. It has been a good winter for the scallops.....The oyster beds in Madaket harbor have been yielding well ever since they were opened.....It is reported that Panacy is to occupy the garage on the north side of Middle Pearl street, formerly used by Terry. Panacy, you know, handles the tonic supply.....George Lake still leads Ollie Fisher playing cribbage. Both are good players, but George seems to get best cuts.....The snow plow has done great work on the sidewalks this winter. We have not had much snow, to be sure, but the plow has done fine work on the sidewalks.....Herbert Gibbs and Bill O'Neil, who are now cutting meat at Ashley's, wear straw hats all winter, just as J. B. does.....Watch for the April issue of National Geographic, which is to have a feature story on Nantucket, with a lot of pictures.....Charlie Thurston has exercised his sleigh following two snow-falls, but he is the only one having a rig.....Gibby Burchell has joined the Seabees and now folks are wondering who is to collect the garbage.....Arthur McCleave has gone back to fishing and lobstering—says he did not care for the Coast Guard Reserve and a uniform—not to his liking at all.....Episcopal Church has a new rector. A nice young fellow with a nice young wife.....One of the government trucks knocked over the fountain. It is back in position but not connected with the water, so instead of a fountain it acts as a silent policeman.....Speaking of policemen, John Gibbs is taking over the former Fred Fish farm, where he intends to keep hens and raise pigs and plant potatoes just to keep busy in his spare time.....Benson Chase and family are now living in the Grouard house at the foot of North Shore hill.....The old front is being restored to the bake-shop building on Lower Pearl street, where Miss Wood has her real estate office.....LeBaron Ray, who was one time janitor at the postoffice, has returned to carpentering and is working there.....Chester Faunce is assisting Carll Appleton in sweeping and dusting and shoveling coal at the Academy Hill school building.....Orin Coffin is riding a bicycle....Polly Porter is working in the bank.....There are plenty of clams in the flats. As a result Reuben Coffin has put in a larger supply of liniment to take care of so many lame backs.....Henry Fee, who went away for defense work, has returned home with his family, all of whom say they are better off and much happier here on Nantucket



THE "BIG SHOP" ON "QUAKER ROAD" (SARATOGA STREET) AS IT LOOKED A HALF CENTURY AGO. HERE WAS HELD A FAMOUS ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN 1841 AT WHICH FREDERICK DOUGLASS MADE HIS FIRST SPEECH. The house now stands on the corner of Milk Street and Quaker Road, where it was the home of the Reyot family. It is now owned by James K. Glidden, who is restoring it as a dwelling house.

.....Great improvements are going on at the "Sea Shell", taking in the building recently purchased from the Marshall Gardiner estate on Centre street.....Evelyn Gardner will occupy the quarters heretofore the "Sea Shell" dining room, moving her beauty parlor there.....Evelyn's husband is in service, but they are planning for the future and have bought property where they can have their home, a garden, some hens and some pigs after the war is over.....The High School Seniors are at work on their year book.....Mrs. Maurice Killen plans to open a tea room in the house on Middle Pearl street where the Colinsky family used to live.....Although they have sufficient coal, the Island Service Company is having difficulty in obtaining truck drivers to make deliveries.....Joe Cahoon, who went up under Selective Service and is in the Seabees, has been home on a short leave. Mrs. Cahoon handles the bread business efficiently while Joe is away.....Joe's brother Lawrence is stationed somewhere in the Far North.....Lieut. John Heath, who was shot down in the South Pacific and floated around for some time in a rubber raft, has been home on furlough. His brother Roy has been stationed out in Oregon, but has since been transferred.....Joe Souza says Uncle Sam seems to need him more in the Army than he is needed in the barber shop. Joe may be able to trim hair in service as well as show his skill as a boxer.....Dick Porter holds the record at the bowling alleys.....Frank Congdon shows some of the younger fellows how to keep the balls out of the gutter.....Harrison Gorman, Doc Wescott, John Gardner and Harry Gordon are among the top-notch rollers, too.....Roswell Holmes, who has been with the Army Engineers down in the South Pacific, has been returned to the states and hopes to receive his first furlough home since he went into the service.....Charlie Stokoe has left Wing's and gone down to Maine to work. Stokoe never became naturalized, but helped along in local church work just the same....Herbert Murray has been taking lessons at pinochle.....The Chief Operator at the telephone office has had another birthday recently.....The Yarmouth boys and girls came over here Saturday evening and put up some fine basketball games that evening....Our team walloped the Cape boys, but the girls' teams split even....Something of a hair-pulling scrap developed among the girls, however, which of course added to the interest of the game.....When girls get mad there is always something rather spicy.....Adrinette Paradis has also joined the Waves.....Buster Coffin and Tommy Giffin are both somewhere on the high seas. The last heard from Buster his ship had touched at Africa. Tom reported somewhere on the Atlantic coast.....Pitman Grimes had a hard time at the examination station but finally convinced the naval officials that he had the qualities to make a seaman for Uncle Sam.....Carll Appleton has learned how to ride a bicycle.....Forgot to mention that Gibby Burchell will have another birthday to celebrate next Tuesday. Gibby was born on February 29, 1908, so you see it will be his ninth birthday anniversary in all those years.....Lester Ayers has finally been convinced that "The Gang's All Here".....Shirley Gudmunson has joined the Wacs.....Robert Blair went into the Seabees but wanted more action, so has joined the regular Navy. Bob worked in the Navy Yard for some months, but said there was too much loafing there and too many men doing nothing, so quit to go where he could keep busy.....Fishermen have been making heavy shipments the past two months. A large number of boats now stock up and ship out from Nantucket.....Finance Committee heard something about too much soap being used at the Central Fire Station.....Cleanliness is next to Godliness.....Nice to to know that the firemen keep clean.....Everybody in town sends greetings to all of you.

DECEMBER 25, 1943.

"The Night Before Christmas." A Modernized Version.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of December 12 printed a modernized version of the familiar poem, "The Night Before Christmas," which has already been re-printed in many other newspapers. The parody was written by a young woman named Helen Griffin, who is a twenty-six-year-old private secretary. In her position she has heard much about the joys and sorrows of present-day rationing.

A copy of her poem reached the Rev. Howard Stone Anderson, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington. The President and his wife heard it read as a part of Rev. Anderson's sermon in a Christmas Eve service. It pleased the President so that he wrote to Miss Griffin for her permission to have it printed. The New York Herald-Examiner re-printed the parody, which is timely. Here it is:

On the night before Christmas and
If you're through the house
You're only one able to stir was a
mouse.
The rest of the family, from Papa on
down,
Were soundly asleep after hiking
from town.
The busses went flying right past
them pell-mell,
And street cars and taxis ignored
them as well,
While the family jalopy, as you might
have guessed,
Was wanting for rations and taking
a rest.

The kids snuggled close in 65-degree
heat
And dreamed they had icicle toes on
their feet;
The baby in dreams, bounced a syn-
thetic ball
And saw plastic soldiers march on
the wall.

As sleep Papa uttered to Santa
this plea:
"You've any old toothpaste tubes
bring them to me."
Mama, delirious, smiled in her
bed
Visions of coffee beans danced in
her head.

The toys that hung by the chimney
were rare;
Indeed, if you find some, St. Nick
put them there;
The packages wrapped up in "V"
shapes and seals
Saw Hirohito and Hitler are fast on
our heels.

When it in the pantry, in sarcastic
In the ham,
Of the saccharin candy, and jelly
And jam,
And an eggless and butterless,
The sugarless cake,
In its gay decorations, denied it
was fake.

But when Sis in her WAC suit, and
This ad wearing wings,
Held us gravely of war's
bitter stings;
Of Santa, that jolly American elf,
He won't let them put Uncle
Sam on the shelf!
And I think he exclaimed, though my
hearing is hard)
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all
a 'B' card."

"Christmas" as Typified in Different Countries.

Although December 25 is observed as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, the exact date of the birth is not known. Modern scholars are of the opinion that the date has been fixed arbitrarily. Different groups in the past have observed January 5, May 20, April 19 or 20. The early Christian church did not observe Christmas. The observance of birthdays was condemned as a heathen custom.

One writer gives the earliest day of any celebration as the latter part of the third or the beginning of the fourth century. The name for the day dates from the eleventh century. The English called it Christis Maesse; the Dutch referred to it as Krist-Misse; and in Latin it is Dies Natalis.

The French name Noel is derived from the Latin word "Natalis" meaning birthday. The Italians call the day Il Natale and the Germans Weihnachsfest. The English, besides calling the day Christmas, also speak of it as Yuletide.

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The belief in Santa Claus as the giver of gifts comes from Germany, as does St. Nicholas. The sleigh and reindeer and the sleigh bells were the invention of Dr. Clement Clark Moore a professor in the General Theological Seminary in New York. His idea was first promulgated in his poem, familiar to everyone: "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

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Claude Bond
Albert G. Brock
Frank Brown
Robert Brownell
S. V. Burlingame
Clyde Burton
Eldred H. Burton
Charles P. Cahoon
Lawrence Cahoon
zElton Cathcart
Roscoe H. Chadwick
Charles Chambers
Richard W. Chase
John Clarkson
Henry B. Coleman
Wylie L. Collins
Ernest M. Cook, Jr.
John W. Cook
Paul E. J. Cook
Corlister Corkish
Frank Correia
Joseph P. Correia
David W. Crary
Thomas J. Devine
Kenneth Donnell
Arthur E. Dyson
Albert Egan, Jr.
Jesse H. Eldridge
Henry F. Ellis
Maurice E. Farr
Luther Fernald
Clifford Folger
Oscar Folger, Jr.
James E. Frye, Jr.
George H. Garnett
William F. Gibbs
Marcellus Glidden
Walter Glidden Jr.
John Goodfellow
George A. Hamblin
Thomas E. Hamblin
Leonard F. Hand
George E. Hatch
Nelson W. Hearn
Roy S. Heath
Sidney Henderson
Roswell M. Holmes
Jacob Horowitz
Henry Huyser
Joseph Indio
Albert Johnsen, Jr.
Samuel M. Jones
Lawrence A. Jump
R. A. Kenyon, Jr.
Sidney H. Killen
Paul F. Klingelfuss
†Joseph W. Lamb
William J. Larkin
Freeman Lawrence
Andrew O. Lewis
Frank E. Lewis
*Morey Lewis
Karl R. Lindquist
Joseph J. Lobo
John M. Lopes
Manuel Machado
Clinton T. Macy
Frank Madeiros
Frank S. Marques
Francis J. Martin
Paul Matheson, Jr.
Robert Melendy
John E. Moore, Jr.
Philip L. Moore
Kingsley Moses
Philip C. Murray
B. L. Murphy Jr.
Mark J. Murphy
Gilbert Nickerson
Otis S. Nickerson
W. Hollis Nickerson
Daniel J. Noonan
Edward A. O'Neil
Charles F. O'Neil
Eugene C. O'Neil
Herbert L. Orpin
Robert C. Paradis
Allan Parker
Charles E. Pease
Francis W. Pease
Ralph Powers
zHerbert S. Priaulx
Linwood E. Proctor
Harold L. Pugh
Francis G. Quigley
John Quigley
George Ratcliffe
Anthony S. Ray
Robert Ray
Russell Redding
Gilbert W. Reed
Victor Reed
Joseph Rego
Allen C. Renaud
Clement Reynolds
Eugene Rezendes
Byron F. Richrod
David Roberts
Napoleon Roderick
Cyril C. Ross
zTruman W. Ross
Wallace H. Ross
zHorace Rowley
zWalter J. Royal
Leroy F. Ryder
Maxwell Ryder
†Stephen Ryder
Frank Santucci
Elwood Saunders
David Scott
Theodore Scott
Antone Senna
Robert Sevens
Eugene J. Souza
William C. Souza
zForrest Stetson
Fred H. Stetson
Charles E. Swain
Albert A. Sylvia
Antone Sylvia, Jr.
zAntone F. Sylvia
John P. Sylvia
†John V. Thomas

William C. Touret
Robert W. Tyrer
John Viera
Herman Voorneveld
Wm. Voorneveld,
H. Brooks Walker
Rupert Warren
James E. Worth
Francis B. Wyeth

ARMY AIR CORPS

Kariam G. Arges
John Beamish, Jr.
Charles H. Bennett
K. D. Blackshaw
Donald W. Brady
Allison E. Burt
Clyde H. Cartwright
George J. Cartwright
Norman Coffin
George F. Colby
Richard deBarros
Horace N. Eldridge
Joseph L. Ferreira
Richard A. Folger
Henry E. Garnett
Richard G. Gibbs
*Harry Gorman
John H. Hamblin
Frank P. Hanlon
James Z. Hanner
John H. Heath
Allen W. Holdgate
Arnold Huyser
James Killen
Leo W. Killen
John Larkin
Kenneth A. Legg
Seddon Legg, Jr.
†Allan McGarvey
Francis McGarvey
Antone J. Mello
B. Stewart Mooney
Gregory Mullooney
Robert C. Murray
Patrick J. Newport
Charles Q. Norton
Harold Parkinson
Charles W. Pearl
Donald E. Pease
James Psaradelis
Edward Quigley
David Raub
Roy E. Sanguinetti
John F. Shaw, Jr.
Irving Soverino, Jr.
Walter Stafford
§W. Mason Stevens
Wallace Strout
Andrew J. Swain
Robert Talford
John L. Toner, Jr.
William R. Wayne
James P. Warren
Robert L. Young

NAVY

James Allen
Norman Anderson
George W. Backus
Robert S. Backus
Arthur J. Barrett
George E. Barrett
Edward Batchelder
Eugene Benoit
William Burdick
Lawrence Cady
†Wilson H. Cash
Paul B. Cassaday
H. P. Chamberlin
Fred G. Chambers
Howard U. Chase
Henry Coffin, Jr.
James B. Coffin
Theron T. Coffin
David G. Conway
Richard Cowden
Ralph W. DeGraw
Harold E. Dunham
Gordon L. Farrier
Robert W. Field
Malcolm Finlay
Everett Folger
Donald S. Gifford
William Gifford
James K. Glidden
Peter Viera Gomes
Marcel E. Gouin
Joseph W. Grant
George G. Haddon
Frank L. Hardy
Wm. J. Henderson
Isaac Hills, 3d
Kenneth Holdgate
Robert M. Jewett
George W. Jones
William Jones, Jr.
Calvin Knowles
Martin L. Lamens
George H. Lusk
Harold Mayo
John B. Miller
James K. Moriarty
Wm. F. Moynihan
Leslie J. Murley
James P. Newport
James A. Norcross
Thomas Norcross
Edmund Paradis
Frank Parlow
Leroy A. Pease
Edmund J. Perry
†Joseph E. Perry
Wallace L. Pineo
Earl S. Ray
Lewis S. Ray
Raymond Reed
Theodore G. Reed
Joseph Richard Jr.
Benj'n Richmond
Peter Richmond
Edward S. Roy
Robert E. Ruley
Harold B. Ryder
Randolph G. Sharp
Theodore Sharp
Lester Simmons
Joseph F. Solano
Howard Stetson
Nason S. Swain
Francis S. Sylvia
Henry R. Terry
J. Herbert Terry
Arthur Tunning
Austin Tyrer
Kenneth Van Fleet

Joseph Viera, Jr.
Gilbert Waive
John F. Walling
Charles Welton
Stanley Whelden
Ch'mb'l'n Williams
Maxwell Wyeth
Theodore Wyman
Roger Young
Julius J. Zani

NAVY AIR CORPS

Clifford Allen
Arthur E. Butler
Frederick Egan
Parker W. Gray
Frederick Howes
Edmund H. Jones
Richard Maloney
Lawrence Mulken
James H. Oldrich
William F. Reith
Charles Schaffler
Fred'r'k Schaffler

COAST GUARD

Francis R. Abbott
Harold Anderson
Edward Backus
Franklin Bartlett
Irving T. Bartlett
John M. Brady
George R. Bromley
Hollis S. Burchell
George Burgess Jr.
Clifton Cady
Olney A. Cady
Leon F. Cahoon
Melvin Chambers
†James E. Chapel
Chauncey Chappell
George Cummings
Ralph O.E. Dunham
Richard Eldridge
Arthur B. Gibbs
Robert S. Grant
Robert Hamblin
John L. Hardy
Francis Holdgate
David C. Jenney
Horace Jernegan
T. Nathan Kelley
John H. Kittila Jr.
John Kittila, Sr.
S. J. Ledwell, Jr.
Kenneth R. Lewis
Albert L. Manning
C. R. Manville
Robert Marks
Arthur McCleave
T. H. McGrath, Jr.
Joseph C. Morin
Daniel J. Murphy
Nicholas Norton.
Ellison H. Pease
Manuel Reis
George A. Reith
Wallace Robinson
George I. Rogers
Adolph A. Rohdin
Edgar F. Sanborn
Elmore Swain, Jr.
Antone S. Sylvia
Charles S. Thurber
Harold Thurston
Jeremiah Towhill
Henry Wasierski
Ernest E. Whelden
Stanley Wreden
Balfour Yerxa.

ARMY NURSES CORPS

Irene E. Chase
Helen A. Hull
Bertha McMillan
Gerda V. Paine

MARINE CORPS

Joseph Cochran, 3d
zRobert Henderson
Everett V. Lamb, Jr.
Arthur J. Oddo
Frank H. Powers
Francis Psaradelis
Charles E. Snow

CIVILIAN AIR PATROL

William Allen
Beatrice Anderson
Augustus Bentley

RADIO (ARMY AUXILIARY)

J. Albert Stackpole

MERCHANT MARINE

Earl Anderson
Robert Cartwright
Edward W. Coffin
John S. Collins
Byron V. Dunham
Arthur Norcross
Alfred Perry
Philip Raftery, Jr.
Harper Robinson
Francis Tripp

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE

Gilbert C. Wyer

W. A. C.

Elizabeth R. Chase

S. P. A. R. S.

Della Dunham

W. A. V. E. S.

Gwendolyn Gouin
Adrienne Paradis
Gertrude Thurston

ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

Winifred Williams

*Reported missing in South Java Sea.

§Reported killed in action.

zKilled in action in the Solomon Isls.

*Enlisted in the Canadian Army.

†Special Discharge

‡Discharged for physical disability.

zHonorable Discharge to enter essential activity or defense work.

The Night Before
A Modernized

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of December 12 printed a version of the family Night Before Christmas already been re-printed in newspapers. The part by a young woman, Griffin, who is a private secretary. In has heard much about the sorrows of present-day. A copy of her poem, Rev. Howard Stone of the First Congregational Church, Washington. The poem had it read at a sermon. It pleased that he wrote. A. ed her poem. A. inted. The N. re-printed the. S. is timely. B. night before through the. ly one able mouse. he rest of the family down. Were soundly asleep from town. e busses went fly them pell-mell, And street cars and them as well, While the family jalousies have guessed, Was wanting for rat a rest.

The kids snuggled close heat And dreamed they had their feet; The baby in dreams, b thetic ball and saw plastic sold the wall.

is sleep Papa utter this plea: you've any old to bring them to me Mama, delirious, bed visions of coffee be her head.

ylons that hung b were rare; Indeed, if you find s put them there; The packages wrapped shapes and seals. Sai Hirohito and Hitl our heels.

nd it in the pantry, ham, I saccharin candy and jam, an eggless and sugarless cake, h its gay decoration was fake.

was Sis in her W. ud wearing wings. fiding us gravel itter stings; g Santa, that jolly A. 'We won't let them Sam on the shelf!" and I think he exclaimed, hearing is hard)

"Happy Christmas to all, a 'B' card."

TO YE EDITOR:

Your "Chatty Letter" is sure to please
Our Boys in service over seas.
May I just add a word or two,
By way of comment and review?
And should it help the boys to smile,
Why then, it will have been worth while.

So crowds line up for breakfast,
At Reubie Coffin's store!
Why do they leave their hearth-stones
To hustle to his door?
Don't wives get up to light the stove
And cook food, any more?
It looks as if the Pharmacy
And "Mac's" are far behind;
Have they no "harmless liniment"
To please the public mind?
Have they no busy gossip-mill
To swap yarns of a kind?

The P. O. has a bowling-team?
Their swift balls should not lag;
For they get good daily practice
Hurling letters at the bag.
And so Frank Congdon is their coach!
(A gentleman without reproach).
No wonder balls stay in their groove,
Unerringly to king-pin move!
No wonder Conway got his strike
(And Bertha got the eggs);
For, at the pace he trots about,
He's limber on his legs!
So Tony Sylvia gave the prize—
(Two dozen fresh eggs paid!)—
I wonder, now, is Bertha sure
Just when those eggs were laid?

Hooray for the Pacific Club
And George Lake's scallop-stew!
Too bad that women can't belong,
I'd like to—"wooden shoe?"
So Bobs Hills joined the Club to put
His feet upon the rail!
He'll listen when sea-yarns are spun
And many a lurid tale.
He'll watch those famous cribbage-games
Of Fisher, Lake, et al.
He'll see a man can win or lose
And still remain a pal.
But women—playing bridge—oh my!
Just watch the fur and feathers fly!

Girls are, no longer, merely "girls"
But WACS and WAVES, you say,
Or Coast-guard lassies and Marines,
Serving the U. S. A.
In factories they put on "slacks"
Wear trousers on the street;
It's hard to tell just what it is,
When one of these you meet.
But most of them look very fit
And each is out to do her bit
To help the war get on its way,
So peace will come again, some day.

You say that "Quilly" has gone "off"
The eagle one has flown!
Let's hope it won't be long, before
He comes back to his own.
My recollection takes me back
(Some thirty years or more),
When this attractive Frenchie
Came to our island shore.
With rosy cheek and bold, black eye
And independent air,
In leathern apron at his forge,
He made the anvil ring—by George!
And made the maidens stare.

Jim Levins, too, is "off his feed?"
That gripe-bug is most vile.
Here's hoping that he'll soon be well,
We need his pleasant smile.
He's restless in his P. O. cage,
He much prefers the streets;
But he is partly reconciled
So many folks he meets.
He gets the news firsthand, to boot,
And is a first-class-grapevine-route.

Frank Ramsdell is "fed up" with hens,
Because the grain is high?
I'd rather bet it was no fun
To keep the biddies on the run
The way that they should go;
For females are so contrary,
So wily and so slippery,
They choose the unexpected course,
As every male should know.

Fred Williamson's a lucky man?
(Or so he says) since he
Works daytimes at the Roberts House
And gets his three squares free;
Then, hies him down to Island Home
To get a good night's rest;
But, on the whole—don't you agree?
Benny Cleveland's job was best.

So Coggins with the classic name
Now hoists the flag on high
And takes it down again at eve,
When sunset hour draws nigh—
A patriotic job, indeed,
As no one can deny.
His youngsters four of him are proud,
So is his clever wife.
With P. O., home and kiddies,
He leads a busy life.

There should be food a-plenty,
Down on Nantucket's shore,
With fish and clams and oysters
And scallops, too, galore!
The Andrews boys, you say, are tops—
They get six bags or more;
But if all sea-food is shipped "off"
The housewives must be sore.

So Eddie Tice tries to keep clear
The roads when deep in snow.
I'll wager he looks dignified
Atop the lofty plow!
He has all comers beat a mile;
For what he does he does in style—
A faithful Superintendent, he,
Who fills the office to a T.

And oh! to see Charles Thurston
A-dashing in his sleigh!
A relic of the olden days
That seem so far away,
When echoing bells across the snow
Would jingle merrily,
While, well wrapped up in buffalo robes,
Young hearts beat happily.

Now, what is this you have to tell
That J. B. and his clerks, as well,
Young Bill O'Neill and H. Gibbs, too,
Are so hard-up for head-gear new
They wear straw hats within the store,
Tho spring is nowhere near the door!
Someone should write the O. P. A.
To send three bowlers, right away.

If Gibby Burchell's gone away,
Who will collect the garbage, pray?
The Board of Health should answer that
And also hunt down every rat.
Gibby, himself, where'er he be,
In camp or on the rolling sea,
Should not tell everything he knows,
How he of garbage would dispose;
For then officials, don't you see,
Will surely make him a K. P.

Who says the fire-laddies
Are using too much soap?
Their job is smoky, tough and rough,
Why shouldn't they have soap enough
To fight such grimy odds?
If cleanliness is next (you say)
To godliness—why, then,
Do send the firemen soap, at once,
And let them practice beauty-stunts
To make them fire-gods!

Dear Editor, I now must close
And lay the pen to rest.
One final thought I must express
To end this merry jest.

Oh, for the summer season,
Of happy days the crown!
For a very special reason,
I can't wait to get down
To see Nantucket's youngsters
(Carl Appleton, you say,
And Orin Coffin, too!) on bikes—
What soul has ever seen the likes?—
A-scorching round the town!

Well, soldier-boy or sailor-boy,
Wherever you may be,
In camp or hospital or ship,
We greet you cheerily.
Good luck, good health, good hunting!
Wherever you may roam;
And if this topical review
Should conjure up a smile or two,
Then let it speak of home.

—H. C. M.

Retires After Forty-Three Years
In Nantucket's Post Office.

Walton Hinckley Adams on Thursday of this week retired from the post office department, after 43 years' service. He applied for retirement some time ago, but it did not become effective until August 31st, when Mr. Adams relinquished his duties as Assistant Postmaster to enjoy the relaxation he merits after the long years of serving the public.

Mr. Adams entered the postal service on the 17th of March, 1901, when the Nantucket office was in the third class. The late Charles F. Hammond was then postmaster, the office the year previous having been removed to the Masonic Block on Main street, where it remained until January, 1937. The office was advanced to second-class on July 1, 1902.

Under Postmaster Hammond, Mr. Adams was appointed a regular clerk on that date and on the 16th of February, 1924, he became Assistant Postmaster. From October 11, 1926, to March 25, 1927, he served as Acting Postmaster. Since that time he has continued in the position of Assistant Postmaster, from which he has now retired.

During his services in the local office, Adams has served under the following Postmasters: Charles F. Hammond, James Y. Deacon, Addison T. Winslow, Alfred E. Smith and Alice E. Roberts, the present incumbent.

Following the close of business on Thursday evening, the members of "the force" went to the home of Mr. Adams on Fair street and tendered him a genuine surprise. During the festivities Mr. Adams was presented with a purse of money as an expression of the high esteem in which he is held by those with whom he has been associated, the presentation being made by Lincoln Porte, graciously acknowledged by the recipient.

Those present included: Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Postmaster Roberts, Miss Roberts, Miss Nina Terry, Maxwell Deacon, Lincoln Porte, Robert Mack, John P. Conway, Byron L. Coggins, Anthony R. Sylvia, Irving Sylvia, Manuel Sylvia, David Austin, Chester Faunce, John K. Wilson, Samuel Leo Thurston, John Sydney Conway, and Joseph Dooley.

In addition to those connected with the Post Office, the following guests were present: Mrs. Ruth Talford, of Dedham; Miss Norma L. Drake, of Belleville, N. J.; Miss Laura DePuy, of Belleville, N. J.; Miss Norma Moore and Mrs. Hilda Dailinger, of Bloomfield, N. J.; Miss H. Edythe Howell, of Boston, and Miss Ruey Burnham of Beverly.

E. M. know just felt adm seemed a he thought "I method what is the cont Agencies It is agencies real task

CEA
SMA
FSCC
FFC
PRP
CRMB
CMB
CSAB
CPRB
CCS
PWA
FWA
NRA
NIRA
USMC
HOLC
AAA
CCC
NYA
SSB
BWC
FDIC
FSA
NAC
TNA
NLRB
NHPC
NMB
USHA
USES
FIC
CWA
RA
FPHA
FHA
CCC
FCIC
FSA
SCS
AMA
FREB
CES
WPA
FCC
OBCC
RRB
SEC
TVA
BIR-T
CAA
NIC
DPC
RRC
MRC
DSC
WDC
DLG
FNMA
RACC
CFB
UNRE
AOA
EIBW
EHFA
CPA
PRA
EPFA
FPA
OES
PAW
SWPC
PIWC
NRPI
LOPN
OEM
SSS

Alphabetical Agencies Created Under The New Deal Party.

E. M. Biggers, of 100 Sabine street, Houston, Texas, was interested to know just how many alphabetical agencies have been created under the Roosevelt administration, so he took upon himself the task of listing them. It seemed almost a hopeless task, for Mr. Biggers found there were more than he thought. He says:

"I love my country, love its past, I love what its future can be. The same methods that made America Great can make it even greater. I have fear of what is in store unless those in charge at Washington take back to Congress the control surrendered to the President and these selfish Bureaus and Agencies."

It is quite a startling list that Mr. Biggers has prepared. Many of the agencies are unfamiliar to the layman, and we agree that it must have been a real task for Mr. Biggers to assemble so many. Anyhow, here's his list:

CEA	Commodity Exchange Administration
SMA	Surplus Marketing Administration
FSCC	Federal Surplus Commodity Corporation
FFC	Foreign Funds Control
PRP	Production Requirements Plan
CRMB	Combined Raw Materials Board
CMB	Combined Munitions Board
CSAB	Combined Shipping Adjustment Board
CPRB	Combined Production and Resources Board
CCS	Combined Chiefs of Staff
PWA	Public Works Administration
FWA	Federal Works Agency
NRA	National Recovery Act
NIRA	National Industrial Recovery Administration
USMC	United States Maritime Commission
HOLC	Home Owners Loan Corporation
AAA	Agricultural Adjustment Agency
CCC	Civilian Conservation Corps
NYA	National Youth Administration
SSB	Social Security Board
BWC	Board of War Communications
FDIC	Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
FSA	Federal Securities Administration
NAC	National Archives Council
TNA	The National Archives
NLRB	National Labor Relations Board
NHPC	National Historical Publications Commission
NMB	National Mediation Board
USHA	United States Housing Authority
USES	United States Employment Service
FIC	Federal Insurance Corporation
CWA	Civil Works Administration
RA	Resettlement Administration
FPHA	Federal Public Housing Authority
FHA	Federal Housing Administration
CCC	Commodity Credit Corporation
FCIC	Federal Crop Insurance Corporation
FSA	Farm Security Administration
SCS	Soil Conservation Service
AMA	Agricultural Marketing Administration
FREB	Federal Real Estate Board
CES	Committee on Economic Security
WPA	Works Progress Administration
FCC	Federal Communications Commission
OBCCC	Office of Bituminous Coal Consumers Council
RRB	Railroad Retirement Board
SEC	Securities and Exchange Commission
TVA	Tennessee Valley Authority
BIR-T	Board of Investigation and Research—Transportation
CAA	Civil Aeronautics Authority
NIC	National Investors Council
DPC	Defense Plant Corporation
RRC	Rubber Reserve Company
MRC	Metals Reserve Company
DSC	Defense Supplies Corporation
WDC	War Damage Corporation
DLC	Disaster Loan Corporation
FNMA	Federal National Mortgage Association
RACC	Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation
CFB	Combined Food Board
UNRRA	United Nations Relief & Rehabilitation Administration
AOA	Administration of Operation Activities
EIBW	Export-Import Bank of Washington
EHFA	Electric Home and Farm Authority
CPA	Council of Personnel Administration
PRA	Public Roads Administration
EPICA	Emergency Price Control Act
FPA	Food Production Administration
OES	Office of Economic Stabilization
PAW	Petroleum Administration for War
SWPC	Small War Plants Corporation
PIWC	Petroleum Industry War Council
NRPB	National Resources Planning Board
LOPM	Liaison Office for Personnel Management
OEM	Office for Emergency Management
SSS	Selective Service System

Mother's Poem to the "Hornet."

Pvt 1/c Everett V. Lamb, Jr., of the U. S. Marines, on duty in the Pacific aboard the carrier *Hornet*, read a poem sent one of his shipmates by the young man's mother. Everett secured a copy and sent it home to his own Mother and Dad in Nantucket. It reads:

The U. S. S. *HORNET*.

Written by a Mother in America for the U. S. S. "Hornet" and crew.

You've heard of the *Hornet*, a wonderful ship,
Originally sunk on a glorious trip,
Now there is a new one that is taking her place,
She's running the old one's record at a much higher pace,
She's kept up the glory of a famous name,
And added new exploits in Navy fame.
Her crew without doubt are very great men,
Their bravery can't be described by a pen,
All we can do is be thankful for,
A bunch of men that couldn't give more,
In gratitude, we pray for their safe return.

The *Hornet* carries more than a sting,
A cargo more precious than anything,
The sailors and marines we love, respect and wait for,
Are the men who will make history in this global war.

I've something more personal at stake,
So please, Admiral Clark, for heaven's sake,
Send that flat-top from somewhere at sea,
And bring back my Seagoing Marine to me.

Sept. 1944

The Gardners.

A very large number of Nantucket natives have been descendants of Thomas Gardner of Salem, Mass., two of whose sons—Richard and John—migrated from there to Nantucket Island in 1667-1672, and took part in its early settlement, becoming half-share owners.

Thomas Gardner, the No. 1 of the Gardner family in America, was born in Devonshire, England, in 1592. Roger Conant was born in the same County, in the same year. They separately came to this country about 1624—Thomas to Cape Ann, Roger to Plymouth.

In 1626 they joined company and headed a small group who became the first settlers of Salem, Mass. They were friends and associates for many years. Their descendants have scattered widely throughout the States.

Jethro Gardner, the 6th in the Gardner line of descent, in 1779 migrated from Nantucket to Vassalboro, Maine, and his grandson, Charles Gardner, went from there to settle in the new town of Jersey City, N. J., which had grown out of old historic Paulus Hook.

The Conant descendants scattered similarly, this particular line going to Brandon, Vermont, then to Maine, and eventually out West, and Captain Cook, the 10th in line, was raised in Oklahoma and then came East to Virginia.

In 1939, a young Virginia woman, Clare Cook, 11th in the Roger Conant line of descent, married a New Jersey man, Arthur Gardner, who is 11th in the Thomas Gardner line.

On September 18th, this year, their third child was born in New York city and the boy has been named Thomas Conant Gardner. In him is united the blood strain of the two men whose lives were so closely associated 318 years ago.

NWLB	National War Labor Board
OCD	Office of Civilian Defense
OCIAA	Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs
ODHWS	Office of Defense and Health Welfare Services
ODT	Office of Defense Transportation
OLLA	Office of Lend-Lease Administration
OSRD	Office of Scientific Research and Development
OWI	Office of War Information
WMC	War Manpower Commission
WPB	War Production Board
WRA	War Relocation Authority
WSA	War Shipping Administration
OPA	Office of Price Administration
BEW	Board of Economic Warfare
NHA	National Housing Agency
FCA	Farm Credit Administration
REA	Rural Electrification Administration
SA	Sugar Agency
PCD	Petroleum Conservation Division
OPCW	Office of Petroleum Coordinator for War
WEPL	War Emergency Pipe Lines, Inc.
BCD	Bituminous Coal Division
PRRA	Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration
BPA	Bonneville Power Administration
NPPC	National Power Policy Committee
OC	Office of Censorship
FRC	Facilities Review Committee
PWRCB	President's War Relief Control Board

File the above list away so that future generations may have it for reference in connection with one of the most remarkable conglomerations in history.

Home Again After Eighteen Months Under Nazis.

Inez Whitely Foster, writing for the Christian Science Monitor, relates a very interesting experience as told to her by Mrs. Etta Shiber, who was imprisoned by the Nazis for eighteen months. It follows:

Try as you will, you just cannot imagine gentle-mannered unassuming Mrs. Etta Shiber, a retiring, middle-aged American woman, outwitting the vicious Gestapo for months before being finally brought to trial and condemned to three years servitude in Nazi prisons. Her crime was aiding the escape of almost 200 British soldiers stranded in France after Dunkirk.

Yet it is but a short while since the doors of the German military prison in the little French town of Troyes clanged shut behind her.

Even now there are many times when Mrs. Shiber can scarcely realize that she is safely back in the United States, exchanged as a prisoner of war for whom Germany received the much-vaunted Nazi woman spy, Johanna Hoffman, hair-dresser.

"Looking back now, I really don't know how I managed to get through it all, but somehow I did," said Mrs. Shiber. "I am not a young woman or unusual in any way; but one thing I have learned is not to be a fuss-maker, and when I find myself up against a stone wall I know better than to try and batter my head against it. All of my friends in the prison, French women, seemed amazed that I could come through such an ordeal, completely alone, without one person to talk to who spoke my own language."

Mrs. Shiber's part in her own incredible adventures began inconspicuously enough. In 1936 (after the passing of her husband) she went to live in Paris with her close friend, Kitty Beaurepos, an Englishwoman who had married a Frenchman. Until that time Mrs. Shiber's home life had been unusually sheltered and her interests outside the realm of domesticity were divided between her husband, a newspaperman, and her brother, music critic of a New York paper.

For almost 35 years, this quiet pattern comprised Mrs. Shiber's daily experience—a serenity which changed little when she later moved to Paris. But on June 13, 1940, with all of Paris fleeing before invading Nazis, her status as a tranquil tourist-resident ended with terrifying suddenness. Her thrilling story began to write itself on the road to Orleans.

Caught in the midst of the exhausted maelstrom of destinationless refugees, Mrs. Shiber and her friend Kitty, unable to proceed further, were turned back by a Nazi motorcyclist. At Orleans they encountered the first of the nearly 200 British soldiers they were later to smuggle out of Occupied France under the very noses of the Germans. There was an RAF pilot whom they found in hiding at a roadside inn, and they brought him back to Paris hidden in the luggage compartment of Kitty's little car. Successful in this, Mrs. Shiber and Kitty were soon helping to organize one of the first underground railroads which managed to get both English and French soldiers (particularly de Gaulists) out of the country.

"We knew when we saw that first young English lad at Orleans, we could never abandon him to the Nazis and certain death. It wasn't so hard not to be frightened when we had anyone hidden in our car," replied Mrs. Shiber in answer to my questions. "We moved along so swiftly there was little danger except, of course, when we were stopped. My most anxious times were when they stayed in our apartment waiting until it was safe for them to be moved to the next hiding place."

With a death penalty proclamation posted on public walls all over Paris warning anyone against sheltering or aiding British soldiers, they were constantly reminded of the hazards they faced.

Facts Concerning Nantucket's New Year Days.

1945—Rain and fog; the temperature ranged from 54 to 39 degrees.

1944—Mild and overcast. (But a breeze on Jan. 2 kept the boat from coming across the sound.)

1943—Weather mild. Temperature in the 40's.

In 1936, the 1st day of January found excellent sleighing, with the youngsters exercising their sleds on all available hills. During an eight-hour period on the next day (Jan. 2,) three New Year babies arrived.

New Year day in 1935—ten years ago—came in on the wings of a 42-miles-an-hour southeaster, with 1.03 inches of rain adding to the bleakness of the day.

It was on Jan. 1, 1934, that a thick fog (brought on by a sudden cold wave) caused steamer *Nantucket* to anchor in Buzzard's Bay, and she did not arrive here until 4:45 in the morning on January 2.

1932—New Year Day was overcast.

1918—On Jan. 1 the temperature dropped to 5 above zero. The steamer *Sankaty* was caught in the ice off Brant Point and her passengers were allowed to cross the ice to the shore.

1917—New Year Day found the side-wheel steamer *Uncatena* forcing her way through the ice into the harbor.

1913—The first "parcels post" delivery on the island was on Jan. 1.

1907—Robert King picked a rose blooming in his garden on Union St.

1834—On Jan. 1, at the Zion Methodist (colored) Church on York street, Phyllis Painter, a 100-year-old colored woman, was baptized.

"I can't say I wasn't terrified most of the time," continued Mrs. Shiber. "There are still times when I find myself remembering how scared I was the day the doorbell rang so sharply, and there stood two men with briefcases, saying they were from the German police. They never call themselves 'Gestapo,' but always 'police'."

It did not occur to Mrs. Shiber that she had been picked up for anything but an initial interrogation and she packed only a small bag, thinking her stay at Gestapo headquarters would be short. Instead, her imprisonment lasted 18 months, during which time she had no clothing but the dress she wore, a fur coat, a few hankies and some toilet articles. Later these scanty supplies were supplemented by an outing flannel nightgown, some woolen underwear and scarves which the Quakers were allowed to donate and an extra dress sympathetically contributed by a French cell-mate.

Sentenced at first to the tomb-like Cherche-Midi, a Paris prison, old and dreaded long before the days of the French Revolution, she had never a moment's privacy day or night. Four other women political prisoners shared her cell and ate the so-called food which she said no self-respecting farmer would use for livestock feed.

"Those younger-generation Germans who have grown up since Hitler came into power are absolutely insufferable. A few of the older soldiers are more decent, especially privates who have no authority," she added. "In the beginning at Cherche-Midi, we had fairly decent male guards. Later, though, they brought professional jail matrons on from Berlin who were far tougher and harder on women prisoners than the German men ever were."

"No one is ever allowed to have any visitors except one's family. Not

Oct 30th - 1943

"What Did You Do Today?"

The following appeared in a recent issue of the Publishers Auxiliary. It is considered something of a classic, worthy of re-printing.

What did you do today, my friend,
From morning till the night?
How many times did you complain
That rationing is too tight?
When are you going to start to do
All of the things you say?
A soldier would like to know, my friend,

What did you do today?
We met the enemy today
And took the town by storm.
Happy reading it will make
For you tomorrow morn.
You'll read with satisfaction
The brief communique,
We fought, but are you fighting?
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today,
I feel his warm blood yet:
Your neighbor's dying boy gave out
A scream I'll never forget.
On my right a tank was hit,
A flash and then a fire,
The stench of burning flesh
Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do today, my friend,
To help us with the task?
Did you work harder and longer for
less,
Or is that too much to ask?
What right have I to ask you this,
You probably will say,
Maybe now you'll understand,
You see . . . I died today.

[Note: The above poem was written by Lieut. Dean Shatlain, a tank commander in the United States Army in Africa. The Lieutenant was wounded in battle and was forced to amputate his own foot. He felt that he was dying and while his vitality was waning he wrote the poem, which afterwards found its way to America. But Lieutenant Shatlain did not die—he was found by the ambulance squad and after receiving first-aid treatment was rushed to the hospital. He is now recuperating at a hospital in England and before many months will be able to return to the United States. His thoughts in poetry, scribbled when he felt he was nearing his end, stand as a living challenge to every man, woman and child on the home front.—Ed.] Nov 11th - 1944

year - 1944

In Monterey, Cal., August 17th, Della Folger Colburn, daughter of the late Joseph M. Folger, Jr., of Nantucket, aged 66 years, 8 months.

having any, I doubt if I could ever have stuck it out at all, except for the occasional visits from Mr. Josiah Marvel who as Quaker Representative had access to the prisoners.

"Before my trial, he was allowed to give me the underwear but no food packages, as prisoners awaiting trial are prohibited from receiving food from the outside so their resistance will be weakened."

Recently Mrs. Shiber's experiences have appeared in her first published book "Paris Underground," and she has fortunately been kept so busy with demands on her time that she has had little opportunity to look backward.

"Since you have asked me what I can say to Americans," she concluded, "there should be no discontent in the United States. I am amazed when I hear people complain because they lack small conveniences or comforts such as gasoline or a little less meat. We still have more in America than anywhere else in the world."

year "Just Sick." 1944

"So you're sick of the way the country is run
And you're sick of the way rationing is done,
And you're sick of standing around in a line;
You're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.

"I'm sick, too, of the sun and the heat,
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and of jungle flies,

And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise.

And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,

And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak.

And I'm sick of the sound of the bombers' dive,

And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive,
I'm sick of the roar and the noise and din,

And I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin.

I'm sick of slaughter—I'm sick to my soul.

I'm sick of playing a killer's role.

And I'm sick of blood and death and smell,

And I'm even sick of myself, as well.

"But I'm sicker still of the tyrants' rule,

And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool.

But I'm cured damn quick, when I think of the day

When all this hell will be out of the way;

When none of this mess will have been in vain,

And the lights of the world will blaze again,

And things will be as they were before,
And the kids will laugh in the streets once more;

And the Axis flag will be dipped and furled,
And God looks down on a peaceful world."

[Editor's Note: The above poem, printed in the "Task," a soldier's newspaper which is published every Sunday for the Men of Ascension Island, was contributed by Mrs. Branch of Whse 5. Sgt. Hamilton Branch, son of Mrs. Branch, who is attached with the Army Air Corps Communications of this island, sent her the poem, which was written by a member of his company—The Depot Informer.]

Her Husband.

He crawled upstairs in his stocking feet,
Frightened to death his wife he might meet—

For he'd been so often much berated
When coming home late intoxicated,
That 'twas much to his relief instead
He found her asleep, tucked up in bed.
All their future happiness seemed to hinge

On her not knowing he'd been on a binge.

So he thought how much better he would fare

To creep in beside her and lie down there—

For then the next morning he'd be all right

And she'd never know that he came home tight.

But, as Bobby Burns once wrote with his pen,

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men

Gang aft a'gley", for she soon waked up

And put out her hand to pat their pup
Of course he had never thought as how

He might be taken for their bow-wow;
Though cold shivers ran up and down his spine,

He saw he must act as if a canine;
'Twouldn't do at the last to lose his sand

So he stuck out his tongue and licked her hand.

—M. B. F.

DEATHS RECORDED IN 1943.

DATE	NAME	Y	M	D
January 5	William O'Donnell	71	4	22
January 6	Charlotte (Creasey) Lemieux	59	6	13
January 10	Infant Baby Sargent	(Stillborn)		
January 24	Mary E. Lewis	84	3	26
January 30	Freda Adams (Keller)	67	4	11
February 10	Mary J. Coleman	99	0	15
February 22	†Isom H. Pitman	66	11	19
February 24	Lydia Hussey	92	4	9
March 22	Phebe W. Tracy	96	2	
March 25	*Sarah Baily Chase	93	7	23
April 4	†George Sykes	55	6	6
April 6	Joseph M. Larkin	65	6	26
April 10	Winifred C. Munroe	65	1	26
April 15	Remicho G. Gomes	54	6	
April 21	Frank P. Marks	60	4	15
April 22	Samuel P. Lathrop	73	6	2
April 23	Sophia L. Sherman	81	4	11
April 20	*Louise Blackburn	72	4	8
April 22	*Manuel Sylvia	72	7	17
May 6	Annie (Cartwright) Brock	82	6	1
May 6	Ella (Bryenton) Warnell	69		
April 28	†Luther Rose	76		
May 3	*Charles A. Chadwick	67	9	20
May 26	James H. Wood	96	11	28
May 7	*June Arnold	(Stillborn)		
June 8	*Max Wagner	49	2	27
June 10	John M. Clarkson	64	0	22
June 20	†Sarah Jane Dunham (Cotton)	85	5	13
June 15	*Eunice Barney Swain	92	2	25
June 25	Dorothy M. Miller	29	9	10
July 2	†Mary C. Edgar Riley	52	4	13
July 19	Lawrence Richard Pickett	14 hours		
February 11	*Benjamin F. W. Russell	67	7	3
August 2	†Eda Louise Nichols	70	1	
August 4	†Louise (Bordes) Duc	60	3	15
August 2	*Mary V. Cook	57		
August 9	†Ewald H. Schniewind	56	6	
August 10	†Mary Shaw	40 about		
August 9	Lillian F. Stetson (Taylor)	78	5	23
August 11	*Leonora Mae Moore (Shea)	51	8	2
August 8	*Frederick Godfrey Hallett	61	9	14
June 26	*Dr. Karl Landsteiner	75	0	12
September 5	Mary S. (Sylvia) Reis	65	11	8
September 18	Howard A. Pineo	61	4	6
September 19	Thomas H. McGrath	50	3	27
September 22	Elmer F. Pease	47	0	0
October 5	Marcus W. Dunham	85	1	29
October 21	Eliza C. Lewis	59	9	7
October 30	Esther A. (Bustard) Cartwright	63	4	23
September 22	John C. Ring, Jr.	48	9	17
November 11	Anne E. Starbuck (Harris)	90	7	11
November 14	Annie M. Norcross	71	10	10
November 15	Ella M. (Francis) Ingraham	90	0	28
November 21	†Frederick A. Kirk	55	7	16
November 19	Harrison G. Gardner	75	9	22
November 22	Oscar C. Norcross	62	8	15
December 11	†Louis Peluso	37		
December 15	Bridget E. (McGowan) Williams	74		
December 15	*Capt. David Richard Raub	31	2	13
December 26	Arthur A. Norcross	75	0	29
December 28	†Ellen (Carter) Russell	68	10	20
December 31	Joanne McHugh			15

†Died at Nantucket—Interment abroad.

†Died abroad—Interment abroad. *Died abroad—Interment at Nantucket

Those columnists who had is doubtful whether the left wingers

COMPANY
GAS & ELECTRIC
NANTUCKET



Woman Found South Sea Islands More Than Dots in Ocean.

By Alice Myers in "Christian Science Monitor."

Jaluit, Maloelap, Wotje, Ponape, and Truk, those South Sea Islands so much in the war news these days, are more than unpronounceable dots on the wide Pacific to Miss Eleanor Wilson of Baltimore, Md.

Miss Wilson lived and taught in that part of the Pacific, principally on Kusaie, which is one of the Caroline Islands, from 1936 to 1941. And, at the request of the American Board of Foreign Missions, she is now studying the Marshall language—which is a Polynesian dialect common to the Marshalls and some other islands—in preparation for a return to the islands as soon as world conditions permit. The sooner the better as far as she is concerned. She would never have come back when she did had it not been to bring out Miss Jane Baldwin, an elderly missionary who had not been off Kusaie for 29 years.

Her students at the Micronesia Training School came from as far as Truk in the north and Greenwich in the south, from Ponape and from several of the Marshall Islands. Miss Wilson had general supervision of the girls and taught English and Japanese. The latter she knew from years of teaching at Kobe Theological School for Women in Japan.

She hopes that one day English will be the common language among the islands. The Japanese were trying to make it Japanese. At present, however, Marshall comes nearest to serving the purpose. She brought home a New Testament, a hymnal, and a primer in Marshall. These are her textbooks and she plans to supplement her study of them with frequent visits to Miss Baldwin for practice in speaking. When Miss Baldwin, who now lives in Orange, N. J., went to the islands, Marshall was the official school language.

The Training School, which prepares both boys and girls to teach in their local church schools, was located on Kusaie because that island, being of volcanic origin, produces more food than most of the others. Many are but barren coral atolls. Actually Kusaie is made up of eight small islands, all inside a coral reef, the port island of Lelu being a four-hour canoe trip from the school. The school, incidentally, is supported by the natives of the Marshalls and the Carolines as well as by the American Board.

Another Question

At the time she left the Kusaiens, she believes, would have welcomed American rule. At least one of the last things the island king said was: "Tell Uncle Sam we don't want to be under a pagan nation the rest of our lives." Kusaie has been considered a Christian island since 1862 and has had an independent church with a native pastor all these years.

What kind of a welcome an American naval group would receive today, however, is another question. "In the nearly three years since I left," she explained, "there may have grown up a feeling of hatred against Americans because all the reports they would get of the bombing in the South Sea Islands, particularly the Gilberts and Marshalls, would be given them by the Japanese, and we can all imagine what any enemy country would be likely to say of its enemies."

Before she left, the Japanese had instituted military training for all males from 12 to 61 for the purpose of teaching them to defend their own island.

Miss Wilson does not think the Japanese began to fortify the islands in earnest until they withdrew from the League of Nations in 1935. But from then on, she says, they considered the islands their own property. En route to Japan for a meeting in 1939, she judged that Rota, nearest island to Guam, was being fortified, because she was not allowed to leave the ship while in port there. On her return trip in 1941 she could not get off the ship at any port of call.

3, MARCH 18, 1944.

Death of Irvin S. Cobb.

Irvin S. Cobb, the well-known humorist and after-dinner speaker, died in Paducah, Ky., on the 10th day of March at the age of sixty-seven. He left specific instructions as to what should be done when he died. He wanted no mourning, no flowers, no funeral service in the traditional form—just wanted his body rolled up in a sheet, cremated, and the ashes planted near the root of a tree at Paducah. He named two of his life-long friends, either of whom could do the planting. In making these stipulations, he concluded:

"If anybody tries to insert me into one of those dismal numbers run up by the undertaker's dressmaking department, I'll come back and haunt 'em. Nor do I crave to make my mortal exit in a tail-coat with white tie and artificial pearl studs."

"I'll be done with after-dinner speaking forever, so why despatch me hence in all the regalia of the craft?"

We recall one of Mr. Cobb's visits to Nantucket, when he came down to visit the late Frederic C. Howe, at the "School of Opinion" in Sconset. With Mr. Howe he stopped into this office for a chat, and what a chat it was! Mr. Cobb was at his best—in formal and bubbling over with humor. He had his famous cigar tipped up at the customary angle. He knew he was not good-looking—"I'm just homely," he said. "If you want to see how I really look come out to Sconset tomorrow morning and see me when I don my bathing suit. I expect there'll be a whole flock of mermaids in the surf."

We didn't see Mr. Cobb in his bathing suit—neither did we see him in a boiled shirt. When we went out to the "School of Opinion" he was in what he called his "rough-and-ready" outfit, and he was right in his element that night at the Tavern.

Miss Wilson's hope for all these islands after the war is that whatever power rules them will permit the natives to go back to their former type of government with their kings and chiefs and their own system of trying disputes. "But we do need some outside power there to protect the interests of the islanders in matters of trade," she said.

Just Sick." 1944
of the way the country
of the way rationing
of standing around in
ou say—well, that's just
of the sun and the heat,
of the feel of my aching
of the mud and of jungle
of the stench when the
s rise.
of the siren's wailing
of the groans of the
and weak.
of the sound of the
live,
f seeing the dead alive.
roar and the noise and
the taste of food from
ghter—I'm sick to my
ying a killer's role.
blood and death and
ck of myself, as well.
still of the tyrants'
lands where the wild
damn quick, when I
day
ell will be out of the
is mess will have been
f the world will blaze
e as they were before,
I laugh in the streets
g will be dipped and
down on a peaceful
The above poem,
"Task," a soldier's
is published every
en of Ascension Is-
ted by Mrs. Branch
amilton Branch, son
who is attached with
rps Communications
her the poem, which
member of his com-
Informer.]

usband.
irs in his stocking
h his wife he might
often much berated
e late intoxicated,
o his relief instead
up, tucked up in bed,
appiness seemed to
ng he'd been on a
w much better he
e her and lie down
morning he'd be all
know that he came
ms once wrote with
hemes o' mice and
for she soon waked
and to pat their pup
never thought as
for their bow-wow;
s ran up and down
et as if a canine;
the last to lose his
s tongue and licked
—M. B. F.

Mar. 14, '42 M Irvin Frederick Holdgate
Jan. 21 M David John Deluze
Jan. 28 M David James Watts
Feb. 11 M Anthony Oliver, Jr.
Feb. 12 F Lynn Kathleen Hammond
Feb. 28 M David Buckhout Ward
Mar. 7 M Frank Edward Talar
Mar. 11 F Antoinette Marie Mendes
Mar. 24 M Jeffrey O'Neill Counsell
April 4 F Patricia Ann McGrady
April 12 M James Dennis
April 21 M Earl Joseph Souza
Jan. 25 M Barclay Vincent Schell
April 28 F Catherine Elizabeth Esau
May 10 M Thomas McLaughlin
June 20 F Janet Emily Small
June 22 M Robert Byron Snow
June 24 F Priscilla Eleanor Roy
July 19 M Lawrence Richard Pickett
July 23 M Bert Lamens, Jr.
July 23 M Robert Wallace Billups
July 30 M Michael Francis McDonald
Aug. 11 M Fred Gary Zito
Aug. 12 M James Clifford Nelson, Jr.
Aug. 15 M David Norman Barrett
Aug. 20 M Theodore W. Reed, 3rd
Sept. 1 M Steven Curtis Willett
Sept. 4 F Judith Meader Brockway
Sept. 9 F Claire Elaine Nicholas
Oct. 7 M Robert Michael Werner
Oct. 12 F Aleta Mae Harrington
Oct. 12 F Sharon Patricia Oddo
Oct. 13 F Lucille Jean Gomes
Oct. 16 F Judith Ann Lewis
Oct. 24 F Joanne Dorothea Wareham
Nov. 5 M Bernard Allen Bartlett
Nov. 30 F Elaine Bentley
Dec. 9 F Dawn Maureen Robinson
Dec. 16 F Joanne McHugh

Richard G. and Alice (stillborn)
Irvin F. and Grace L. (at Hollywood, Fla.)
David John and Mary
James Alfred and Priscilla
Antone and Camelia R.
Winfield and Shirley
David and Harriett
Felix Edward and Mary
Antone Joseph and Alice
Robert Henry and Beatrice
John F. and Clara
James and Katherine
Antone John and Dorothy
Christian F. and Barbara L. (at Melbourne, Fla.)
Weston I. Jr., and Doris
Thomas V. and Frances
Oswell J. and Ethel L.
William B. H. and Catherine
E. Stanley and Marguerite
Floyd E. and Inez
Bert and Doris
Robert Wallace and Margaret
John J. and Mary G.
Fred C. and Shirley
James Clifford and Mary
Norman A. and Mary J.
Theodore W. and Rachel E.
Hurd Curtis and Cynthia
Roy Frank and Avis
Joseph and Corrine
Robert John and Frances
Daniel L. and Florence
Albert John and Rose
Joseph and Elvira
Charles and Genevieve
Robert S. and Louise Herrick
Franklin and Arline
Augustus R. and Gladys
Wallace W. and Margaret
Joseph X. and Hazel

Delayed recordings of Births 1943-6 (Six)

MARRIAGES RECORDED IN 1943.

DATE	NAMES OF GROOM AND BRIDE	RESIDENCE
Jan. 1	Richard Lee Stewart Priscilla Elizabeth Williams	Columbus, Ohio Nantucket, Mass.
Jan. 14	Floyd Edgar Pickett Inez Folger Stetson	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Jan. 16	William D. Clanton Frances Marion Lee Berg Thompson	Nantucket, Mass. Wichita, Kansas
April 13, 1942	Robert H. Counsell (at Alex- Beatrice O'Neill andria, Va.)	New York, N. Y. Washington, D. C.
April 26	Joseph Anthony Furtado Cora Elizabeth Ellis	N. Bedford, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
April 27	Francis Raymond Murphy Helen Mae Oldrich	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
April 16	Allen Creasey Renaud Ruth Madeline Tarr (at Prov.)	Nantucket, Mass. Providence, R. I.
May 17	Charles E. Lewis Genevieve M. Schlund	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
May 21	Gertrude Margaret Lamb James Howard Oldrich	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
June 1	Fred Joseph Furlong Mary Folger Welton	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
May 27	Joseph X. McHugh (at Falmouth) Hazel M. Regnere (Gardner)	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
May 7	John Gaspie, Jr. Olive Anderson	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
July 5	Thomas Dale Galliher Alda Marie Raftery (at Brookline)	Decatur, Ill. Nantucket, Mass.
July 8	John L. Betts Rita V. Ledwell	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
July 29	William A. Little Ruth Bauer	Connorsville, Ind. E. Orange, N. J.
July 10	Joseph Oliveira Grace Louise Swain	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Aug. 7	Frederick Mason, Jr. Audrey Cecelia Hayden	Barrington, R. I. Nantucket, Mass.
Aug. 21	James Alfred Watts Priscilla Faye Swift	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Aug. 22	John D. Fellers Margaret Boehr	Amarillo, Texas. Still Water, Okla.
Aug. 24	Truman W. Ross (at South Helen Agnes Sylvia Dartmouth)	Nantucket, Mass. South Dartmouth
Aug. 28	Hugo M. Reichard Virginia E. Kougias	S. Plainfield, N. J. Chicago, Ill.
Sept. 10	Edward R. Macomber Louise S. Dell	Rochester, N. Y. Princeton, N. J.
Oct. 5	James A. Gallagher Emeline Esau	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Oct. 4	Robert O. Doster Ethel Lucy Gardner	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Oct. 17	Henry Wesley Johnson Lillian Jones (Brown)	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Nov. 23	James Martin Dwyer Evelyn L. Gibbs	Nantucket, Mass. Nantucket, Mass.
Dec. 6	George Richard Secrist Rosamond Sykes (at Cambridge)	Bucyrus, Ohio Nantucket, Mass.
Dec. 10	Karsten Reinebo Marion Matland	Elizabeth, N. J. Nantucket, Mass.
Dec. 21	William H. Monroe Evelyn Larsen	Tishomingo, Miss. Nantucket, Mass.

Woman Found South Sea Islands
More Than Dots in Ocean.

By Alice Myers in "Christian Science Monitor."

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Her students at the Micronesia Training School came from as far as Truk in the north and Greenwich in the south, from Ponape and from several of the Marshall Islands. Miss Wilson had general supervision of the girls and taught English and Japanese. The latter she knew from years of teaching at Kobe Theological School for Women in Japan.

She hopes that one day English will be the common language among the islands. The Japanese were trying to make it Japanese. At present, however, Marshall comes nearest to serving the purpose. She brought home a New Testament, a hymnal, and a primer in Marshall. These are her textbooks and she plans to supplement her study of them with frequent visits to Miss Baldwin for practice in speaking. When Miss Baldwin, who now lives in Orange, N. J., went to the islands, Marshall was the official school language.

The Training School, which prepares both boys and girls to teach in their local church schools, was located on Kusaie because that island, being of volcanic origin, produces more food than most of the others. Many are but barren coral atolls. Actually Kusaie is made up of eight small islands, all inside a coral reef, the port island of Lelu being a four-hour canoe trip from the school. The school, incidentally, is supported by the natives of the Marshalls and the Carolines as well as by the American Board.

Another Question

At the time she left the Kusaiens, she believes, would have welcomed American rule. At least one of the last things the island king said was: "Tell Uncle Sam we don't want to be under a pagan nation the rest of our lives." Kusaie has been considered a Christian island since 1862 and has had an independent church with a native pastor all these years.

What kind of a welcome an American naval group would receive today, however, is another question. "In the nearly three years since I left," she explained, "there may have grown up a feeling of hatred against Americans because all the reports they would get of the bombing in the South Sea islands, particularly the Gilberts and Marshalls, would be given them by the Japanese, and we can all imagine what any enemy country would be likely to say of its enemies."

Before she left, the Japanese had instituted military training for all males from 12 to 61 for the purpose of teaching them to defend their own island.

Miss Wilson does not think the Japanese began to fortify the islands in earnest until they withdrew from the League of Nations in 1935. But from then on, she says, they considered the islands their own property. En route to Japan for a meeting in 1939, she judged that Rota, nearest island to Guam, was being fortified, because she was not allowed to leave the ship while in port there. On her return trip in 1941 she could not get off the ship at any port of call.

3, MARCH 18, 1944.

Death of Irvin S. Cobb.

Irvin S. Cobb, the well-known humorist and after-dinner speaker, died in Paducah, Ky., on the 10th day of March at the age of sixty-seven. He left specific instructions as to what should be done when he died. He wanted no mourning, no flowers, no funeral service in the traditional form—just wanted his body rolled up in a sheet, cremated, and the ashes planted near the root of a tree at Paducah. He named two of his life-long friends, either of whom could do the planting. In making these stipulations, he concluded:

"If anybody tries to insert me into one of those dismal numbers run up by the undertaker's dressmaking department, I'll come back and haunt 'em. Nor do I crave to make my mortal exit in a tail-coat with white tie and artificial pearl studs.

"I'll be done with after-dinner speaking forever, so why despatch me hence in all the regalia of the craft?"

We recall one of Mr. Cobb's visits to Nantucket, when he came down to visit the late Frederic C. Howe, at the "School of Opinion" in Sconset. With Mr. Howe he stepped into this office for a chat, and what a chat it was! Mr. Cobb was at his best—in formal and bubbling over with humor. He had his famous cigar tipped up at the customary angle. He knew he was not good-looking—"I'm just homely," he said. "If you want to see how I really look come out to Sconset tomorrow morning and see me when I don my bathing suit. I expect there'll be a whole flock of mermaids in the surf."

We didn't see Mr. Cobb in his bathing suit—neither did we see him in a boiled shirt. When we went out to the "School of Opinion" he was in what he called his "rough-and-ready" outfit, and he was right in his element that night at the Tavern.

Miss Wilson's hope for all these islands after the war is that whatever power rules them will permit the natives to go back to their former type of government with their kings and chiefs and their own system of trying disputes. "But we do need some outside power there to protect the interests of the islanders in matters of trade," she said.

DECEMBER

The Night Before A Modernized

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat December 12 printed a version of the family Night Before Christmas already been re-printed in newspapers. The paper by a young woman, Griffin, who is a private secretary. It has heard much about the sorrows of present. A copy of her paper, Rev. Howard Stone of the First Congress Washington. The paper heard it read a person's sermon. It pleased that he wrote and her pen. The paper re-printed the is timely.

The night before through the mouse. The rest of the family down. Were soundly asleep from town. The busses went them pell-mell. And street cars them as well. While the family jangle have guessed. Was wanting for a rest.

The kids snuggled in heat. And dreamed they their feet; The baby in dreams thetic ball and saw plastic the wall.

His sleep Papa this plea: you've any old bring them to Mama, delirious bed visions of coffee her head.

Ylons that hum were rare; Indeed, if you put them the packages wrapped shapes and Sai Hirohito and our heels.

And it in the pe ham, and saccharin and jam, an eggless sugarless can its gay de was fake.

was Sig in and wearing hilling us itter sting Santa, that We won't Sam on the and I think he ex hearing is h "Happy Christmas a 'B' card."

"Lucky Chase" Takes Her Place in Marine Hall of Fame.

This is the story of a ship Dixie sent to war, as a ship with a strange life, so well built and so lucky that she was the only transport to go through all three Mediterranean Invasions and live to fight again.

Her name is the U. S. S. Samuel Chase, and she's known from Italy, Sicily, and North Africa to the shores of the United States as the "Lucky Chase", because she came through bombings, strafings, torpedo attacks and mine fields with every man of her Coast Guard and Navy mixed crew safe.

But let's start at the beginning of the Lucky Chase's charmed life—go back to the days before Pearl Harbor.

She was built as an 18,000-ton all-welded Luxury Liner at the Pascagoula, Miss., Yard of the Ingalls Shipbuilding Corporation for the American South African Line, Inc. She was to go on the South African run—New York to Capetown in 16½ days—all outside staterooms. . . air conditioning . . . glass-enclosed veranda. . . bar. . . luxuries and appointments of an exclusive club. . . ports of call: Zanzibar, Mombasa, Trinidad, St. Helena, Der Es Salaam.

Her maiden voyage had been advertised. Then came the crushing blow that Pearl Harbor was bombed. The same shipbuilders who had worked so hard to make her a proud beauty swarmed over the vessel, ripping the walls of staterooms, taking out the pretty fixtures, removing the furnishings. Almost overnight, her name and her decorations were changed. From then on the ship was the U. S. S. Samuel Chase. She went off to war and her movements were guarded jealously by the censorship until she sailed into port not so long ago, proud of still a newer name, "Lucky Chase".

Behind that name, "Lucky Chase", were 18 months of fighting from Oran to Gela to Salerno as Flagship of The Eighth Amphibious Force. The Coast Guard crew with mixed Navy men and the soldiers who rode her decks to the battle lines claim she has magic in her all-welded steel plates.

Lieut. Col. Henry Rosenfield, Commanding officer to the army battalion abroad for the assault east of Algiers during the North African Invasion, was first to call her "Lucky" according to the Coast Guard's history of the Chase.

That was during the first of the Chase's Invasions. Seven torpedoes and a hail of bombs were aimed at the Chase that November day in 1942. The closest torpedo foamed by just three feet off her stern. Two bombs straddled the ship, one on each side. She was the only one of four transports to sail out of Algiers that day.

Then the "Lucky Chase" went to Sicily. Under the system of railroad-ing, originated and utilized aboard the Chase, the landing boats were put over the side ready filled with men and equipment, ordinarily it would take an hour for the boatloads of men to be ready for invasion following the method of putting the barges overboard and then letting the men climb down nets and rope ladders to board them. The Chase had her men ready to head for the beach in 10 minutes.

This feat won her added fame as an efficient ship, but it didn't keep her from danger. She stood off Gela, Sicily, unloading troops and taking on wounded for several days, and bombers were attacking her most of the time. During the third invasion, the Italian one, the "Lucky Chase" lived up to her name again, Lieut. (jg) George D. Banks, of New Rochelle, N. Y. told the story of how she survived smashing explosions of mines.

"The boys in the hold", he said, "heaving ammunition and moving supplies deserve recognition. And the boys in the engine room—they didn't know the score above decks but they grinned and bore it. As the ship approached the Italian beach mine-sweepers were barely 150 yards ahead exploding mines. 'The vibrations and shocks nearly broke the steam pipes. They shook and swayed and the black gang knew the contents of those pipes. Invisible steam that comes out like gas with force enough to cut a person in two. If those pipes had failed no one in the engine room would have had a chance. The steam is super-heated to a temperature of 750 degrees and kills faster than poison. In bloody Salerno, where casualties were heaviest, not a landing boat from the Chase was lost and, aboard here were put ashore in prime condition."

most important, the troops shipped were put ashore in prime condition.

Members of the crew and Coast Guard itself are highest in the praise of the "Lucky Chase". The Coast Guard adds the final accolade: "In all the history of the United States Coast Guard—153 continuous years of service in peace and war—never has a ship done her task more magnificently. Come what may in the future, the Chase has taken her place alongside Le Bon Homme Richard, Old Ironsides, The Monitor and those greats which are in the Hall of Fame of American Ships."

[Note—Charles Samuel Thurber is 1st class Radio Man on the Chase.—Ed.]

Feb 12 1944

year 1944

The Thrills of Whaling Today— and Yesterday.

By Richard Hallet in Portland, Me.,
Sunday Telegram

In his "Carver Family of New England," Clifford N. Carver of Searsport and New York notes that his first New England forebear, Master John Carver, was ship's governor on board the Mayflower, and later first governor of the Plymouth Colony. The Mayflower herself, a wine-ship before she was a pilgrim ship, later became a whaler, according to legend.

So, too, some of the later Carvers became whalers, and came to know the stern meaning in that slogan "A dead whale or a stove boat," although modern "killer-boats" are so large that they no longer run the same risks from the whale's deadly flukes that the old whale-boats did.

Whaling in the days of Moby Dick and the Great White Whale was as everybody knows, one of the most romantic and daring occupations in the world. A young man who hadn't got his whale had just no chance at all with the Nantucket or New Bedford girls in those days. He simply had to kill a whale if he wanted to enter the "silken bonds of matrimony."

And killing whales was something more than picking four-leaf clovers. Here's how the mate would talk to his men, while bearing down on the steering-oar:

"Scratch hard, boys. Right on—right on for his fin. There he spouts. Bend your backs, lads . . . Hold your hand now, way enough. Peak your oars, and take your paddles. Soft now. Hold water. Hold her so, hold her so. Now harpooner, throw the blacksmith shop into him."

That would be when the whale-boat's keel grated against the slimy wrinkled and barnacled back of a 100 barrel bull, floating in the sun with his blubber stretched tight. Then off would go the whale like a steam engine snorting through Salem tunnel, and the harpoon line would smoke through the loggerheads.

"I'll skin that whale's back. I'll see his heart's blood with a hog-whip before I cut this line," says the mate. "Hold now. His tongue's getting flabby. Now we got him on the sweat-table. No, we've lost him. The iron's drawn and the whale's absquatulated," he would yell. "Oh my God, blessed are those who expect nothing, because they won't be disappointed."

That's a whale lost, but there are plenty more.

"Here's whales, lying heads and points. Lord, they shine like glass bottles," the mate whispers lovingly. "Now then, back to the thwarts. Beef, beef, beef on the oars. Come, what are you, Jack or gentleman? Grit the front ends of your teeth off and harness me a whale. Pull, why can't ye? I could whip a toad through tar faster than this boat's going. There's \$6,000, eyes out, in bags, floating at the water's edge, and you won't stoop. Come now, let's slice the crittur into Bible leaves. . . . Smash the oars. Spring if you love gin, my lovelies. I tell you we are jam onto him. An old Plutarch! Pull, or he'll nose us down like a hog knocking over his feed-trough. One minute more. Boys, if you ever want to see your sweethearts, pull. Pull and shorten the voyage. Pull and shorten. Now we gain, now we're slap onto her. Harpooner, stand by. . . .

"All my tobacco, I tell you. I'll give you all my clothes, I'll skin myself naked. My shirt, my hat, my shoes. Lay back. A double share of grog I'll give you. Now—we're in his wake, by glory. No noise. Stand up, harpooner. Give it to him solid."

That's the tune it went to once, says Clifford N. Carver; but modern whaling isn't quite so slap-dash. Instead of a 400 ton whaling ship, an 11,000 ton "factory ship"; instead of that chip of a whale boat, a 250 ton killer-boat; in place of oars, an engine; and in place of the dogwood shaft of the old harpooner, a modern bomb-lance.

Instead of elbow grease, powder. A gun forward on the killer-boat fires the harpoon with its explosive charge; but the whale doesn't learn all the bad news at once.

The bomb explodes 40 seconds after the harpoon punctures the whale's skin; and it's pretty likely to take the tuck out of him. He may sound; he may pull the boat along at a ten-knot rate for a time; or he may give up the ghost then and there. If he does, he's liable to sink; so the trick is to get onto him, punch a hole in him, and blow him up like a balloon with compressed air.

Now come the operations of the factory-ship. She has a flat top-deck, a little like a baby flat-top; but astern she has a long ramp that slopes down under water. The whale is winched up this ramp; then modern flensing knives and electric saws go to work on bone and blubber of him. Blubber, and bone too, is dropped into try-pots through holes in the deck; and when the whale-oil is tried out, it is stored, not in barrels as formerly, but in the ships' tanks that have worked out of fuel-oil, and been cleaned with steam to receive whale-oil.

With his father, Amos Dow Carver, and some Norwegian interests, Clifford Carver formed the American Whaling Company, some years before the outbreak of the present war; and after a time took over the Western Operating Company, with its 11,000 ton factory ship *Ulysses*.

The war of course has interrupted whaling; but at its outbreak there were 35 or 36 of these factory ships, owned chiefly here and in Norway, Germany and Japan. The Germans captured or sank a few United Nations whalers, and the international fleet is much depleted now; but it is certain that whaling will revive after the war.

The Japanese, as is well known, converted their factory ships into mother-ships for their midget submarines.

"Whaling," says Carver, "is regulated by international law. We go after whales mostly in the Antarctic Ocean and off the Coast of Australia, and the actual 'open season' is about two months; but the cruise itself is generally for six or eight months."

"The men share very well, and the gunner, usually a Norwegian in our ships, can make as high as \$25,000 out of a cruise. He has to have as much instinct for whales as ever the old harpooner did. He has to know where the whale will come up; and he must estimate his size correctly, and do it in a split second too."

There are short whales just as there are short lobsters. The law says no whale can be killed under 35 feet; but there's no easy way of putting the tape to him until he's dead, and under the inspector's eye. We got fined once for killing a whale that was six inches under 35 feet. Actually, the law should allow us a tolerance of say 3 per cent of short whales."

These factory ships can handle eight or ten whales a day, and their cargoes average \$1,000,000.

What's whale-oil used for nowadays? Well, Germany had about 150,000 tons of whale-oil fats stored up at the outbreak of war. It's pretty nearly the only kind of edible fat you can store indefinitely; and having the same edible content as butter, it turns into margarine. The Japanese no doubt use some of it in this way; but they also can whale-meat for their soldiers.

As a matter of fact, whale steaks are edible, and rag-out of whale is a very good dish, according to Carver. But in this country the whale is used only for his oil, and the oil is used exclusively in the soap-making process. Sperm whales used to go into spermaceti candles; but no longer. Whalers still take sperm whales, however, as well as blue whales and hump-backs. There are few right whales swimming the seas now.

In this town, January 16th, Alfred E. Smith, aged 70 years, 4 months, 24 days.

ING, JANUARY 22, 1944.

FEBRUARY 19, 1944.

G, MARCH 25, 1944.



THE LATE ALFRED ELMER SMITH

Death of Alfred E. Smith on Sunday.

Alfred Elmer Smith, one of the best-known residents of Nantucket, passed away at his late residence on Federal street, Sunday morning, after a lingering illness from an incurable malady. Fully realizing his condition, he met the final summons with fortitude and throughout the weeks and months of suffering he bore the ordeal bravely and faced the inevitable with true courage.

From early manhood the deceased had been identified with the interests of Nantucket in various ways. He took an active interest in town affairs, regularly attended town meetings and often on the floor of the assembly hall voiced his opinions even when he knew he was in the minority.

He was an early advocate for a new town hall—a project which he broached at every favorable opportunity, and it was through his suggestion that the "town hall fund" was started forty years ago, slowly but surely accumulating as the years passed. He felt that he could never live long enough to see the construction of a new town hall, but he hoped that future generations would benefit by the fund which he was instrumen-

was keen at all times. He became president of the Nantucket Atheneum, which office he held at the time of his death, and he was associated with various other organizations.

He joined the Masonic order in 1908 and the Odd Fellows in 1920. He served as Master of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., in 1913-1914, and in 1927 was appointed District Deputy Grand Master. For several years prior to his death he filled the position of Chaplain.

He was also a member of Isle of The Sea Royal Arch Chapter, and of Sherburne Chapter, O. E. S., in which he had served as Worthy Patron. His other fraternal connections included the Knights Templars, and the Encampment and other branches of Odd Fellowship.

Deceased was born in Nantucket, August 23, 1873, the son of the late William H. H. and Lydia B. (Folger) Smith. On the 23d of September, 1896, he married Miss Mertie M. Harding, and their married life and companionship has been ideal through the years that have passed. Besides his widow, the deceased leaves a son, Harding Smith, and a daughter, Mrs. Beulah Sculley. He also leaves a number of grand-children.

Five sisters and two brothers also survive him, namely: Mrs. Emily

Ballad of Old Whaling Days Comes From California.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I am sending you a ballad of the whaling days of Nantucket. It would give me great pleasure, if you considered it worthy of your paper.

I was raised on the tales of the Nantucket whalers. My ancestors are so mixed up in all the history of Nantucket, that I feel as if I belong there.

Three years ago I found in Ohio the log of the "Barclay." This whaler was captained by my great-grandfather, Captain Alexander Gardner Coffin. This particular log covers the period between 1824 and 1827, with a cargo of over 2000 barrels of oil. But that is not the only ship my great-grandfather sailed in. He followed the sea for thirty years. This is the list of the ships he was interested in.—

The "Lydia"—before the mast—at the age of nineteen.

The "Diana" a steersman.

The "Brothers"—second mate.

The "Phebe Ann"—first mate.

The "Lorenzo"—master—wrecked off Peru—captured and tortured by the natives. Escaped and returned to Nantucket, having lost all his possessions.

The "Barclay"—master. Three trips of nine years.

The "Constitution"—master—forty-one months.

The "Edward"—master—one voyage.

The whaling industry wasn't so flourishing by this time. Many people were leaving for Ohio. Grandfather moved his family to Ohio and bought a farm there. He lived to be eighty-one, in spite of the hardships of whaling.

But I have other ties on the island. My great-great-grandfather was Peter Myrick. I expect he is the one who went hunting for sea serpents. I saw that story for the first time when I purchased a book on the Island three years ago. He was captain of the "Indostan of New York." We have a picture of this ship painted in 1802. It must have been a clipper ship in the East India trade.

Sincerely,

Theodora L. Coffin

1816 de la Vina street
Santa Barbara, Calif.

"The Log of the Nancy Lee"
By Theodora Lydia Coffin.

(An "off-islander" who doesn't feel like one.)

Many the tales my grandfather told,
Of whalers and barques and schooners
of old,
When he paced the deck of the Nancy
Lee,
And charted his course to the Coral
Sea.

"The Nancy Lee was a barque," said
he,
"As pretty a picture as one could see;
When she left her berth and cut the
wave,
No finer boat was built, they say."

Then grandfather paused, as he looked
away,
And thought of the ship with her
precious lay

Of sperm oil, gathered in day by day,
And his first mate, Jonathan B.

"Jonathan B. was first mate," mused

he,
"As good a sailor as sailed the sea;
Once he saved the barque on a hostile
shore,

Where pirates waited and giant waves
roar.

The Public Relations Office of the Army Air Forces Redistribution Station at Atlantic City, N. J., sends us the following:

1st Lieutenant John H. Heath of Nantucket, only a comparatively few months ago was coasting over the waters of New Guinea, with two engines cut on his B-24 Liberator bomber, preparing to "ditch" his badly-scarred plane. The next thing he knew he was on a life-saving raft. He was home for a few weeks' rest and now he is at the A. A. F. Redistributing Station No. 1.

Lieutenant Heath completed forty bombing missions in the South Pacific area and is the holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Purple Heart.

"The minute we hit the water," explained Lt. Heath, "I was knocked unconscious. Wonderfully enough, I was thrown clear, and the navigator and gunner helped me into one of the rafts they had procured before the ship sank. Some of the others weren't so lucky; they died in the crash. For two whole days we stayed in our rafts off the New Guinea coast, which at that time was still Jap territory. Planes located us finally. I sustained slight leg injuries, but I am fine now and am ready to go to my new assignment."

Lt. Heath's present occupation is a far cry from his civilian life, when he was assistant to the Director of astronomy at the Maria Mitchell Observatory, a job he held for three years.

"He set the sails and spread the tacks,
He snatched the cutlasses from their
racks!

The pirates thought they were board-
ing a wreck.

How they howled with rage when they
struck that deck!!!"

I search the log of the Nancy Lee,
Old and frail and stained by the sea,
To read of the fate of Jonathan B.,
First mate at only twenty-three.

There on a page all soiled, I note,
"We galled a whale—he stove a boat;
Jonathan B. was lost at sea,
In longitude 200 and latitude 3."

No log I knew full well would tell,
Of a shark they caught in an ocean
swell;

Sunk in the side, so the story goes,
Was a whaler's iron, which each sailor
knows

Bore the mark of Jonathan B.

Such are the tales, so my grandfather
said,

When the women and children were
safely in bed,

As the wind blew cold and the moon
went down,

Were told by the whalers of Nan-
tucket Town.

In the Captains' Club by the frozen
cove,

They drew their chairs close to the
huge old stove;

They whispered of islands that barred
their way,

Of mountainous seas sweeping boats
astray!

Of wrecks on a coral reef they told,
Of barques that sailed with no crew
in the hold!

Of sea serpents sought in their secret
lairs!

All these tales they told—from their
easy chairs.

"Tales too bold to be written," my
grandfather said,

His eyes grew dim and he shook his
head;

He gazed away to the distant sea,
Thinking, no doubt, of Jonathan B.,

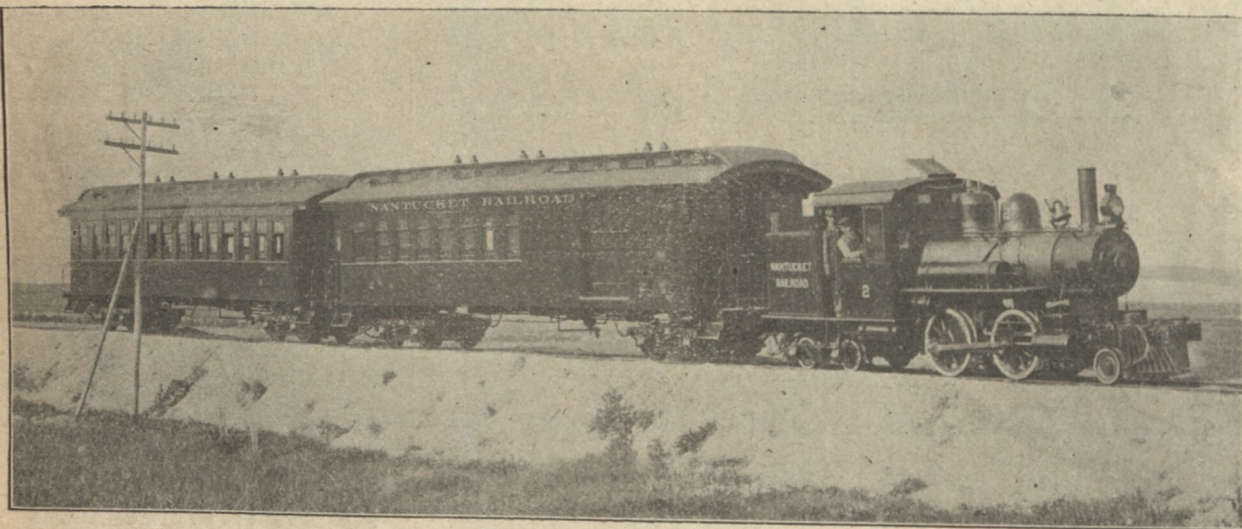
When he walked the deck of the
Nancy Lee.

NOW ONLY A MEMORY TO NANTUCKET



STEAMER NAUSHON LEFT NANTUCKET ONE YEAR AGO AND ENTERED FOREIGN SERVICE. LAST REPORTS WERE THAT THE STEAMER IS IN SERVICE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. SHE WILL PROBABLY NEVER ROUND BRANT POINT AGAIN.

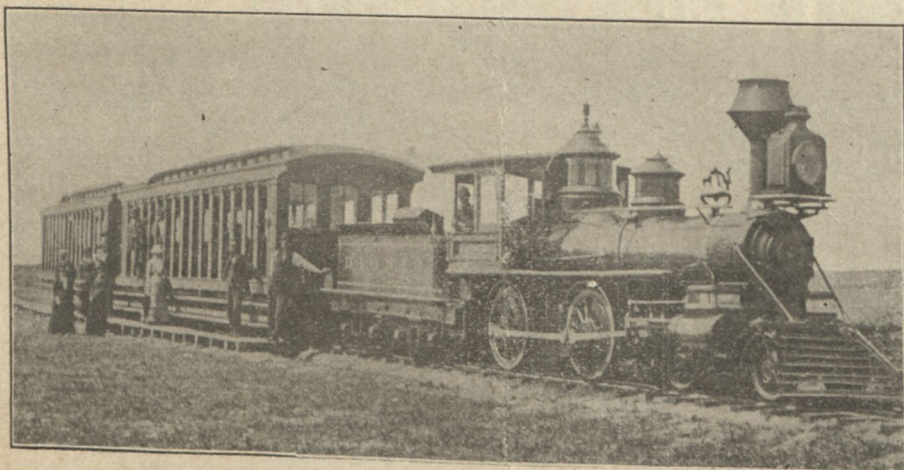
A QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS PASSED!



There are repeated inquiries regarding the lamented Nantucket Railroad, which, were in its existence today, would be doing a thriving business. In its days of summer activity it was considered unique, but today it would be considered not only unique but would possess keen interest to the summer visitor as one of the real attractions of Nantucket.

The last train to squirm along over the moors to 'Sconset was not the original train with its engine christened "Dionis," but a later edition of the narrow-gauge system, with a locomotive of different design than the original, but no less unique in its type of construction.

The above picture was taken the day the train made its last run over to 'Sconset in September, 1917. The picture below was taken when the original train made its first trip over to Surfside in July, 1884. The passenger equipment then was "open cars" which had reversible seats extending across "the beam."



Fire Damaged Old House on Upper Main Street.

The fire horn sounding three blasts shortly before 5:00 o'clock Wednesday afternoon was followed quickly by the sound and sight of two pieces of apparatus rushing up through Main street's Square, followed by members of the department in their own cars—dispersing the shoppers and providing considerable excitement.

Smoke had been sighted issuing from the house on the corner of Bloom and Upper Main street—one of the street's old houses, which is owned by Judge George M. Poland. While one piece of apparatus hooked onto a hydrant nearby, the second piece went up Bloom to the hydrant at the junction of Vestal and also laid lines to the scene.

The fire presented quite a problem, as the house was filled with smoke. There was considerable surprise to find the house as the scene of the fire as it had not been occupied since rented last summer. The origin of the blaze is believed to have been in the electric wiring as it enters the ell in the rear of the house.

After getting into the dwelling, the firemen attacked the blaze in the corner of the ell which suddenly revealed itself. Smoke filled the entire house, and work of venting was immediately necessary both to prevent a hot-air explosion and to reveal the extent of the actual blaze.

After twenty minutes of hard work, the firemen had "knocked down" the fire and ended its spread up through the side-walls and partitions. Because of its head start, it was necessary to chop away a portion of the side-wall to check its spread. Smoke and water damage was extensive but the amount of the damage will not be known until the insurance adjuster completes his estimate.

April 12th 1944



A group of Grand Army Veterans who marched in the parade when Nantucket celebrated its centennial in 1895. At the extreme right stands Capt. Edward B. Hussey. The two men standing together, wearing straw hats, are John and James Flood. James H. Wood, Sr., (the last Grand Army veteran, who passed away May 26th last) drove the two-horse hitch shown at the rear of the line of Veterans. Many of our adult readers will be able to recall others in the group who marched in the parade forty-eight years ago this July, among them Josiah F. Murphey (then the Commander), Franklin B. Murphey, Edward H. Wing, William A. Barrett, Hiram Reed (born a Negro slave), Charles M. Crocker, William Johnson, Peter Hoy, Sampson Pompey, Obed G. Smith, Frederick H. Barney, Josiah Young.



Back Row—Left to right: David Roberts, Nelson Hearn, John Heath, Irving Bartlett, Paul Matheson, Coach Whitman Pearson, Arthur Butler.
Front Row—Louis Coffin, Olney Cady, Harry Gorman, Stanley Whelden, Harold Anderson.

Lieut. Oliver Coffin Cited For Bravery.

From the Seattle Times.

For outstanding bravery and devotion to duty during an explosion and fire at a dock of a naval advanced base in the South Pacific, Lieut. (J. g.) Oliver K. Coffin, U. S. N. R., son of Capt. E. B. Coffin, retired Puget Sound master mariner, has received a citation from Adm. W. F. Halsey, Jr., naval commander in that area. Born in Seattle, Lieut. Coffin, a machinist at the time of his meritorious service, joined the Naval Reserves two years ago. He was a member of the Seattle Fire Department before being called to active duty. The citation from Admiral Halsey was received from the Navy Department by Mrs. Coffin, 620 10th Ave., N. It reads as follows:

"The Commander of the South Pacific Forces takes pleasure in commending Machinist Oliver K. Coffin, U. S. N. R., for meritorious devotion to duty under adverse circumstances following the initial explosion and the resultant fire at a dock of a naval advanced base.

"Machinist Coffin, with complete disregard for his own safety, assisted in saving a large portion of the ammunition stowed near the fire and in the removal of the injured from the scene of the explosion.

"Although aware of the possibilities of another large explosion, he continued his efforts, despite flying shrapnel and exploding shells. His conduct contributed materially in minimizing the danger and was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

Lieut. Coffin's father, Capt. Everett B. Coffin, was a master mariner in the service of the Puget Sound Navigation Company, the Black Ball Line, for many years. He now lives in retirement at 3506 Beach Drive. His boyhood was spent on Nantucket, his parents being Oliver and Mary F. Coffin. *Mar 25-1944*

Year Cribbage. 1945-

The following made its appearance on the bulletin board in the Pacific Club room, recently, but no one seems to identify Mr. Anonymous. John McLaughlin, the club poet, claims ignorance of the source and no one has yet appeared who admits fathering the jingle.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Cribbage is a funny game,
First you're losing, then you're winning,

But you play it just the same.

George and Ollie say it's science,
Allie Coffin don't agree;
Says "If there was any science
Not a game would come to me.

"Everybody must have noticed
Every time I play the game,
Having George as my opponent
The result is just the same.

"I have got him going and coming—
When the going gets too hard,
When I think no one's looking
Underneath I tuck a card.

"As to cribbage, I confess now
Ninety-nine per cent, is luck;
The only science is to know
When's the proper time to tuck."

July 9th-1944 Saturday Morning Episode.

Scene: First National Store on Main street. Time: Last Saturday morning. The fire alarm had just blown. There was a double line of customers all the way in from the street to the meat counter. In came a cute young thing, brushed by the others in line, and went directly to the man behind the counter, who was striving to please his customers as best he could without showing partiality.

"What have you got for meat today?" ejaculated the young bunch of freshness.

"The fire alarm has just sounded. Is it your house on fire?" promptly replied Al.

"No, I don't think so," answered the young woman.

"Well, then, you had better get back at the end of the line where you belong," said Al.

Completely squelched, the young woman eased back to the rear, while everybody in the line waiting their turn to be served chuckled and then chuckled some more.

AUGUST 5, 1944.

Pvt. Roy Heath, who is with a field hospital unit in service, has written his grandmother, Mrs. Evelyn Smith, and enclosed a clipping which refers to the steamer *Naushon*. The clipping is from the "Stars and Stripes" of July 1st and reads as follows:

"Three Massachusetts infantrymen, wounded in the fighting on the beach-head in France, were returned to England on a hospital ship—the U. S. S. *Naushon*.

"When the trio, none of whom was seriously wounded, learned the name of the ship they were more than surprised. The GIs had known the hospital ship in peace-time as the S. S. *Naushon*, New England Steamship Lines, which served New Bedford, Woods Hole, and Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket islands of the coast of Massachusetts. The *Naushon*, which once served Americans pleasure-bent, now plies between the bridgehead and English ports returning Allied wounded."

Summer House at 'Sconset Totally Destroyed.

The large residence of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Waggaman, on Morey Lane, in the village of Siasconset, was totally destroyed by fire, Friday evening week. Situated in a part of the village somewhat removed from the sections occupied by the year-round residents, the fire was not discovered until it had gained considerable headway. The local ('Sconset) department, under Chief Oscar Folger, responded as soon as notified, and the central station in town was immediately informed of the blaze. But the firemen could only keep the fire from spreading to other nearby structures, so great a headway had the flames gained within the building.

The raucous blaring of the fire horn, sounding 145 for several rounds, and rising above the sweep of the gale, was one which promptly alarmed the town and sent the various members of the fire department swiftly to duty.

The blaze was breaking out through the windows of the dwelling when it was discovered by Mrs. Frank Murray, who happened to glance out of her own home about 7:30 o'clock that evening. She saw a great crimson ball of fire, reflected by the deep snow, and promptly called Chief Folger.

With the headway gained by the flames, and the high wind fanning the blaze, the firemen were helpless to save any part of the dwelling. One of the big pumpers was dispatched from the Central Station in town, driven by Archie Cartwright, who managed to get a crew together quickly. The snow plow had cleared the road of the heavy fall of snow, and the apparatus made swift passage to the village, although it was a cold ride in the open truck into the teeth of the easterly gale.

Hose-lines were laid and the flames confined to the fiercely burning structure. Many valuable furnishings were consumed, including some rare pieces which the Waggaman's have collected during their residence on the island and which they had brought here from their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Waggaman have been residing in town this winter. The origin of the fire is still unknown and, as the insurance adjusters have not arrived on the island as yet, no estimate of the damage has been announced.

Through the fact that the highway department was close to its job when a heavy snowfall came, the fire apparatus had an open road when the alarm came on Friday evening week. The plows had the road clear and the apparatus was able to reach the village in time to prevent the fire from reaching near-by property. The house which was on fire could not be saved, as the fire was too far advanced when it was discovered, but the department kept it confined to the building and poured enough water onto the surroundings to check the spread of the flames.

The Late Mrs. Whelden.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

May one who has known her for a quarter century add to your obituary of Mrs. E. H. Whelden a personal note which, I believe, will have the sincere endorsement of all of her personal friends.

Mrs. Whelden's was a useful life of toil and good deeds. To some her sphere may have seemed limited; yet it was the most important sphere of life—the family. She gave to the world four sons and a daughter, through whom in turn her name and her family faiths have been carried on.

Yes, hers was a life of toil, but of toil cheerfully performed. The care of her home and of her children was, to her, a paramount duty. It was almost a religion with her: she could no more have understood neglect of home and children than she could have comprehended dishonesty.

She was not an educated woman in the academic sense, but she was a natural doctor of philosophy. She was deeply grounded in the humanities, filled with the milk of human kindness and enthusiastic in her efforts to be of service to others.

Because duty, and in her later years ill health, circumscribed her field of social activity, the world in which she was interested came to her. Rarely, in or out of the usual season, could one spend an hour in her sitting room without encountering from two to half a dozen callers.

She was well informed on general as well as local events. She was an inveterate reader of the newspapers and radio came to her in the isolation of illness as a great blessing. She had to consult no schedule to know the time and station of every worth-while news broadcast.

Like all persons of character, she had strong likes and dislikes. But many more likes than dislikes, for she seemed always to find excuses for human weakness and to seek redeeming features even in a renegade.

Her whole nature was innately kindly. In time of illness or bereavement for even casual acquaintances, she sought ways to be helpful.

She had a deep understanding and sympathy for the problems and difficulties of childhood. As a result, children were always about her, sure of her wisdom to comprehend their needs and desires.

She was always surrounded, too, by animal pets. Between her and cats and dogs, even chickens, there was a bond of understanding and seemed to be a language of mutual communication.

As her strength waned and her health became less dependable, there was no diminution of her spiritual energy. Her great will drove her to physical efforts at which a less sturdy soul would have shuddered. Indeed, one of the major problems of her physician and of her family was to keep her from undertaking the tasks which belong to the strong and vigorous.

She loved the chit-chat of her world. In a word, she liked to gossip; but her gossip was always kindly. In nearly a quarter century I never heard her say one malicious thing of anyone.

She had a wide circle of friends among three generations of summer people. There were times when her sitting room took on the atmosphere of a salon.

In Springfield, Mass., December 29th, William R. Morris, son of the late Benjamin F. and Mary S. Morris of Nantucket, aged 84 years, 4 months, 24 days. Interment at Nantucket.

Death of William R. Morris.

William R. Morris, a well-known citizen of Nantucket, died in Springfield, Mass., on Friday afternoon week, at the age of eighty-four. He left Nantucket on December 12th, intending to stop in Springfield for a visit with his daughter, then to continue on to Florida to spend Christmas with Mrs. Morris.

He was taken ill at Springfield and his condition was such that medical skill was of no avail and following several hours of coma he passed away peacefully at the Wesson Memorial Hospital.

Funeral services were held at Springfield, Sunday afternoon, and the remains were brought to Nantucket on Monday afternoon to the Lewis undertaking rooms. Interment was Tuesday afternoon in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery. A brief committal service was conducted by the Rev. William E. Gardner. A delegation of members of the Pacific Club, of which the deceased had long been a member, was in attendance.

The deceased was born at Nantucket, August 5, 1860; the son of Capt. Benjamin F. and Mary S. (Crosby) Morris. In early manhood he served in the government life-saving service, and afterwards followed various lines of endeavor. He was active in real estate operations for many years and owned much property in various parts of the island, always ready to make an investment that he felt might prove profitable. An untiring worker, even when in advanced years, he did much of the repair work about his property with his own hands.

On the 5th of October, 1888, he married Miss Clara Fisher, one of the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Washington I. Fisher of Madaket. Mrs. Morris was in Florida when her husband was stricken and owing to her health her physician did not advise making the trip north to attend the funeral services. Besides his widow, the deceased is survived by a daughter, the wife of William H. Walters of Springfield. He also leaves a brother and a sister.

Death of Nathaniel E. Lowell.

Nathaniel Earle Lowell, a well-known and highly-respected citizen of Nantucket, died early Tuesday morning after a long illness. He was the son of the late Andrew G. and Judith P. (Snow) Lowell and was born on Nantucket, November 14, 1873. He received his early education in the local schools and then learned the trade of mason, following it a number of years in New Bedford and then returning to Nantucket. Aside from his trade he was greatly interested in farming and made a number of ventures, investing in real estate and being successful in business.

As long as his health remained vigorous, Mr. Lowell continued active and filled a number of positions of trust and confidence, being appointed to numerous town committees, and by his wise counsel and experience he gave valuable service to the town. In the erection of the Cyrus Peirce school building, the deceased brought the benefit of his experience and endeavored to see that the town received full value for the money expended.

Mr. Lowell was of a cordial, friendly disposition and was ever ready to lend a helping hand where needed. Failing eye-sight was his greatest handicap during the past few years and he was dependent upon the aid of others whenever he came down town. The voice of a friend, a cheery word of greeting, always brought recognition and a smile in response and a hearty hand-clasp.

He was a member of the Masonic and Odd Fellows fraternities.

The deceased is survived by a son Earle Lowell, and a sister, Mrs. Marcel Gouin.

Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at the son's residence on Main street. The Rev. Willard McKinstry, of the Unitarian church, officiated, followed by the Masonic service, conducted by W. M. Elias J. Lyon and officers and members of Union Lodge, F. & A. M. Committal was in the Prospect Hill cemetery under Masonic rites.

*Wied Apr. 11th 1944
aged 70 yrs. 4 mos
28 dys.*

HITLER'S EVA



This picture of Eva Braun is from her album found by American intelligence officers in Germany. She is reported to have died with Hitler in Berlin a few days after their marriage.

The books we think we ought to read,
Are pokey, dull and dry;
The books that we would like to read
We are ashamed to buy,
The books that people talk about
We never can recall;
And the books that people give us,
Oh, they're the worst of all.

NG, MARCH 18, 1944.

Annual Report of "Committee on Adult Education."

The Committee on Adult Education reports a very successful season of afternoon and evening classes under the direction and teaching of Mr. Dietrich Tete. The attendance was practically 100%, the work accomplished was of a high degree of quality and many homes in Nantucket will be more attractive because of the furniture that has been repaired and covered during this course of lessons.

There were afternoon classes from two to five and evening classes from seven to ten. As a few pieces were unfinished at the close of the regular sessions, Mr. Tete allowed an extra session to help get these completed.

There was a fine spirit shown in all the classes and at the close not a little fun, for some one wrote a poem which was presented in time to be read at the last session. The poem is attached herewith, as it gives a good picture of the entire project.

The Committee wishes to thank all who helped make this a success, and also to thank the members of the classes for their interest in the work and their faithfulness in attendance.

Frederick P. Hill, Chairman,
Ethel R. Lyon, Secretary,
Lelia M. Ray,
Clarence E. Sturtevant, Supt.
of Schools,
Committee on Adult Education.

The Evening Upholstery Class.

On the fourth of January in the year forty-four,
The wind blew hard and it rained as never before—
But Tete's upholstery class was scheduled to begin that very night,
And three souls ventured out to start it with very great delight.

There was white-haired Mrs. Blair, the local fire chief's wife,
She brought with her an arm-chair, a hammer and a knife;
Nancy Austin came there, too, with a foot-stool in her hand,
And all the instruction given, she could readily understand.
Along a little late, blew in most out of breath,
Edith Bartlett, weak from flu, and really tired to death—
Just a frame she carried, of an old Hitchcock chair,
Which he made her scrape down till all the wood was bare.
Then Lelia Ray joined them, with pencil and pad,
She took down the attendance in a book she had;
Mr. Hill wandered in and gave approval to the plan,
And thus the ten weeks' upholstery class began.

Each Tuesday night thereafter, to the Class were added more,
Until the total number of a dozen made up the final score;
Laura Foster and her Tony worked together, side by side,
To cover two strong boudoir chairs was what they gaily tried;
Julia Williams, the high school teacher, had a huge wing chair to cover,
Large enough to hold Sally and her little brother;
A nice little rocker with cane back and seat,
Was brought by May Porter—when finished, 'twas sweet!

Elizabeth MacDonald, who is a veteran at the art,
Had her husband help her at the start,
She had an easy chair and covered it with blue,
It's in better condition now than when it was new!
An old platform rocker with deeply curved frame,
Was what Margaret Alvezi worked on when she came;

A comfortable chair, badly frayed out and worn—
Whose covering was soiled, 'twas tattered and torn—
Was changed by Mrs. Coe into a beautiful thing,
Covered in tapestry, 'twas fit for a king!

A Victorian rocker, carved with grapes and vine,
Was Helen Ottison's prize (I wish it were mine);
"Jo" Devine on an arm chair just tied the spring,
So the next time a slipper chair she could bring;
Twin chairs, not beds, were Mrs. Hamblin's delight,
A rocker and straight chair whose covers she pulled tight.
Now, last but not least—Mrs. Ottison was there,
And oh, how she hated to work on her chair!
But her 10-year-old grandson she brought to her aid,
To do the man's work—then progress was made!

We learned such a lot—we asked questions galore;
We used all the hair and then asked for more;
We learned what is webbing and also what's gimp,
We were covered with dust ('twas no use to primp);
We used burlap, and cording and even some glue,
We stretched the covers 'till our faces were blue,
We had to use hammers, we had to use tacks,
We leaned over to work, until bent were our backs;
A webbing stretcher we know now right well,

We learned tacks have numbers—but we never will tell
Of the times we made the blood run
When we pricked our fingers—but we sure had fun
In using curved needles, and in learning to sew
Bind stitches along the edge, as we went to and fro;
The sewing machine gave us all a great scare,
It had enough speed to throw us out of the chair!
And yet when Freddie came to clean up at ten,
We didn't want to depart—no, not not even then.

You'd think we'd worn threadbare the patience of teacher,
Oh, but he must have had the faith of a preacher;
For never did Dick Tete by word, deed or frown,
Cause us to be discouraged—or even call us down
For errors we made or for things we forgot;
And we know we must have tried him—oh, such a lot!
And now that the course is done and all the chairs complete,
He's proved to us he's a teacher who would be hard to beat.

—Anonymous.

NING, MARCH 25, 1944.

Sergeant Andrew O. Lewis in Anzio Beach-head.

Sergeant Andrew O. Lewis has been through some of the strenuous engagements in Italy and has participated in the "Anzio beach-head" on the advance towards Rome. We have received an air-mail letter from "Andy", dated "somewhere in Italy", February 28th, and passed by the censor. The letter is written in Sergeant Lewis' familiar style and his friends who have been wondering "what had become of Andy", will be glad to read something of his experiences in the active war zone. He writes:

"Things are about the same around here. To be sure, it gets hot at times and a hole looks awful nice when the shells come in or when there is an air-raid on. But the boys can take about all the Jerrys can give.

"At last I am permitted to tell you that I'm sitting on the Anzio beach-head. I guess the censor decided that since the Jerries know we're here, you might as well share the secret, too.

"Of course nothing can be said about the fighting, but I can say that the fellows all have one eye cocked on Rome—which the right map will show you is not so very far away from where we are. Anzio ought to be found easily on the map.

"Do you remember those news-reel shorts of old bald-headed, hairy-chested Mussolini pitching hay with his farmers? Well, this is the place. It is all low rolling marsh-land, drained by a net-work of canals. Good for farming, I guess, but the poor doggie who digs too deep for his foxhole is likely to wake up in a well full of muddy water.

"Mail started coming through the very first week we were here. We were especially interested in seeing the January 3rd issue of *Life* magazine. The first six pages were devoted to sketches some artist made in our sector of the front during that sixty days' grind last fall on the other side of the Germans' winter line.

"You'll learn more about the when and where of the outfit during those days by reading *Life* than I could ever put in a letter.

"I told you that this is good farming country. That's both good and bad, depending on how much sympathy you have for a lot of Dago farmers in the middle of a battle-field. The farmers' live-stock certainly have served us well on occasions. Every once in a while a chicken gets tangled up in barbed wire, or a cow steps on a land mine. Then we have a feast. Even at their toughest a battle-fried steak makes the mouth water.

"Then there's the story about the herd of sheep grazing peacefully in Noman's Land. The shepherd has taken off to some safer spot, but the 100-odd sheep continue to grow fat and woolly under the watchful eyes of his sheep-dog, who faithfully tends the flock with scorn for both Americans and Germans.

"A new name for the Germans is coming more and more into use hereabouts. The name 'Jerry' a lot of guys feel is too sentimental. 'Boche' is dated; 'enemy' too impersonal. So we are starting to call them just plain 'Kraut.' Thus a fellow on O. P. will call 'There's a lot of kraut out there, Sergeant!' That word seems to convey just the right shade of distaste for something which needs cleaning up.

"It is now late in February and without knowing anything about the Italian seasons, spring does seem awfully near. True, we can see snow on the mountains and at night the cold does bite through the blankets, but in the morning when the sun comes out we are beginning to see birds. They sing away just as though the world is still the same and this spring going to be no different than it was last year. "It's such little things like the birds singing, the Italian women nursing their babies within 200 yards of a Long Tom, or the dog herding the sheep in Noman's land—those little insignificant things—that remind how unnatural this business of modern war really is and how desperately we've got to fight to get the darned thing over with.

The Farmer's Institute.

On Nantucket Isle more years ago
Than even we care to admit,
On Polpis road near a tumbling brook
A little shanty used to sit.

'Twas but one room, eighteen by twelve,
With a wood-shed at the side;
A door that opened toward the road,
One window and a chimney wide.

A ram-cat stove of rusty red
Stood in the middle of the floor,
And in a circle 'round the stove
A dozen wood arm-chairs or more.

A large box filled with heavy chunks
Of old fence posts, stood near the wall,
An oil lamp from the rafters hung
To shed a dim light over all.

And every night when work was thru'
The farmer men would come along
To sit awhile, to swap a yarn,
Or play a game or sing a song.

On winter nights when sleet and snow
Came howling on a northeast gale
The old stove gave a ruddy glow
That made the oil light seem quite pale.

Sometimes the boys would play a prank
And stuff rags in the chimney top;
The smoke would quickly fill the room
And then the meeting had to stop.

Or when the old oil lamp was lit
Then spluttered feebly and went out,
The oil for water had been changed—
Of that there wasn't any doubt.

In such a setting stories flowed
Of whaling days, of days at sea,
Of wrecks and rescues, calms and storms,
Imprinted on the memory.

Strange tales of wars of slavery days
Some of the old men loved to tell,
They'd fought the war of sixty-three
And some in ninety-eight as well.

Tales of the East, the Orient,
Of sailing ships around the Horn,
Of piracy and buried gold,
All made an interesting yarn.

More often they talked politics
And argued long and sometimes loud;
Republican or Democrat
Of their America quite proud.

And so for many, many years
The Polpis farmers met at night,
At the old Farmer's Institute
To set their many problems right.

The years have passed, the shanty's gone
But Polpis Road still wends its way;
We treasure in our memory
The friendship of our childhood day.

Althea Strong

New York city.

"I sure am hoping to get back home by next Christmas. I spent the last one on a hospital ship headed for Africa, but it was very nice. I spent seven weeks back there in a hospital, but I am now 100 per cent to the good. "Things back in Africa have changed in the last six months. It is like a big city in the United States, only you can't find much good food. They most all have eggs, but there's little meat or potatoes. Bread is not to be had unless you are a Frenchman with your card.

"I found Walter Barrett's and Earl Blount's names in the Red Cross books in Oran. From the Mirror I see that Walter has been back home. Lucky fellow! I know I'll be happy the day I round Brant point on the boat. "Be sure and keep the papers coming!"

Best regards,
Sergeant Andrew O. Lewis.
Battery A, 441st A.A.A., Bn. S. P.
A. P. O. 464, care New York.

(Sergeant Lewis sends us some interesting relics from over there, which include a 5-franc note on the Banque del Algeria; a piece of 5 lire Allied Military Currency; a blue ticket from "Joe's Joint" in Oran, North Africa, good for 1 beer; an American Red Cross ticket for the Snack Bar at Oran, good for 2 francs; and one or two other interesting bits from the scenes of war activities. Thanks, Andy, for your thoughtfulness.—Ed.)

Here's Another!

Second Chatty Letter to Those in Service:

We have been besieged during the last few weeks to send another chatty letter to the Service Men via the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror. So here are a few bits that have been gathered from here and there around town.....The island is getting ready for a very busy summer—people are coming earlier than usual.....A number of new eating places will be open.....Sea Cliff will be operated again by Mr. Jellis.....The interior of the Service Club rooms has had a spring house-cleaning.....The Green Coffee Pot is being enlarged.....Ernest Rollins Terry reached his half century mark on April 18th.....The ladies of the Auxiliary held a rummage sale and they were surprised at the variety of articles brought in for them to sell.....Old shoes, dresses, hats, knic-knacks, a bird-cage, and three pieces of ancient crockery.....The ladies could not find a purchaser for the latter.....Superintendent of Schools Sturtevant and family are to occupy the Ellis house on Gay street, not far from the Academy Hill building.....Dentist Pearl is now "gumming it" for a few months.....No, he did not do the job himself.....The local Red Cross Chapter will have headquarters in Folger Block where Major Sanguinetti formerly had his law office.....Victory gardeners are now busy, with visions of plenty of hard work ahead.....Lieut. Winifred Williams is now on over-seas duty, reporting from New Guinea.....Sergeant Chadwick of the police force is to raise pigs and chickens again this year.....By the way, the Sarg does his own slaughtering.....The boat now blows a warning whistle at 6.30 each morning.....Manuel Souza, who drives the express truck, has been off his feed lately with a serious case of blood-poisoning, but is now okay once more.....Mannie is now quite sure that he will tackle a victory garden again this year.....Donald Gibbs has been home on furlough, looking quite trim in the uniform of a Marine.....Charlie Chase says his business is still picking up.....Charlie takes pride in his job of street sweeper.....Minnie Nichols has arrived at 'Sconset.....Stanley Rowley and Frank Reimbass have entered into partnership and started collection of garbage.....Their truck is covered as it goes about town.....Byron Richrod is out of the Army and has gone back to fishing....."Dewey" Sandsbury, whose smiling face adorns one of the pages in the April Geographic, celebrated his 50th birthday anniversary on April 23.....Edith Bartlett, who usually responds to the call 9900, on the 26th was answering to 46.....The McCleaves, who have been in New Bedford for some time, have been home a couple of weeks. Fred observed his 47th anniversary on Patriots Day.....Gordon Farrier now ranks Chief Boatswain's Mate in the Navy.....The Praegers, who have been wintering in Stone Alley, are now at their home on India street.....George Esau, who is in the Navy, has been here on a short leave.....Arrayed in a red and black checked sweat shirt, Tony Sylvia gave a fine exhibition of "covering up potatoes" Sunday afternoon, for those who happened down around Consue.....Three local clergymen have now taken to wheels—the Baptist, Unitarian and Methodist ministers all ride astride.....Louise Lamens, a recent graduate of Truesdale Hospital, is now working at the Nantucket Hospital, waiting to be called to the Navy Nurse Corps.....Albert F. Egan Jr., who received a medical discharge from the Army, has organized the Nantucket Building Company.....Shirley Wilson Leland and her sister Norma, who have been working near Boston, have returned to Nantucket for the summer.....Frank Miller, who went to New Bedford to manage a fish-packing company, is now back and is to give the front of his fish market a coat of fresh white paint.....Lincoln Porte went to America recently and his fellow clerks at the postoffice declared that was the reason the boat had to make an extra trip—Lincoln wanted a longer sail for the price of his ticket.....The Pullman is open for the season and the men now line up on the stools for breakfast.....The interior of the Pacific National Bank has been freshly painted this spring....."June" Bartlett has had a lot of sheep brought to the island. Those who have gas enough to drive out to Cisco can now stop and see the lambs cavorting around at "June's" place.....Wanetta opened "The Snackerie" on Patriots Day and a large company of friends and acquaintances attended the opening.....Someone pulled in a false alarm, thinking a boat was sinking at the South wharf. The fire department found no trouble, but the fellow who hurried up town in his shorts felt rather chilly.....The "two Joe's" of the Eagle Barber Shop are taking semi-annual vacations—one takes care of the trade while the other Joe takes a jaunt to America.....Gertrude Cady has joined the Waves.....Hyman Levine likes to help others when business is good. He filled his pocket with nails, grabbed a hammer, and nailed covers on boxes of fish in order to help a fishing-crew get their catch on to the out-going boat.....Service Men are delighted to have Mrs. Craig back with them at the club-rooms.....Gordon MacDonald, who had an addition to his family group not so very long ago, anticipates a busy season at the doughnut shop, but does not expect the little girl to be of much help there this season.....Irvin Wyer and Charlie Thurston both have more than they can do, right now, ploughing and harrowing....."Min" is back at the Ration Board,

"Gibby" and His Bulldozer.

Gilbert E. Burchell, of Nantucket, has received the rating of Machinist Mate 2nd class. He is now serving in the Admiralty Islands in the South Pacific. The following is clipped from the weekly bulletin of the paper issued by the Seabees:

"They are now safe from the ravages of a jungle beast—after a terrific struggle.

"Gilbert Burchell, operating a bulldozer, charged the tree in which the beast was probably sleeping. Howling madly, fangs bared and its great tail lashing, the critter leaped (fell) from its perch and paused, preparing to charge the camp. Upon the scene rushed the General (W. Leong) commanding his brave troops (Worth, Langlee, Burchell and the bulldozer). Every lunge of the awful beast was parried by the troops with speed, skill and falling over one another, yet at the crucial moment the fearsome animal took off for home.

"But wars are no longer won by the infantry. General Leong rushed his armored Burchell (remember the glorious show 'The Fighting Seabees?') in frontal attack, ignoring right and left flanks. The beast was cornered between the bulldozer blade and Worth and Langlee, and chose the blade as the lesser evil."

[Those camp bulletin papers are issued for the entertainment and enjoyment of the boys in service and some of the items make good reading to those on the outside.—Ed.]

Edgar Allan Poe died in 1849 a poor man. At a recent sale \$24,000 was paid for the manuscript of his story "Murders in the Rue Morgue"; and a letter which he scribbled as a boy of twenty was sold for \$2500.

Army Legend Explains Why Oak Leaf Cluster Outranks Bar.

Here is why the Army selected an oak leaf as denoting higher rank than a bar.

According to an old Army legend, a first lieutenant, or subaltern; as he was once called, may assume an elevated position in the field to watch the operations of his command. (In the old Army second lieutenants wore no bar as insignie of rank until the World War.) The first lieutenant climbs on the first bar of a fence. The captain has to oversee more men and must therefore climb higher—two bars.

Up in rank and up in an oak tree goes the major, who must see even more men. The lieutenant colonel climbs into a silver spruce and the legend carries the colonel up to the eagles. Generals have so many men to look after that they can only do the work from a view such as that afforded by the stars.

Men training at the Army Air Force tactical center at Orlando, Fla., found the legend while doing some library research recently.

*Though the day of my destiny's
over
And the star of my fate hath
declined
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many
could find.*

—Byron.

(The above tribute to a woman's loyalty brings to mind a somewhat similar one of George Pope Morris: "Twas ever thus, when in life's storm hope's star to man grows dim—an angel kneels, in woman's form, and breathes a prayer for him.")

after a trip out to the west coast to be with "Jim" before he made another voyage out into the Pacific. Min says that she saw a lot of oil wells out at Long Beach, but made no investments.....Mr. Barney is still being showered with congratulations over that 29-hand at cribbage.....Harvey Laprade has re-painted the N. Y. C. in large white letters visible to yachtsmen who may round Brant point this summer and want to locate the Yacht Club landing.....Joe Rezendes, by the way, has his men hard at work preparing the tennis courts for the season.....Tommy Giffin, who has been home for a week or two, wearing a nice bunch of spinach on his chin, has sailed on another voyage. Tom's previous voyage was made on a liberty ship, but this time he wanted to try a tanker.....Brison is back from Connecticut with the same car but his friends miss the familiar Massachusetts number plates.....Sergeant Edna McLellan is with a WAC detachment over-seas.....Si Kaufman has bought a truck of Harry Gordon and as soon as he gets a license to drive will carry his own rubbish, etc., to the dump.....Gladys Wood's real estate office on Lower Pearl street has been remodelled.....The former bake-shop now has two windows of thirty panes each on its front.....Marguerite Roche is now in charge of Buttner's.....Not as many mayflowers have been gathered this spring as usual—shortage of gas probably the reason.....The town has decided to complete the concrete road leading to the airport.....New linoleum has been laid on the floor of Congdon's drug store.....Sherwin Boyer is doing a brisk business making new keys.....Trunks and grips have a habit of losing their keys during the winter.....Helen Tice Cook is to work for the publicity committee.....The Boy Scouts have been on a junket to America.....Charles H. Handy was in charge as scout-master.....Heavy shipments of fish continue.....Busy times around the docks when the boats are packing out.....Albert R. Coffin's goat had triplets again.....Myles Reis and James Dennis are in the Army now.....Mrs. Karlson Reinemo has gone to New Orleans to join her husband, who is stationed there.....Don't you recall Marion Matland?.....That's her....."Mannie" Sylvia, the post office clerk, is recovering from a kidney operation and will soon be able to resume his duties.....Betty Toner has a job in the Gas & Electric office.....The "Bless The Lord" vegetable wagon is in service again.....The special town meeting this week lasted just three minutes.....Rumor has it that "The Skipper" is to be under new management this season.....Everybody here at home sends greetings to all of you.

Yes! Here's Another!

Service Men Have Been Asking for Another "Chatty Letter" From Home. Here it is:

Here's another chatty letter from home to those in service.....

The settees are out on the streets for the summer, nicely repaired.....Balfour Yerxa is out of the service and busily at work with his fleet of sail-boats.....Chester Faunce, who has been assistant to Carll Appleton at the Academy Hill School, will drive the parcels post truck this summer.....400 new telephone poles are to be sent here this spring.....A calf weighing 125 pounds was born to a Holstein cow at Bartlett's farm this week.....Harvey Laprade now holds the title of superintendent of the Yacht Club property.....Chief of Police Mooney tips the scales at 230 pounds.....Josephine Deacon now works in the Pacific Bank along with Polly Porter, both new hands since last summer.....The harp arrived this week, indicating that there will be music at the Beach House again the coming season.....The Wileys of the Chanticleer are back from Florida.....So is John Salvas, the village barber.....James Worth has quit his job as special police at the movie theatre.....Constable Charles Chadwick is taking over.....Mrs. Walling has moved up from Brant Point and is now living in a snug little cottage on Rose Lane.....Ed Tavis has a fleet of fifteen sailboats which he will rent this season.....He purchased the fleet of William Coffin and added to his own.....Sid Thurston has been handing cigars around to his friends.....It's another boy.....The Allens have purchased the ramshackle building which was formerly Warren's blacksmith shop.....Oliver Fisher is now a shepherd. He has the flock well under control up at the head of Main street.....Dolly Coffin (that was) is here with her children for the duration, while Hubby serves Uncle Sam.....Norman Barrett could not stand the Navy Yard loaf-shop any longer, so has taken the job of driver at the fire station.....Ruth Sutton, the popular artist, is recovering from a severe fall and reports quite an interesting demand for accommodations at the art colony.....Clinton Orpin fell over-board and had a narrow escape.....Reported that the Wesley Fordyces have taken over the Pooler (Lawrence) house on Gardner street, near Quarter-mile hill.....The Allen boys are to take hold and open the restaurant this season.....They are through as civilian air instructors and both are above the age for immediate service.....Beulah Scully has fitted up the old blacksmith shop as a very attractive eating place.....Beulah did well last summer down on Easy street.....Everett Crosby has issued another edition of "95 Per Cent. Perfect".....Canopache is blossoming forth again.....Mayflower produced a litter of ten piggies there a few weeks ago.....The latest addition bears the name of Heliatrope and is a promising bovine specimen.....Albert R. Coffin's barn has been moved out to Canopache as a home for Heliatrope.....A heavy, low-lying frost struck the cranberry bogs the other night and many of the berries were touched.....The temperature dropped so quickly that Marland could not get them all flooded before the frost struck.....Sergeant Henry Coleman has been home on furlough from what he terms "Lousyana".....Henry says he would not trade Nantucket for the whole of the southland.....Ducks are again paddling around in the George C. Gardner pond at the head of Main street.....It is rumored that not only are some of the mechanics talking about forming a union, but so are the fellows who are pushing lawn-mowers.....Tax bills are now out.....Collector Morris expects a large number of early visitors at his office in the town building on Washington street.....George Lake rented Woods' truck and drove down the Cape with Louise and May, reaching Provincetown without mishap and returning with the Page household furnishings.....Mrs. Page recently purchased a cottage on the Point from the Curries.....Now that the days are getting longer, Suburban Heights are becoming active again in the vicinity of Sunset Hill.....John Gardner will probably serve as captain of the team again this year.....Sisson has opened his candy kitchen and several bushels of popped corn have already gone to the movies.....Cora has been up to Boston for a little pleasure jaunt before the rush of season starts.....Ed Olderich is out of the army and working for Ashley.....Andrew Brady has gone into the Navy this week.....He was the last of the local registrants under 26 and preferred water to land service.....His wife and the twins are to live with her parents while Andrew is in service.....Mr. Grob, of the school faculty, will stay here this summer and sell tickets at the steamboat office on the wharf.....Miss Prentice has placed The Skipper in good hands, with Bill Beers to be at the helm....."Sugar" is again on the job at the Ration Board with the smile that makes her popular.....Harry Allen has done an artistic job of lettering on the windows of Congdon & Coleman's real estate office.....The firm moved from Petticoat Row several months ago to the store formerly occupied by Finlay's paint-shop.....Rummage sales continue to be popular among the women, but where the junk comes from is a puzzle to the opposite sex.....Jim Levins is the only man who has had cash enough and courage enough to appear out with a brand new straw lid.....The

Sewing Circles of 1867.

Before our mothers had met their mates,
Just after the War between the States,
In bustle, and kerchief, and furbelow
They sat themselves down and started
to sew.
In that staid old town of the cod and
the bean,
It's surprising they worked on such
things obscene
As to fashion for babies those little
squares
Not unlike the garments that Gandhi
wears.
These meetings began as early as ten
And they paid a fine if they weren't
there then.
For hours they plied with needle and
thread
On thick flannel petticoats, heavy and
red,
And they made underwear both strong
and stout
Of unbleached cotton that couldn't
wear out.
Then into great baskets when they
were made
These clothes were folded and care-
fully laid
By one selected with fingers most
nimble
To pack up the goods, and polish each
thimble.
But sometimes it happened they made
things there
Not even a cripple could ever wear—
And then in anguish they'd bite their
lip
And sneak them home for their maids
to rip—
Though this of course was a sly thing
to do
Since they hoped other members never
knew!
Sometimes they met in the evening,
and then
They also included a group of men.
These times were most jolly, and far
from slow,
Each girl bringing with her, her fav-
orite beau.
I am sure any man would puff with
conceit
To learn how these meetings were
thought such a treat—
First a light supper, a round with the
cards,
And then the young blades who
thought they were bards
Would lift their voices as high as the
skies
And sing "Drink to me only with
thine eyes."
So you see in spite of the hard work
done
They also indulged in a little fun.
M. B. F.
Milton, Mass.

"To the Editor of the Post:
"Sir—How does the line start, 'The
Cabots speak only to Lowell,' etc.,
go?"
The jingle, written by Dr. John C.
Bossidy in 1905, is as follows:
"Here's to good old Boston.
The Home of the Bean and the Cod.
Where Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God."

High School graduation exercises will be held on the evening of June 15.....One of the government trucks knocked over a hydrant the other evening..Not long ago another of Uncle Sam's trucks knocked over the fountain.....Another crashed into the Reverend Gardner's parked car.....Local motorists are inclined to give the government trucks a wide berth when they see them coming.....Two Nantucket boys who hold high rank in the Navy have been home lately—Capt. Marcel Gouin and Lieut.-Commander John Walling.....Jean Garnett has joined the Waves.....Roswell Holmes, back from service in New Caledonia with the United States Engineers Corps, has been called for service at the Nantucket airport.....Shirley Gudmunson, of the Consue pottery shop, is now a WAC.... Sergeant Thomas Devine is home on furlough from Camp Gruber.....Josephine went out to keep him company on the journey east from Oklahoma.....The Wharf Rat cannon does not get a chance to cool off, as "Rats" are arriving on every boat.....The contestants have declared that the foot race up Main street will not be repeated.....Cliff Eddy has opened the emporium in 'Sconset.....Fred Heighton will be the officer at the gate on Steamboat wharf this season.....He thinks he will not find so much interference from the young Coast Guard boys as he had last season.....The Coast Guards are not as numerous.....Charlie Fisher is to be baggage-master on the dock this summer.....

A Message From a Seabee.

A Seabee serving in the South Pacific—Walter Haeuber, Jr., Seaman 1/c—sent the following poetic message to Columnist Bill Cunningham, of the Boston Herald—a message straight from the fighting front:

"So you're tired of working Mister,
and you think you'll rest a bit;
You've been working pretty steady,
and you're getting sick of it.
You think the war is ending, so you're
slowing down the pace.
That's what you may be thinking, Sir,
but that just ain't the case.
What would you be thinking if we
quit 'cause we're tired, too?
We're flesh and blood and human, and
we're just as tired as you.

"Did you ever dig a foxhole and climb
down deep inside,
And wish it went to China, so's you'd
have a place to hide,
While motored buzzards, packed with
guns, were circling overhead,
And filled the ground around you with
hot exploding lead?
And did you ever dig out, Mister,
from the debris and dirt
And feel yourself all over just to see
if you were hurt,
And find you couldn't move, 'tho you
weren't hurt at all,
And feel so darned relieved that you'd
just sit there and bawl?"

"Were you ever hungry, Mister—not
the kind of food that gluts—
But a gnawing, cutting hunger that
really bites your guts?
It's a homesick hunger, Mister, and it
digs around inside,
And it's got you in its clutches, and
there ain't no place to hide.
Were you ever dirty, Mister, not the
silty-collar kind—
But the oozy, slimy, messy dirt, and
the gritty kinds that grind?"

"Did you ever mind the heat, Sir—
not the kind that makes sweat run
But the kind that drives you crazy,
'till you even curse the sun?
Were you ever weary, Mister, I mean
dog tired, you know,
When your feet ain't got no feeling
and your legs don't want to go?
But we keep agoin', Mister, you bet
your life we do,
And let me tell you, Mister, we ex-
pect the same from you!"

Another "Chatty" Letter

In Response to Repeated Requests From Men in Service, Here's Another "Chatty" Epistle to The Boys Who Are Far From Home.

Those in service will be interested to know that the season at home has actually opened with the arrival of the organ-grinder and his monkey.....The Old Mill is again doing business.....Several 10-year-old lads have equipped themselves with home-made outfits and are doing a nice business shining shoes....."Pat" Gardiner, daughter of the late H. Marshall Gardiner, has been improving the appearance of the front of the Art Store.....Her older sister, "Milly Lou," is taking a course at Columbia this summer.....The Sea Cliff porter and bell boys have donned new uniforms this season.....Howard Chisholm still sings his song at the gang-plank, although past the three-score-and-ten.....Frances Raymond is selling tickets at the Straight Wharf Theatre.....Mitch Ray has a new car—a gift from one of the summer residents who admires Mitch and his work as a basket-maker.....Ed Oldrich, who received an honorable discharge from the Army, is working for Ashley.....Frank Chadwick, a retired railroad engineer, has returned to his native isle and is staying with his friend, John H. Bartlett, at Ocean View Farm.....The Bartletts, by the way, now have a herd of well over one hundred head of cattle.....Annette Moore (that was) is working the cash register at The Spa.....Florence Ingall has arrived from her winter home in California and is another young lady residing on Easy street.....Chief of Police Mooney has donned a new uniform.....Screens have been put on the windows of the Service Men's Club.....The Pullman is in full swing, with diner and dining-room both in service.....Cliff and Bill Allen are putting in long hours helping Pa and Ma serve the hungry populace.....Both Cliff and Bill have recently received honorable discharge from the Naval Reserve; they were formerly civilian air pilots.....Warren's blacksmith shop has been sold and the rickety old structure will be removed from the land.....Sergeant Leroy Anderson has been home on furlough after months spent in far-off New Caledonia.....Barbara Holmes Strout has come home and is working in the Pacific Bank.....Gilbert Wyer, who saw months of hard service with the Ambulance Corps over in Africa, is home and working for Irvin Wyer.....Katherine Hatch Dunham and Lois Farr are working in Buttner's.....The hydrangeas are in bloom.....Robert Currie is now in Los Angeles with the T. W. A.Bob is not a flyer but is attached to the commercial end of the business.....Albert R. Coffin has sold his goat to Melvin Hardy and bought some hens of Charlie Thurston.....Joe Cahoon had his leave extended a week in order that he might peddle the loaves of bread while his wife is recovering from a bum knee.....Lester Ayers has called off his cribbage games until winter, as his job as operator at the movies keeps him busy every night.....Owing to the pressure of business, Ashley's Market is frequently obliged to close its door in the afternoon in order that all of the clerks can turn to and put up the accumulation of orders.....Heaviest business ever witnessed on Main street.....Lucille Elizabeth Ayers has taken a position in Brock's insurance office.....Doris Mack, who has been there a number of years, tendered her resignation.....Rumored that Alexander Schmid, one of the popular members of the school faculty, has accepted a position over in Chatham.....Kathryn Raub is working with Evelyn Gardner at the beauty shop on Petticoat Row.... So many people seem to have read the Nantucket article in the "Geographic" that *The Inquirer and Mirror* office is besieged with visitors every day.....All are welcome to come in and look around and see the historic press that turns off the largest page in America..... Alexander Schmid, one of the teachers, is busy this summer driving the bathing beach bus for Laura Pease.....Orin Coffin and Carll Appleton meet promptly at 7:30 each morning on the drug-store corner to talk over town topics.....One of the broody hens in Nantucket adopted a litter of kittens and houses them under her wings each night....Florence (Warren) McLean is once more at one of the oars in Ashley's Market.....Oscar Hamblin, who has four sons in the Army, reports progress at Gold Dollar Farm out on the Madaket road.....The new street list prepared by the Registrars of Voters is out.....Robert and Richard Smith are both in service and stationed out at San Diego.....Nina Terry is delivering specials for the post office.....Lester Ayers is to have a new sidewalk..... Walter Sisson is running shy of corn to pop for the patrons of the movie theatre.....Says he has no assurance that another barrel of kernels will be shipped to him.....Marcus Ramsdell is busy running the Tuckernuck ferry, with the island's summer colony having a number of new arrivals this week....Nancy (Walling) Sims, who was at the ticket office on the wharf last season, this summer is serving at the telephone switch-board in 'Sconset The porters and bell-boys who line up at the gang-plank this year present a variety of colors: The Sea Cliff boys wear rich green coats and trousers; the Breakers chaps wear dark brown; the White Elephant boys don bright red; and the Gordon Folger boys wear jackets of blue.....Janet Elise Lamens has become quite adept at catching the bundles of way-bills tossed to the wharf by the officers of the island

Sergeant "Andy" Lewis Writes From Anzio Beach-head.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

I am writing this from the Anzio beach-head in Italy, where there is always plenty doing. I have received the papers of February 26 and March 4; also your letter. I have had a number of letters from people I hardly knew, but they have seen my address in the paper and have very kindly written to me. Letters mean much when so far away from home.

There are many things I would like to write about, but it would never get by the censor if I did, so I'll just have to wait until I get back home, and then I'll have plenty to tell.

I have seen some of the biggest air raids yet on this beach-head—they would make Africa look like a playground. And we still get them in large groups—just all over the sky. But sometimes they don't go back. Sometimes a shell will hit a bomb and then there is just black smoke and the airplane has gone. You can never find anything of the plane. That happens quite often.

Some people might think the A. A. A. is in the rear—well, some are lucky with big guns—90 m. m. and 40 m. m. They stay back, and our outfit does, too—occasionally. The S. P., however, is self-propelled artillery, which moves around and goes where things get very hot. We sometimes move three and four times a day and there is a lot of work when you do move.

Right now I have made a "house" in the ground. Could not dig down because of water, so we built up around the sides and put a roof of sand and logs on it—all it would hold, about 1½ feet. That's where I stay. Just room enough to crawl into and get away from the bombs and shells.

I would like for some of the folks back home to live here with us for a nice week-end—some of the fellows who are back in the states having a good time. Over here we know what war is—nothing rosey about it and it would not make a good picture. But we are going to see the show through till the end.

Of course we realize that we will not all come back, but those who do get home will have something to say. They will have to start life new, so keep things going at home.

I will be looking over the boys now, as I understand Robert Brownell will pass my way within a few days. I know he is in this area, but there are so many soldiers to look at that I may miss him, as he doesn't know I am around.

Walter Barrett's old outfit was near me at one time and had I not known he was back in the States I would have seen him. It is almost a year now since I have met any of the boys from home.

We are sending a few boys back already as we reached our six months in combat long ago. I sure would like to get back before spending another winter in the mud or in North Italy. They say it is cold up there, so we will have to move soon, if we want to spend Christmas back home this year.

This place is something like around Ram Pasture, with lots of water, plenty of mosquitoes—almost as big as air-planes. At the beach it was like back in the marshes on Eel point a few years ago before the mosquito control work started.

There are no natives around here. They take to the hills and keep away from this section. Cattle run wild. There are a lot of cotton-tail rabbits and pheasants, just like back home. That's about all the game I have seen.

I could go on writing for hours, but what would be the use of writing about things that I know the censor would not pass?

I hope that somehow I will be able to come out of this war and return home to Nantucket, but you never can tell. I hope there will be something for the boys when they do come back. Of course some of them, having seen something of the world, won't want to come back to Nantucket, but I for one will be happy to round Brant Point again. I have not seen a place yet that can beat the old home town and its people. I have been through many places where the people just exist—that's all.

I trust that our town will never look and smell like some of the places over here that I have seen—full of shell holes, shattered by bombs, and with dead bodies lying around, and a stench that is something awful. People are running with what they can carry in their arms, or else pushing a wheelbarrow or a bicycle. They know what war really is, and the boys over here know it, too.

So, let's get going and see the end of this mess. We must move soon and maybe the next time I write it will be from a large city to the north. I hope I'll be able to make it.

I am writing this from my hole on Anzio Beach the second Sunday after Easter. We are going looking for a Chaplain now.

This war will change most any man. I have seen the boys from the States—real tough ones—the first to go down. It takes a good man to stand up day after day. Something is liable to crack, even in the best of them, and when they crack you feel sorry for them, of course.

Well, greetings to all the folks at home. We are doing our part to bring this war to an end, but only those who are in it and going through such a campaign as this Anzio beach-head can realize what it really means.

Good afternoon, everybody! Signing off from my hole in the Anzio beach.

"Andy."

boats while they are swinging into their berths.....John Hussey Bartlett, Jr., has been shearing his flock of sheep.....By the way, "June" observed his 45th anniversary on July 9th.....Irvin Wyer drives the only "three-seater" in town.....Lorraine Pettipaw is working for Miss Stevens at her shop on Petticoat Row this seasonOver 450 telephone poles are being set by a gang of linemen from America.....Pawgvet Lane is down near the bathing beachThe concrete streets are being patched.....Dorothy Ceely is working in the office of the Registry of Deeds.....Tom Giffin is home from another voyage.....Buster Coffin has also returned from a voyage and has been spending his shore leave at his retreat on Tuckernuck—one place in the world where Buster is happy..... Helen (Tice) Cook is handling correspondence for the Publicity Committee.....Don't ask for another "chatty letter" too soon, boys! It is too much of a strain for the linotype!

The many friends of "Andy" Lewis will read with interest extracts from a letter which we received from him this week, written at the front in France on the 5th of October. Private Lewis gives the impressions of a soldier who is going through the struggle of the invasion, with its hardships and privations. His letter shows a longing to get back home as soon as possible, but "Andy" cautions the people in the States against getting too optimistic in the hope for an early end of the war. He is doing his part all right. With his letter he enclosed several specimens of French money, and also some of the new "invasion money" of 1944, which bears the French flag on the reverse, all printed in colors. Here are some extracts from "Andy's" letter:

"This is to let you know that I am still okay. I have just received my first copy of the Mirror in two months—dated July 22. Although nearly three months old, it is mighty welcome. We don't stay long enough in one place for mail to catch up with us.

"We hear a lot about what goes on back in the States. I don't do much writing. The people back home evidently think the war is about over. Well, last year when we moved through Sicily, everybody said 'Home by Christmas.' But we stayed all winter in Italy and on the Anzio beach-head.

"Now you know that on August 16th we hit France. The weather was very nice then and we moved very fast. Jerry was running like h—. For the last two weeks we have had rain day and night. It is cold and most everybody gets wet. Tanks get in the mud, trucks can't move.

"We over here know that the war will go on until spring and if all goes well some time in the fall of 1945 we might win the war. So some of the people back home who sit by a nice warm fire, had better think about us—living over here in the cold rain and mud for eighteen months. We are the ones who know what is going on over here.

"I would like to have a few of those boys over here with us, the ones who raised such h— at the theatre that Mr. Hull had to put the full price back on the price of their tickets. Over here there's lots of h— and we could take a little of that suff away from those fellows.

"I guess some of them see a movie every night. Well, I have seen about five shows in all the time I have been here, and that was back in the hospital.

"I look through the paper and see where boys are home on furloughs. Well, there is only one furlough I want, and that is to get one to stay home when I get there.

"I see that Bud Blair is in France on the Normandy front. Well, I wish him all the luck in the world, as I know that boys in an outfit like his go into some hot places. On Anzio we lost most of an outfit like his.

"I also see where Major Leo Killen is in the bull-pen in Germany. Well, I guess Jerry will take good care of him. You should see some of the Jerrys we got over here—young boys and old men, but no super-men have I seen yet. I don't think they have any.

"I am sending you a few franc notes. Just something to keep, for maybe some day you might come to France and then you'll have some money. I am also putting in a clipping from the Beach-head News (if the censor don't take it out) and also a cartoon of two girls who were too friendly with the Germans. That's just what they do with that kind of girls—cut off their hair. I have never seen it done myself, but I know some of the boys who have taken the girls all through town in a horse and cart after they cut their hair off.

"I see they still collect playing cards and story books for boys overseas. Well, here's a home town boy who would like to get something like that. I have never seen any yet. Some of the boys are playing poker and we surely could use a package like that. [Evidently the Red Cross kits do not reach the men at the fighting front.—Ed.]

"One of the fellows is now singing:

Year 1944

"I went up to Germany to have a little fun; those damned Germans got after me, and now they're on the run."

"Someone is always doing or saying something crazy. Maybe I'll do something this afternoon myself, or I'll go nuts.

"It is now raining again—raining like h—. That's about all it does, day and night, and at night it's awful cold.

"I was looking out at the nice potato field we are set up in. Boy, this is the place where they grow potatoes! All the way from Southern France up to where we are there's field after field of potatoes, and most of them are still in the ground as if they were dug up the Jerrys would cart them off.

"So we fry potatoes, bake potatoes, boil potatoes every day. Some days we have potatoes three times a day. A farmer told us he sent 1400 sacks of about 100 pounds each to Germany for one cent a pound, and the people in France had to pay six cents a pound for them at the market.

"As long as there are potatoes in France I guess we will eat, but I hope to get back home before everybody looks like a potato.

"Carrots over here are white. Cabbage is the same. Turnips are like our Nantucket turnips.

"This is not like it was in Italy. The people work and do it the hard way. Back in Italy all they did was to grow a few tomatoes, onions and grapes for their wine. You could put all the potatoes grown in Italy in one field over here.

"Well, I can't write much more. I hope that some day in 1945 I'll come home again—but don't let folks back there get the idea the war is over. Best regards to all my friends.

Sincerely yours,
Andy."

The Late Charles H. Macy.

Charles H. Macy, who passed away recently after a lingering illness at the age of 85 years, was a highly respected citizen of Nantucket, always interested in the welfare of his town. Of a genial temperament, he enjoyed associations with his fellow men and as long as his health would permit, he made daily visits to the business center, talking and joking with those whom he met and getting the most out of life in his declining years.

He was the oldest member of Nantucket Lodge, I. O. O. F., both in age and years of membership, having joined May 3, 1881. He was also the oldest member of John B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Susan (Dunham) Macy, by three daughters—Mrs. Leila (Macy) Appleton, Mrs. Madeline C. Legg, and Miss Aletha M. Macy; also by a son, Francis R. Macy, who has been in the lighthouse service many years. He also leaves a number of grand-children and one great-grandchild.

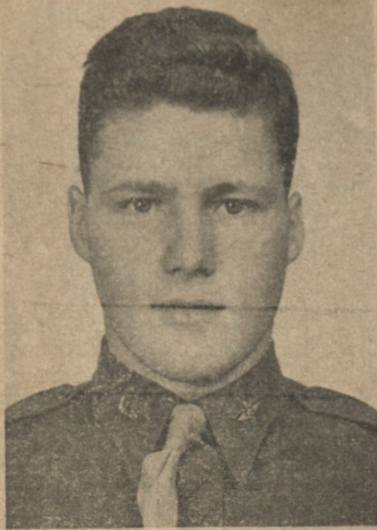
Aug. 1944

Observed 55th Anniversary in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bartlett, Sr., who have been visiting in Washington, D. C., at the home of Mrs. B. R. Margerum, celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary November 20. They were presented with flowers, a decorated wedding cake and other gifts, one of which was a beautiful pearl pin presented to Mrs. Bartlett by her husband. The house was decorated with yellow roses and ferns. Mrs. Bartlett was formerly of Washington. Many of her old friends attended the party.

Nov. 1944

JUNE 17, 1944



2ND LIEUT. FRANCIS P. HANLON.

Second Lieutenant Francis Patrick Hanlon, aged 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Hanlon, 34 Pleasant street, Nantucket, has arrived at the 15th Air Force P-38 Lightning base in Italy to begin combat flying. Hanlon, who was a football and baseball star at Malvern Prep School, Malvern, Pa., will fly his Lightning as a member of the crack P-38 group commanded by Lt. Col. William P. Litton, Shaw, Miss. The group has shot down over 440 enemy aircraft to become the top scoring outfit in the Mediterranean theatre of operations. The young pilot entered the Air Corps on March 23, 1942, at Philadelphia, Pa., and received his wings and commission as a second lieutenant at Spence Field, Moultrie, Ga., on March 25, 1943.

The Late Lieutenant Hanlon.

Aug. 1944

Memorial Service.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanlon, of 34 Pleasant street, received information from the War Department, Tuesday, stating that their son, Lieut. Frank Hanlon, Army Air Corps, reported missing some time ago, had lost his life in combat over in the European area. A memorial service for Lieutenant Hanlon was held in the Catholic church, Friday morning, the Rev. Fr. Joseph Griffin officiating.

Solos were rendered by Miss Ruth Ann Murphy, who sang "Mother, at Thy Feet is Kneeling," and by William Fitzgerald, who sang "Calling Me Home" and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The choir sang "Lead Kindly Light," "Nearer, My God to Thee" and "Abide With Me."

A group of the Naval Unit, headed by the Commander of the American Legion Post, escorted the family.

G, SEPTEMBER 9, 1944.

"Almanack Pond" Did Not Dry Up, By Any Means.

Last Monday we made a trip out to "Almanack" pond to see if it, too, had gone dry as have the other small ponds on the island as a result of the long dry summer. We found water in Almanack pond—it had not gone dry. In fact, shore birds and upland birds were there when we approached. The marsh surrounding the pond was green and swamp flowers were in blossom. The pond was far from dry.

Many people, seeing the picture on the October sheet of the Nantucket calendar, naturally wonder where "Almanack Pond" got its name. We do not know. The late Ferdinand Ewer, in his historical map made in 1869, locates and names the pond, showing that it was known as "Almanack Pond" at that period.

The late Frederick C. Sanford, who owned a large tract of land in the vicinity and maintained a summer house (mainly for picnics) on the hill over-looking the pond, in 1887 gave the following explanation with the legend which has existed for generations:

"Almanack Pond is a shallow pond of limited circumference which tradition says the Indians watched closely every year.

"By the amount of water in it at seed time, the Indians were said to regulate their planting—that is, if the pond was full it indicated a dry season; if it contained but little water they felt assured of plenty of rain during the summer months and planted accordingly.

"If Almanack Pond is full in the spring, it foretells a dry summer; if at the end of a dry summer, it still contains water and did not dry up as other small ponds have done, it foretells a winter with plenty of moisture in prospect."

"This is the legend as I have always heard it, and which I have always watched with keen interest," said Mr. Sanford.

after a hot, dry summer

More About Almanac Pond.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Recently you mentioned the naming of "Almanac Pond" as indicating wet or dry weather. In my family, for at least 60 years, we always said the name was given by the Indians because they told the seasons' by the various flowers growing around the pond.

Members of my family knew Abram Quarry very well and it is possible they learned from him the above reason for naming the pond "Almanac"—which sounds reasonable.

Very truly,

John G. Locke

San Diego, Cal.

The Night
A Memory

The St.
December
version of
Night Before
already been
newspapers.
by a young
Griffin, who
private secret
has heard
horrors of
A copy of
Rev. Howard
of the First
Washington.
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our heels.
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and jam,
an eggless
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itter sting
g Santa, tha
We won't
Sam on the
and I think he
hearing is
"Happy Christ
a 'B' card."

Wyer Recalls an Episode
of Other Days.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

In these trying times, when mere man goes to the food store, the poor devil is overwhelmed with bewilderment of the intricacies of red points, blue points, and confusing values of each, and he is likely to be stunned at the colossal costs of what he has been instructed to purchase.

A recent experience reminds this scribbler of an episode away back in Grover Cleveland's first term. Life was simpler and more equable then than now, and in our native town of Nantucket, Massachusetts, there abode two retired sea captains who during the twilight of their lives became fast friends. Both became convinced of the truth of spiritualism, and in their confidence they agreed that whichever one died first the other should at the agreed hour each day visit his former comrade's grave, and with the departed spirit keeping the tryst, then and there should recount the current gossip of the town, any of those little events which fill the "personal" columns of our rural newspapers.

In due course Capt. Tom's race was run, and thereafter Capt. Joe daily trudged up to the graveside and unbosomed himself of his budget of news and such spicy comments as came to his mind. One day in a state of agitation he called loudly to the departed spirit: "Tom! Tom! There is bad news! Corned beef has gone up to fifteen cents a pound and cucumbers are five cent apiece, and ye're a damned sight better off right where ye are!"

Other times, other customs! All things change.

Arthur C. Wyer

Delhi, N. Y.

The "Boys" of September.

The last part of September seems to be a period when congratulations are to be extended to quite a number of our male citizens. Among them are:

Eugene Viera reached his 45th anniversary on the 18th.

Earl Mayo, who was 51 on September 22d.

Marcus L. Ramsdell, who reached his 55th on the 23d.

Francis Burgess, who was 41 on the 24th.

Leroy Howard True, who reached his 42nd year on the 25th.

Clarence Eugene Sturtevant, superintendent of schools, who observed his 41st on the 25th.

John Rosa Reis, who became 48 on the 27th.

Dr. Charles E. Congdon, who reached his 72d anniversary on the 27th.

Capt. James O. Sandsbury put his 61st down in his log on the 28th.

Carlton H. West, reached his 48th anniversary on the 28th.

Edward O. Gardner turned his first half century also on the 28th.

Alcon Chadwick reached his 40th the same day—the 28th.

His elder brother, Charles C. Chadwick, will observe his 58th on the 29th.

Sidney W. Thurston reached his 40th also on the 29th.

Oscar Hamblin, Sr., with four sons in the Army, will reach his 62d on the 30th.

There are probably several more who can claim the latter part of September for their natal anniversaries.

Asa Jones Was Nantucket's
Shoemaking Pioneer.

A number of years ago, a volume entitled "The Organization of the Boot and Shoe Industry in Massachusetts Before 1875" was printed by the Harvard University Press, being one of the "Economic Studies" of the University. It was written by Blanche Evans Sprague, then Professor of Home Economics at Cornell. Upon visiting the Nantucket Whaling Museum this summer, Mrs. Sprague left a copy on loan with her friend, Mrs. Lilla Macy Appleton. Anyone interested in reading the volume may find it at the library of the Whaling Museum.

In reference to Nantucket, in her book, Mrs. Sprague wrote:

"Asa Jones, who was born in Nantucket in 1829, never became a wealthy manufacturer like Isaac Prouty, but remained a shoemaker, cobbler, shoe-retailer all his life, either from lack of capital, enterprise or opportunity. He is interesting as the pioneer domestic worker who linked up the Island of Nantucket with the mainland shoe manufacturers.

"As a youth he was sent by his father, a custom shoemaker of Nantucket, to Weymouth, to learn any 'new tricks of the trade.' On his return in 1852, after two and a half years of experience on sale boots and shoes, he helped his father on custom work on high grade ladies' and children's as well as men's shoes, until William Reed, of Abington, whose brother had worked with Jones in Weymouth, made a visit to Nantucket and arranged to 'put out work' to Jones.

"The stock—four or five cases at a time for bottoming—was sent from Abington to Hyannis and by boat to the Island. For this work, Asa Jones hired a single room in a building on Main street, and one man to help him. The soling was done leisurely in odd times during the winter, for the stock could not be returned until the ice broke up, making it feasible for the boats to go to the mainland. Other domestic workers in Nantucket began to work on brogans for Kingman and Swift, two shoe manufacturers from North Bridgewater, who started a central shop in Nantucket about 1862."

JULY 15, 1944.

Death of J. Howland Gardner.

J. Howland Gardner, who died at his home in Old Lyme, Conn., recently, was formerly head of the New England Steamship Company and was well-known on Nantucket, where he had many acquaintances made during the years when he was a frequent visitor to the island. He had not been in good health for a number of years.

He was of Nantucket descent, his great-great-grandfather being Henry Gardner, whose name appears on the



THE LATE J. HOWLAND GARDNER.

tablet in the Historical Society's museum as one of the group of Nantucket men who fought with John Paul Jones in the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. The deceased was born at Newport, R. I., February 28, 1871, and graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1894 as a naval architect. He became vice-president of the New England Steamship Company in 1913 and was chosen president in 1928. He was connected with a number of important boards during and following the first world war.

Little Pigs Without
Feet and Ears

To the Editor of The Standard-Times:

My thoughts in returning from a recent tour of the food markets are expressed in the following rhymes:

To market, to market, rigatajig,
Home again, home again, no
little pig.

I went to the market to buy
some meat;
Came home in a terrible fright,
For trays piled high with piggies
feet.
And ears and tails in order neat,

I saw, and I wept that night.

For I thought to myself, and I
said, said I,
"Oh where have the piggies
gone,
With nary a tail or ear or foot.
Have they let them go all
shorn?"

So this is my sorrow, this why
I wail,
For I think of the piggies with-
out any tail,
No ears to hear with, no feet to
walk,
Just little round bodies made
out of pork.
Poor piggies, why were you
born?
And I sob and I sigh while great
tears fill my eye.
Oh piggies, where have you
gone?
S.S.B.

year 1944

The September Hurricane.

On September the fourteenth of forty-four

A terrible storm lashed over our shore;

I gazed at the sky just before the gale.

As I think of it now my cheeks turn pale.

I tho't of the crew on a gallant ship,
The "Gladys & Mary" on her maiden trip;

They had left their berth ten days before

And had set their nets thirty miles offshore.

The sea had been calm; the day was warm,

They had no hint of approaching storm—

'Till darkness fell and the wind raised a chop,

The barometer showed a decided drop.

Then Captain "Jack" with a troubled eye

Said to Stojak his mate "I think we'll try

To reach deep water"—but before they could go,

The first sea struck with a sickening blow.

The forecabin shook and threw Nor-

cross, the cook.

The look on his face was quite grim,

While dishes and pans and kettles and cans

Went clattering after him.

Their craft hove down with a murder-

ous sound

As Davy Jones' locker they sighted;

They opened their eyes with wild surprise,

And found that their ship slowly righted.

The captain crawled aft along the dark craft;

Half conscious, mumblin' and jabbin',

When the mountainous seas struck him square on his knees

And knocked him head first down the cabin.

The furious breeze and the strength of the seas

Tossed their poor helpless craft so un-

nervously,

'Twas then they found Capt. "Jack" would have drowned

Were it not for Bill Knowles and "Pete" Dooley.

The "mate" and John Betts, young seafaring vets

Held fast to the wheel but in vain;

With a crash and a roar she hove down as before,

But righted herself once again.

With lips white with fear as death hovered near

Each man prayed to God up above—

"Oh! Lord in Thy might please spare us this night,"

As they begged for His mercy and love.

For three anguished hours it seemed that the powers

Would pitch her again on her beams,

They could feel every strain as she tossed on the main

And they feared she would open her seams.

As darkness was waning with dawn in its grip—

The hurricane loosened her hold on their ship.

Though her decks were a shamble her dories were gone,

They thanked the good Lord on that God-given morn.

Her hatches had sprung when the hurricane smote her,

So the crew manned the pumps and toiled with her motor;

Her engines had died with the first sea that caught her,

Now they loosened her base plates to free her of water.

They worked all that day until night came around,

Then headed her in for the Nantucket Sound;

They opened her up for all she was worth,

And guided her home to her Nantucket berth.

What human could stay that hurricane's course,

As she whistled and howled in her glee—

These things men share—yet, some-how they dare
Return to the treacherous sea.

E. N.

Portrait of Captain Isaiah Folger Presented to Historical Society

Among recent gifts to the Nantucket Historical Association is one of considerable interest to a section of the northwest coast of this nation as well as to Nantucket. It is the portrait of Captain Isaiah Folger, the islander who brought the first colonists for the settlement which was to grow into the city of Seattle, Washington.

The portrait was presented by Mrs. Robert Appleton, grand-daughter of Captain Folger. Together with this, Mrs. Appleton presented the Association a portrait of Christopher C. Folger, son of Captain Isaiah (who died in infancy), and a miniature of Ann Maria Folger, daughter of Captain Folger (who also died in infancy), 2 China "Liberty" mugs, 2 silver lustre pictures, 2 plates, 2 wine glasses, 6 N. Harding spoons, a compote glass dish, and a Bradbury tea spoon. The portraits of Captain Folger and his son Christopher were both painted by William Swain, the Newburyport man who placed so many islanders of the 1820's and 30's on canvas. The miniature is said to have been done by Sally Gardner.

Mrs. Appleton also presented the account book of the *Exact*, which Captain Folger kept between the years 1824 and 1849, when he ran the little schooner as a packet to Baltimore and Providence. He then resided in the house on Milk street, with his storage sheds close by.

The portrait of Captain Folger was much desired by the Washington and Seattle Historical associations, both of which offered substantial sums for it, but Mrs. Appleton, loyal to her island home, determined that it should be preserved on Nantucket.

Captain Isaiah Folger was born in Nantucket May 11, 1795, the son of the famous Walter Folger, Jr., and Ann Ray Folger. In 1851 he was on board the schooner *Exact*, an island packet, as supercargo, when the little schooner went from Nantucket around Cape Horn to California. On a cold and rainy day in November, 1851, on a cruise into the waters of Puget Sound, Captain Folger took on board the *Exact* at Portland, Oregon Territory, the little band of men, women and children whom he transported to Alki point.

cated a solitary, unroofed cabin. This was the beginning of the town which was to become the present city of Seattle.

Captain Folger took the *Exact* up and down the Northwest Coast for a number of years, and on one occasion was reported lost on the coast of Alaska during a storm that destroyed several other craft. He returned to Nantucket to bring the news that he was still alive. He died in 1872 and at his funeral were five brothers acting as pallbearers. Had another brother, then off-island, been able to be present their total ages would have been 542 years.

The portrait of Captain Folger will be hung in the Whaling Museum—in the room which contains the fine collection of ship-masters representative of Nantucket's great days.

Claim Wreck of Str. "Portland" Located After 46 Years.

It is reported from reliable sources that the hull of the ill-fated steamship Portland, which disappeared in the blizzard of November 26-27, 1898, with the loss of 176 lives, has been located off Cape Cod. The loss of the Portland has since remained a mystery and that storm has always been referred to as "the Portland gale". It is thought that next spring, when the milder weather comes, divers may be sent down to inspect the wreckage, which it is now claimed has actually been located.

Edward Rowe Snow, who recently published the valuable book "Storms and Ship-wrecks of New England," states that research has established the fact that the hull lies nine miles north-northeast of Cape Cod in twenty-two fathoms of water. It was located, according to Snow, by the late Capt. Charles B. Carver, of Rockland, Me., whose scallop dragger picked up a bell and other articles that were identified as belonging to the Portland.

Identification of the bell and other material brought to the surface was established by James F. Hunt, purser of the Portland, who should have made the voyage but who missed the boat when he went to his home in the city of Portland to spend Thanksgiving with his family. The train was late that night and the steamer put out to sea without him.

According to Mr. Hunt, there was over \$18,000 worth of uncut jewels in the ship's safe, and an attempt may be made to recover it if the divers are able to locate the wreck, which it is now claimed can be done with a degree of certainty.

If the captain's log can be found on the wreck, it may record the last hours of the steamer's losing fight against the elements in the gale and blizzard which sent her to the bottom with such a serious loss of life.

Edward Rowe Snow, in summarizing the incidents, weather conditions, and opinions of those ashore and those on other craft who saw the vessel battling with the waves in the distance that tragic night, presents some very interesting angles in connection with the disaster. He closes his narrative with the following statement:

"Almost two generations have gone since the Portland sank beneath the waves off the North Truro beach, and relatively little has been discovered during the intervening period. It is improbable that we shall ever learn much more than now is known about New England's greatest sea mystery, but if she is located, the chances are that the Portland will be found off the changing sands of the Peaked Hill bars."

The discovery of the wreck of the steamer would indicate that Mr. Snow's opinion was correct. No one has made a greater study of this mystery of the sea and future developments will be awaited with great interest.

Straight Wharf--Killen Property Transferred to New Owners.

The final papers for the transfer of the Straight Wharf and Killen property, sold under mortgagee's sale a couple of weeks ago, were made on the 25th of August, Lawrence Miller being the new owner. Elias J. Lyon & Co. was commissioned by Mr. Miller to buy the property, and in accordance with the terms of the foreclosure sale final payment has been made and the title passes into new ownership.

This is one of the most important real estate transactions reported in recent years. We understand that Mr. Miller contemplates developing and improving the property and quite extensive plans are under way, which will be of great interest to the residents and summer visitors of Nantucket.

Straight wharf, extending from the foot of Main street, was built in 1723 by Richard Macy, son of the original Thomas Macy. For many years it had a double "T" extending on the north and south sides, and it was the scene of great activity during the whaling days. Many of the old-time steamers docked there, as well as whaling and coasting vessels. Steamers *Bradford Durfee* and *Canonicus*, which brought food and clothing to the inhabitants following the fire of 1846, discharged their cargoes there. The *Granite State* often came in with crowds of excursionists; the lighthouse steamer *Verbena* (now only a memory) used the wharf end for docking; and it was there that Alex Dunham's pilot-boat usually tied up—where "Alex" became the theme of Charles Henry Webb's poem "Alex Dunham's Boat;" and there the wood coasters and "apple merchants" docked year after year until that business vanished.

Nantucket history from 1723 to date is woven closely into the history of Straight wharf. The late Edward W. Perry, one of the island's successful merchants, for many years carried on the coal and wood business there; and in 1891 the late Captain John Killen, retiring from his seafaring career, took over the business of E. W. Perry & Co. In the spring of 1902, Captain Killen installed the first artificial ice plant at the head of the dock, operating under the firm name of J. Killen & Sons.

Following the death of their father in December, 1927, the three sons—John, Harold and Maurice—decided to continue the business and incorporated under the name of Killen Brothers, Inc., maintaining that name until the transfer of the property to Lawrence Miller, the new owner.

Developments will be followed with keen interest by the people of Nantucket.

Old-Time Thanksgiving Dinner at Nantucket.

Give ear and I'll tell you a story
Of a dinner held long years ago.
I'll tell it as Father's grandfather
Told him, and he surely should know.

Widow B lived alone in the outskirts
And seemed quite content with her lot.
Her garden was envied by many,
Better green goods could seldom be bought.

Each year she stored in her cellar
Apples, spuds, turnips, squashes,
galore,
While her shelves were weighed down
with pickles
And jellies, enough for a store.

Before one Thanksgiving a neighbor
Whom some people called Deacon Slim
Knocked on the widow's back door;
Surprised, she invited him in.

"I've called, marm, with a proposition
That seems to me just can't be beat,
Folks tell me that you cook old
roosters
So they're good as young chicken to eat.

"I just chopped some wood for a fellow
Who gave me a rooster for pay.
A mighty fine idee came to me;
That's why I am here today.

"You've all kinds of vegetables,
widdler,
I hear you make grand mince pies, too;
And cranberry jell and plum pudding—
Folks say you're a fine cook, they do.

"Now s'posin' I chip in the rooster—
I won't charge you one single cent—
Then you ask me over for dinner
And we'll have one festive event."

"Wal, now, that sounds fair, I reckon,"
The widow replied with a smile;
You bring the bird over real early
And I'll soon have him ready to bile."

By two o'clock dinner was ready.
He drew up his chair with a jerk,
Then ventured—"There now, don't you
bother,
I'll serve it, you've done enough work."

That bird was one camouflaged creature,
Skin and bones in abundance were
there;
The guest took the breast meat and
runners
And the meatless wings fell to her
share.

Then he piled on his plate all the fix-
ings
'Til he just couldn't find room for
more;
And he ate 'til you'd think he'd not
eaten
A meal for a fortnight or more.

Now Widow B planned in her cooking
To have some for Sunday to come;
But when his next plateful was eaten
And he reached for a third, she said
some:

"You ate about all of the rooster,
And four-fifths of the rest of the food,
But I'll keep this little for Sunday
So your wanting it won't do you no
good."

"Wal, that was a wonderful dinner,
But I've one more offer to make;
I'll take home the pies and the pudding
And the bones for some soup you may
take."

"Not much! Here's the frame of the
creature."
Her aim was surprisingly good.
And from that day he's made no
proposal

His carcass to stuff with her food.
—Lilian Clisly Bridgman.

Death of Regis Henri Post After a Long Illness.

Regis Henri Post, ex-Governor of Puerto Rico, died at his home on Liberty street, Thursday afternoon, having been in failing health for some time. He underwent an operation several months ago, but he was unable to regain his vigor and following his return to his Nantucket home he steadily declined.

The deceased has been a resident of Nantucket a number of years and was well-known to both the residents and members of the summer colony.

Regis Henri Post was born in New York city in 1870, the son of Albert Kintzing and Marie Caroline de Trobriand Post. He was thrice married and is survived by his third wife, Marguerite Denis de Lagarde Post, to whom he was married in 1934. He also leaves a son, Regis Henri Post, Jr.

The deceased was educated at St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass., and at Harvard University. During his life he held many offices of responsibility and engaged in various activities. He was trustee of the Bayport Union School from 1897 to 1902 inclusive, and in 1898-9 served as chief of the Bayport, L. I., Fire Department.

From 1900 to 1902 inclusive he was commodore of the South Side Yacht Club, South Bay, L. I., and during that same period he was a member of the New York Assembly, 2d District, Suffolk County.

In 1903 he was appointed Auditor of Puerto Rico and the following year became Secretary, the same year being elected President of the Executive Council of Puerto Rico.

Three years later he was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt as Governor-General of Puerto Rico, a position he creditably filled for the next three years.

During the campaigns of 1910 and the pre-convention of 1912, he served as private secretary to Theodore Roosevelt and in 1912 organized the Progressive campaign in Suffolk county, N. Y., running for Congress that year on the Progressive ticket. Jokingly referring to that campaign, Mr. Post once said:

"I succeeded in electing the Republican candidate over the Democratic by a plurality of three votes—my father's, my brother's and my own."

In 1914, the deceased volunteered as an ambulance driver in the American Ambulance Corps in France. In 1916, he attended the C. O. T. C. in Plattsburg. The next year he was attached to the American Red Cross in Italy, with the affiliated rank of Captain. He was decorated by the Italian government with the Service Medal and Knight Officer, Order of the Crown of Italy.

The deceased first became interested in Nantucket upon his return to this country in 1919, and since that year, with brief intervals, he has been living here ever since.

When France was invaded in 1940, Mr. and Mrs. Post were living in Paris, and were forced to flee the city together with the thousands who thronged the roads leading south. Mr. Post managed to reach a point some distance from the city but was trapped with a number of other refugees in an ancient town near Tours. He did not attempt to join the panic-stricken folk fleeing into the countryside and, with characteristic coolness, brought reassurance to his companions. After several months in unoccupied France, he was able to get Mrs. Post, who is a native of France, safely out of the

JUNE 29, 1945.

Nantucket Post Office Becomes First Class July 1.

On Monday next, the first of July, the Nantucket postoffice will be advanced to a first-class office, the business during the past year bringing the income up to the standard of first-class offices.

It was on the first of July, 1902, that the local office became second-class, and on the 15th of June, 1909, Nantucket first received carrier service.

The corner-stone of the new post-office building was laid on the 31st of July, 1935, and the building was open for public inspection on January 7th, 1936, the following day being opened for business.

The first air-mail flight from the building was on the 20th of June, 1946, and next Monday it will become a first-class office.

The list of postmasters who have served since the Nantucket office was established on the 20th of March, 1793, is as follows:

William Coffin	March 20, 1793
Silas Jones	April 1, 1905
James Barker	May 18, 1805
Thomas Macy	Dec. 4, 1817
George W. Ewer	May 5, 1829
James Mitchell	July 8, 1839
Samuel H. Jenkins	March 26, 1841
The office was advanced to the Presidential grade, July 1, 1843:	
George F. Worth	July 5, 1843
James H. Briggs	May 11, 1849
Joseph Mitchell	Sept. 25, 1850
Charles P. Swain	April 27, 1853
Charles P. Swain	March 24, 1858
Andrew Whitney	April 17, 1861
Andrew Whitney	July 14, 1865
Andrew Whitney	July 9, 1870
Andrew Whitney	June 24, 1874
Josiah F. Murphy	Jan. 16, 1879
Josiah F. Murphy	Feb. 5, 1883
John M. Winslow	April 11, 1887
Josiah Freeman	Jan. 6, 1892
John M. Winslow	Jan. 15, 1896
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 17, 1900
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 26, 1904
Charles F. Hammond	Jan. 13, 1908
Charles F. Hammond	Dec. 18, 1911
James Y. Deacon	July 11, 1916
Addison T. Winslow	Aug. 5, 1921
Addison T. Winslow	Dec. 14, 1925
Walton H. Adams, Act.	Oct. 11, 1926
Alfred E. Smith	March 3, 1927
Alfred E. Smith	Feb. 25, 1931
Miss Alice Roberts	Aug. 27, 1935
Miss Alice Roberts	Aug. 27, 1939

(under Civil Service)

country and to Lisbon, where they took ship for America and Nantucket.

He was a member of the Harvard Clubs of Boston and New York; of Patchogue Commandery, the Knights Templars; Suwasset Chapter, R. A. M.; St. John the Baptist (San Juan, P. R.) Masons; and Union Lodge, F. & A. M., of Nantucket. He was also a member of the Pacific Club and the Winter Club of Nantucket.

A regular communicant of the Episcopal church, he served as a vestryman and clerk of St. Paul's Parish in Nantucket from 1929 to 1931. Funeral services will be held in the Episcopal church, Fair street, Saturday afternoon, October 7, at 3:00 o'clock, conducted by the rector, Rev. Richard Strong. Interment will be at Sayville, Long Island.

The Chief reports that many of the calls upon the department were due to faulty electric circuits, caused by changes made by others than electricians and overloads on circuits.

In compiling this list and making is summary for the year, he places the total damage by fire at \$44,082, which is the heaviest for many years. The Chief's record reveals the following:

January 4—Coffin residence, 55 Orange street, damage \$5,000.	55
February 2—Grass fire on New Lane.	
February 3—Grass fire, Shell street, Sconset.	
February 11—Waggaman property t 'Sconset, loss \$35,000.	
February 24—Barn at Cranberry og, loss \$25.	
February 25—Brush fire on Madaket road.	
March 2—Slight fire on Hammond property, Vestal street.	
March 5—Grass fire on Howes property, Pleasant street.	
March 10—Over-heated furnace in oner house, Broad street, damage 705.	
March 11—Oil stove explosion in residence of William H. Barrett, India street, damage \$300.	
March 12—Milk street, Stanley Rowley, grass.	
March 12—Brush fire at Madaket, causing loss of Roberts gunning hack, loss \$400.	
March 24—Grass fire on Polpis road.	
April 2—Grass fire at Low Beach, Sconset.	
April 9—Grass fire on Polpis road.	
April 12—Judge Poland's house, Main and Bloom streets, caused by short circuit, damage \$1,282.	
April 21—Needless alarm.	
April 22—Fire out of control at own dump.	
April 23—Brush fire at 'Sconset.	
May 10—Brush fire near water works, Cliff Road.	
May 15—Fire on Coon street caused by children playing with matches, damage \$10.	
May 20—Saratoga street, Gifford house, caused by rags in closet, damage \$75.	
May 23—A. & P. store, Main street, caused by burned out motor, damage \$25.	
June 7—Fire at Schafer house, Lincoln avenue, caused by careless smoking, damage \$150.	
June 9—Residence of J. W. Brown, Cliff Road, fire-place in basement, damage \$200.	
June 9—Brush fire near Mooney pines, Polpis road.	
June 23—General alarm for missing woman, found at beach alive.	
June 24—Terry house, Darling street, caused by flooded oil burner.	
June 26—Miller house, Orange street, fire in cook stove.	
July 1—Webster barn, Main street, damage \$75.	
July 9—Roof of Sea Cliff Inn hotel, caused by cigarette, damage \$10.	
July 22—Brush fire on Walsh street.	
August 13—Brush fire at 'Sconset.	
August 14—Grass fire at Monomoy.	
August 27—Brush fire at Wyer's Valley.	
August 27—Brush fire at North Shore.	
August 28—Brush fire in Eagle Lane.	
August 29—Needless call.	
August 30—Garage and dwelling belonging to Alice Nickerson, West Chester street, damage \$300.	
September 2—Fire in Barnes residence, Orange street, caused by careless use of electric iron, damage \$150.	
September 4—Grass fire at bathing beach.	
September 8—Grass fire at 'Sconset.	
September 11—Crocker shop, North Liberty street, caused by children playing with matches, damage \$75.	
September 14—Short circuit at The Breakers on Brant point, during storm.	
October 2—Grass fire at Madaket.	
October 24—Hay stack, Vesper Lane, loss \$300.	
October 31—False alarm.	
No calls during month of November.	
December 27—Brush fire near sheep pond, caused by air-plane maneuvers.	

Helped the Inquirer and Mirror Along Its Journey.

How many people can you recall having worked in *The Inquirer and Mirror* office during your career? This question we were asked not long ago. Well, memory is of course apt to be fickle, but we can recall the following as having served in one capacity or another as a member of "the force".

Roland B. Hussey (editor and publisher from 1887 to 1907).

Arthur H. Cook (one of the publishers from 1907 to 1925).

Harry B. Turner (editor and publisher since 1907).

George P. Swain.

Edgar S. Smith.

Fred W. Coffin.

Andrew M. Myrick.

Anthony W. Ayers.

Jesse Brown.

Frederick M. McCleave.

Henry I. Macy.

Manuel F. Sylvia.

Frederick Woods.

Joseph Sylvia.

Paul A. Palm.

Benson C. Chase.

William Drobný.

Edouard A. Stackpole.

Norman M. Jordan.

Harold E. Dunham.

J. Albert Stackpole.

William Jordan.

Alexander Chase.

Alvin Casey.

Eugene Rezendes.

William Gibbs.

John Beamish.

Stanworth Nickerson.

Ronald Collins.

John Keating.

George Stafford.

Linda (Small) Backus.

Mary (Veeder) Hall.

Amelia (Holmes) Westgate.

Lydia C. Selden.

Lillian (Murphy) Pease.

Mary (Smith) Furber.

Lucy (Ray) Eddy.

Mable (Brown) Burgess.

Maude (Thomas) Macy.

Annie (Cash) Marden.

Ida Cathcart.

Marriot (Gibbs) Frye.

Viola (Thomas) Bartlett.

Ida Parker.

Bessie (Cook) Brock.

Lizzie (Bartlett) Kenyon.

Eleanor Manter.

Mabelle (Perkins) Jones.

Lola (Holdgate) Cook.

Olive (Raymond) Weimer.

Minnie (Lockwood) Lake.

Evelyn F. Murray.

Alice (Ayers) Deacon.

Florinda (Murray) Sylvia.

Catherine (Sylvia) Sylvia.

Ida (Garland) Sylvia.

Mary (Sylvia) Faunce.

Hazel (Appleton) Sandsbury.

Mildred (Corkish) Larkin.

Merle (Turner) Blackshaw.

Alice (Cahoon) Hayden.

Blanche Cahoon.

Anna Cahoon.

Katherine Cahoon.

June 30/1944

DAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1945.



PRIVATE GUDMUNDSON, W. A. C.

Shirley R. Gudmundsen preferred a "way of life" to "a job" and enjoyed the Norwegian Pottery shop she owned in Nantucket, Mass. However, with a brother, S/Sgt. Mark Gudmundsen, receiving the DSC and oak-leaf as a bombardier with the AAF, Shirley felt too far away from reality. She joined the Women's Army Corps and felt she had "arrived home" when she began basic training at First WAC Training Center, Ft. Des Moines, Ia. Private Gudmundsen is now stationed at Camp Hale, Colo.

More Facts on Bible Reading.

This week will bring to a close the concerted effort of Daily Bible reading between Thanksgiving and Christmas. This drive originated with the American Bible Society and was sponsored locally by the ministers of the Nantucket churches.

In the recent survey of Nantucket laymen concerning their reasons for reading the Bible, the one reason omitted in the former report was that it is a veritable library of the world's finest literature. The person who loves literature will find a grand treasure in the Word of God. Poetry, sonnets, love stories, history, drama and narration are but a few of the fine selections that make up the Word of God.

In many foreign countries the only book written in the native language is the Bible. In fact, our Christian missionaries reduced the language into writing and then translated the Word of God for those they taught to read their own language. Over and over again we hear reports of these people and others who read the Word of God for practice in reading or for good literature and find the power that is only in this Book of books. They come to love the Author—God. It is well to read and know the Bible, but still better to know and love its Author.

Begin this week to read the Bible every day. The following are the readings for each day until Christmas:

Friday—Acts 2 (Peter).

Saturday—Acts 6:8-15; 7:44-60 (Stephen).

Sunday, Dec. 32—Acts 9:1-9; 13:14-43 (Paul).

Monday—II Timothy 1:1-18 (Timothy).

Tuesday—Hebrews 11:24-12:2 (Heroes of the Faith).

Christmas—Matthew 2 (Jesus).

Nantucket "WAC" Writes Home From New Guinea.

This week we received a very interesting letter from New Guinea written by the Nantucket WAC—Shirley Gudmundsen, of the Norwegian Pottery Shop. Pvt. Gudmundsen did not intend the letter for publication we presume, but we so thoroughly enjoyed it, with her description of some of her experiences and impressions, that we decided to share it with our readers, so here it is:

Since Christmas our second-class mail has been coming in by the bushel (up till then the Post Office concentrated on getting our Christmas boxes thru, for which we were very grateful, altho all have not come in even yet). To-night's issue of the Inquirer and Mirror was of very special interest to me since it is the first official account of the election I have ever had.

Being as I went Democratic myself, I find it very interesting that both my home towns (Nantucket and Iron County, Utah) continued, as usual, staunchly Republican. But I am very happy to have escaped the radio mudslinging of the season. Sometimes I think it would be a wonderful thing if everybody voted quietly and comfortably by absentee ballot in August or September or sometime before the campaign got under way to confuse the issues.

I was also much impressed with Mr. Postma's account of the degumming of the Navy kitbags at Ft. Devens in view of the submarine menace. Out here, being on dry land, we can chew all the gum we want, and since it cleans the teeth, relieves the thirst, and lessens office fatigue, I really can't imagine how we'd make out without it. Fortunately we have plenty of it, and also cigarettes. Remembering how the home front is still having to go practically without these two items, I only hope they half-way know how much we appreciate it.

In lieu of good honest American money to add to the overseas subscription fund, I'm just enclosing a local (Australian) pound note. In case you already have one of this vintage for a short-snorter in the office collection, it's good for \$3.20. The currency still seems a little like stage money, and it is still rather exciting to be able to trade it in for Aussie toothpaste and 12 cans of OD 3.2 per month (which we drink warm, having no ice)—about all we can do with it, except buy air-mail envelopes. In general we come to depend on the troops for our sun tan pants, shell and coin bracelets (beautiful things) and grass skirts (I'm still just hoping for one).

One of the amusing facts about the New Guinea WACs is their fondness for raw onions. As one of my pals put it, almost any gob who comes down to the area with a big Bermuda onion can be sure of a date. Although the "almost" must still be italicized. I've seen more than one trudge off back up the road again, still toting his onion!

I always have been a little hesitant about them myself, but today I gave it the works and wrapped a slice up in Aussie cheese, and I was really surprised how easily the bully beef slipped down after it. The sharp, strangling succulence seems to warm up the innards like a short thimble of old time vodka.

Tonight I didn't need any onion, tho, as we had real honest cow meat, stewed. On the whole, tho, I often wish they put up our rations in capsules, like salt and atabrine. It would be a lot quicker and cooler than the chow line, and the poor cooks wouldn't have to struggle so.

Sorting and receiving our GI guests is handled by an amusing system of which there is nothing of the like to be compared with it back home. We will remember it forever, in all its intrinsic comicalness; but the actual practice causes a lot of

wear and tear on Wac and GI nerves. We have to primp in a hurry at work, lest our pals get high blood pressure on the lee end of the gate roster. Hand lotion is to be appreciated when the water gives off providing one doesn't grab up a towel full of beach sand!

I have so far managed to evade the elusive infection of ambition, and find there are many practical advantages in remaining a private. Among them (altho possibly not actually an advantage) is that one learns more about the Army than the general, altho not so much about the war. To do that one has to attend a lot of orientation class and for the most part, it's just hot.

I used to have heat rash, but now I am having heat fatigue, and of the two I think the latter is tougher to take. Heat rash is like having an electric prickle constantly running around your damp middle, but I got used to that once before, welding Liberty ships in the rain—about the same idea. I don't much like the dull fag at the noon period, and never did like aspirin, anyway.

Sometimes we venture acquaintance with the Aussie lads, but generally in the face of morose disapproval on the part of our GI's. I don't think they mind so much when we go and dine with the Filipino outfit, and I've a mind to try that out sometime, as legend has it those fellows grow real nice fresh vegetables in back of their tents. I wonder what a fresh tomato would taste like? Or a young undehydrated carrot?

Before I forget—I must add I was very much pleased to hear about the Kenneth Taylor Foundation on Straight Wharf. It's a happy thought that unique old building is to be put to such a good use. It's a perfect location for the galleries, altho sort of wish it were a bit spacier for the paintings.

With best regards,

Pvt. S. R. Gudmundsen, WAC.

11 Jan. '45, New Guinea.

To the Editor of the Post:
"Sir—What is the name of the oath doctors take when they graduate from medical schools?"

The Oath of Hippocrates from the Hippocratic Collection. It is as follows:

"I will look upon him who shall have taught me this Art even as one of my patients. I will share my substance with him, and I will supply him with necessities, if he shall be in need. I will regard his offspring even as my own brethren, and I will teach them this Art, if they would learn it, without fee or covenant. I will impart this Art by precept, by lecture and by every mode of teaching, not only to my own sons but to the sons of him who has taught me, and to disciples who, bound by covenant and oath, according to the Law of Medicine."

The regimen I shall adopt shall be for the benefit of my patients according to my ability and judgment, and not for their hurt or for any wrong. I will give no deadly drug to any, and I will not counsel such, and especially I will not counsel such to procure abortion. I will not enter a woman's house, unless I go for the benefit of the sick, refraining from all wrongdoing or corruption, and especially from any acts

Some More Old-Time Printers

While we are reminiscing in this connection, we also recall the names of some of those we have "heard tell" were members of The Inquirer and Mirror force prior to our advent as a "printer's devil" in 1892. Some of them were with the Inquirer, some with the Mirror, and some were connected with the combined Inquirer and Mirror. It is an interesting list of names.

Samuel S. Hussey and Henry D. Robinson both learned the printer's trade in their youth and were publishers of The Inquirer and Mirror prior to 1887, when Roland B. Hussey, also a man who had "learned the trade", took his father's place in the firm of Hussey & Robinson and published The Inquirer and Mirror until 1907.

Along with Messrs. Hussey and Robinson came John Morrissey, who published The Mirror until it joined hands with The Inquirer.

Others who were among the old-time printers on Nantucket and worked in either the Inquirer or the Mirror office, were the following.

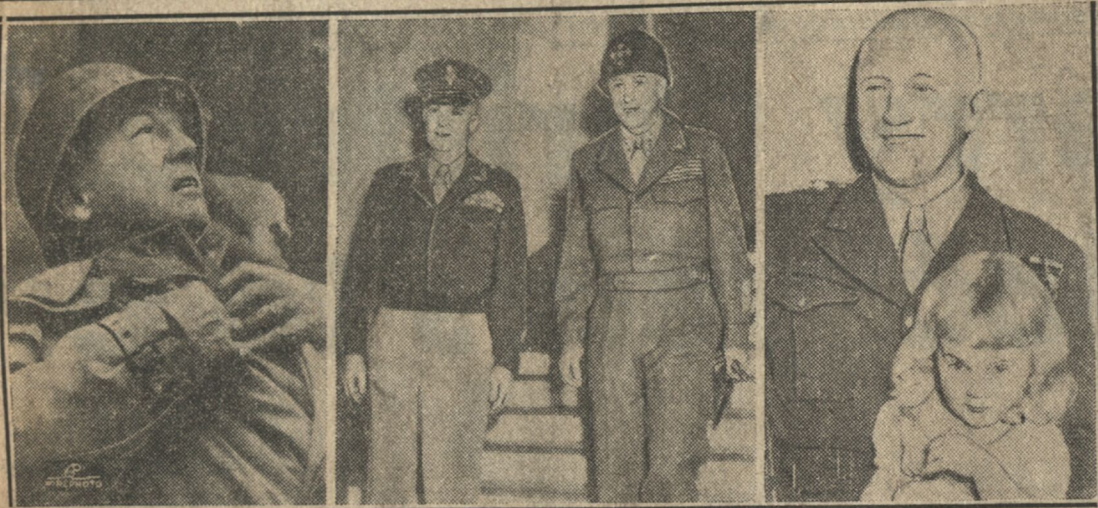
Eben P. Raymond.
Roland R. Bunker.
Frederick Murphey.
Franklin B. Murphey.
Roland Murphey Barnard.
Oliver C. Hatch.
Francis E. Folger.
Roscius W. Folger.
William H. Beekman.
Allen Coffin.
William Breed Drake.
James H. Coffin.
Daniel W. Farnham.
William Mitchell Bunker.
Joseph E. C. Farnham.
Herbert M. Dunham.
Henry Lee Pitman.
Frederick Mitchell Coffin.
Thomas S. Sayer, Jr.
Edgar Derby.
William Wood.
Edward McCleave.
Arthur H. Gardner.
S. Heath Rich.
Isaac Folger.
Alexander M. Myrick.
Henry Nelson Lamb.
Oliver C. Coffin.
Charles E. Veeder.
George D. Coffin.
Herbert Parker.
Sinon J. Nevins.
James H. Bunker.
Alliston Greene.
William F. Macy.
Charles T. Hall.
Arthur C. Wyer.
William F. Keane.
Harry Cathcart.

This brings us down to our own "day and time"; but we recall one or two others who might be classed as "old-time printers", although possibly lined up with the Journal force and not the Inquirer and Mirror. In this connection we might mention:

B. Whitford Joy.
Walton Hall.
Fred S. Fish.
Henry P. Roberts.
Charles H. Phinney.
Louis McGarvey.

In the long list of names mentioned above as "old-time printers" those still living (so far as we know) are: S. Heath Rich, James H. Bunker, Alliston Greene, Arthur C. Wyer, Henry P. Roberts, Charles H. Phinney.

Body to Lie Along Route Traveled by His Famed Third Army in Drive to Victory Exact Spot Undecided---Funeral Services Planned for Monday---Death Due Blood Clot---End Comes Peacefully as General Sleeps---Wife at Bedside



IN THE FIELD WITH EISENHOWER, AND WITH GRANDCHILD
Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., buttoning up his coat while touring the western front; with Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower at headquarters in Frankfurt, Germany, and with grandchild, Beatrice Totten, in Washington, during his last visit home.

Gen. Patton Will Be Buried in French Soil

DAY, DECEMBER 22, 1945 SATURDAY



GEN. GEORGE S. PATTON, JR.
Famed field general who died yesterday.



STRAIGHT WHARF AS IT WAS IN 1870.

Showing the "T" which was on the north side and the end of the wharf extending much farther out than it is at present. This picture was taken before coal sheds were erected there and when the wharf was used by "wood coasters" and "apple merchants."



The "Little White House" at Warm Springs, Georgia, where President Roosevelt passed away.

Shipwrecks On Nantucket At Christmas-Time.

From the early days of the island's history until comparatively recent years the many shoals which surround Nantucket have been the death-traps for hundreds of ships. Even after the era of lighthouses and buoys had begun, sailing ships were caught among the rips or were driven ashore here, and the bones of many a staunch ship have whitened on Nantucket's sands.

There have been many December wrecks—too many to detail here—disasters such as overcame the ship *Cicero*, from Bombay to Boston with a \$150,000 cargo, going aground on Great Point Rip, Dec. 20, 1818, and eventually laying her bones on Swile Island shoal; and the brig *Packet*, on a voyage from Petersburg, Russia, to Providence, with a cargo of hemp and iron, which went ashore at Miacomet and all hands but the mate were lost—on the night of Dec. 14, 1828; or the *Louis Philippe* of the New York and Le Havre packet line, losing her rudder on Pochick Rip on Dec. 18, 1847, with 167 passengers and a \$500,000 cargo, and was eventually saved by the combined efforts of the two island steamers and seamen.

To confine the account, however, to those shipwrecks taking place on Christmas eve or on Christmas itself one has only to note the loss of the ship *Newton*, of Hamburg, on Christmas morning in 1865. This was one of the most heart-rendering experiences the island has seen.

The *Newton* was a new iron ship, bound for her home-port of Hamburg, Germany, from New York, with a cargo of kerosene, rosin, fustic, etc., under the command of Capt. C. F. Herting. It was her second voyage.

A strong gale with snow had set in on Christmas eve and the *Newton*, driven well to the northwest of her course, struck off Maddequeham during the darkness. One of the crew managed to reach the shore alive, but soon perished in the cold, his naked body being found some distance from the beach. Not a single survivor was left to tell the *Newton's* story.

Along the beach as far east as Quidnet fragments of the wreck were strewn. Apparently some sort of an explosion had occurred, as large spars were broken off short, and the iron hull of the craft was a twisted mass of wreckage. Bodies of the crew were found floating in the surf and were interred in the Unitarian (Prospect Hill) cemetery.

Some forty-eight hours before, the schooner *Haynes*, bound from the West Indies to Boston, with a cargo of logwood, ran ashore on the south side of the island near the head of Hummock Pond. The crew abandoned her and perished in the attempt to reach shore. Had they remained on board it is probable all would have been saved, as the ship was boarded next morning and found intact, although fast aground.

The two wrecks and the attending loss of life cast a pall of sadness over the island, making the Christmas season one of reflected melancholy.

The earliest recorded shipwreck on Nantucket on Christmas eve occurred in 1811, when a small sloop bound to Chatham from Connecticut, with a load of wood and provisions, went ashore in the Chord of the Bay. The crew and one passenger landed safely on Coatue, only to find that the harbor channel at Brant Point separated them from the town. They spent the night huddled under their boat for shelter, and at noon on Christmas Day they were finally rescued by a boat's-crew from the town. The one passenger was a woman.

On the other side of the island at the same time a sloop bound from Portland to Boston was driven ashore at Smith's point island and bilged. The crew was saved. She was sold with 30 cords of cordwood to the inhabitants of Tuckernuck for \$54.

On Dec. 21, 1812, the large English ship *Sir Sidney Smith*, prize of the American privateer *General Armstrong*, struck on Bass Rip off Siasconset and all on board perished.

MAY 9, 1945

World War II

Golden Wedding.

Congratulations were showered upon Mr. and Mrs. B. Chester Pease, last Sunday, the occasion being their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Pease received their friends informally at a reception in the Unitarian vestry and a large number of friends attended. It was a very pleasant affair in every way.

Benjamin Chester Pease and Ellen Grey Parker were united in marriage, April 22, 1895, by the Rev. F. P. S. Lamb, pastor of the Unitarian church at that time. Mr. Pease has been a trustee of the church for many years and both have always taken an active interest in the church work.

HOW EUROPE WAR CAME TO AN END

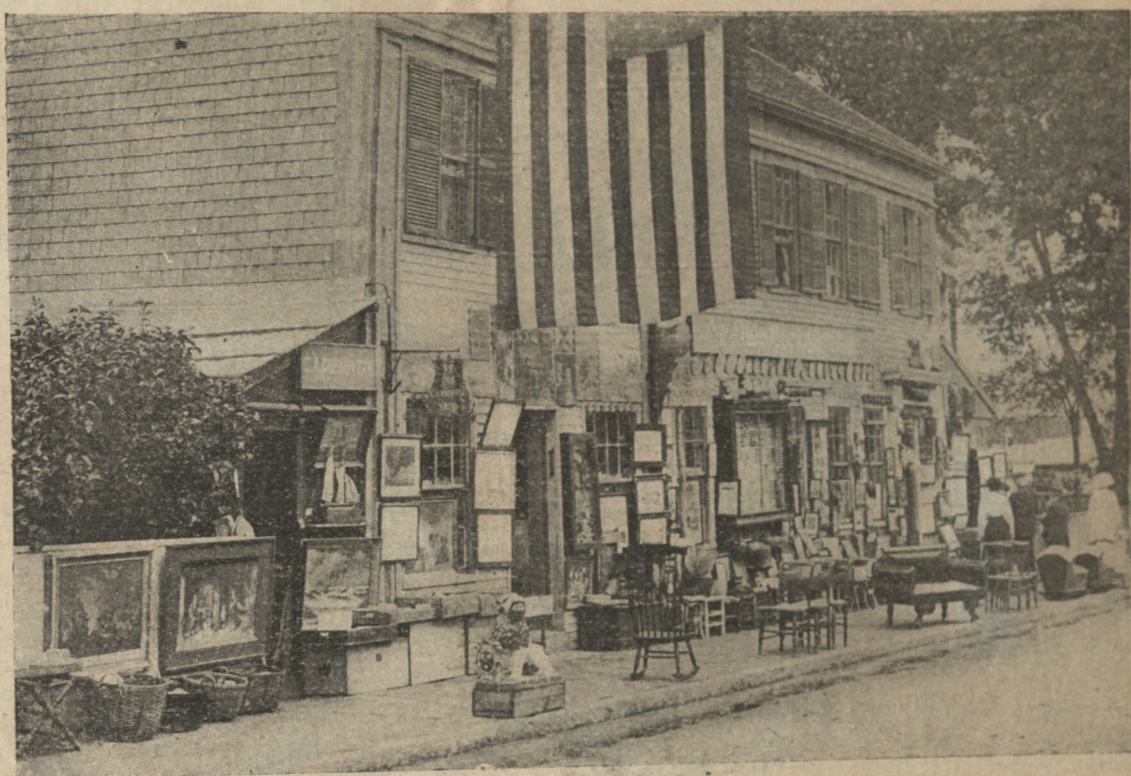
By the Associated Press
Chronology of the events that ended the war in Europe:

Monday—2:41 a. m. (British Double Summer Time, 8:41 p. m., Sunday, Eastern War time), Germany signed articles of unconditional surrender at Reims.

Tuesday—8 a. m. (2 a. m., EWT), cease fire order issued to the U. S. Third Army, the last of Gen. Eisenhower's troops in action on the western front.

Tuesday—3 p. m. (9 a. m., EWT), Prime Minister Churchill and Pres. Truman proclaimed V-E Day. (Premier Marshal Stalin did not issue a similar announcement to the Russians.)

Wednesday—12:01 a. m. (6:01 p. m., Tuesday, EWT), all hostilities on western and eastern fronts scheduled to cease.



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, MIDDLE PEARL STREET

When the late C. A. Chenoweth sold antiques and bric-a-brac there, and, incidentally, was appointed an auctioneer in order that he might sell "berths" on Steamboat wharf to the liverymen who at that time were keen rivals. The Old Curiosity Shop passed out of existence in 1915.

Private Peter Folger Killed in Action in Italy.

Mrs. Rupert Folger, of New York and Nantucket, has been notified by the War Department that her son, Private 1c Peter W. Folger of the 10th Mountain Division, was killed in action on March 5th in Italy. Official notification of her son's death was sent to Mrs. Folger on the 21st.

The engagement of Private Folger to Miss Marion Birdsall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Glentworth Birdsall of Bronxville, N. Y., was announced a few weeks ago. Word of his death has come as a great shock to his fiancée as well as to his widowed mother.

Private Folger was 27 years of age. He attended L'Ecole Internationale in Geneva, Switzerland, and the Governor Dummer Academy and Williams College. Before he entered the Army Ski Troops on the 9th of April, 1942, he was with the Irving Trust Bank of New York city.

His father, the late Dr. Rupert Folger died in November, 1921, at the age of forty-six. His remains were interred in the family lot in Prospect Hill cemetery.

A Loss To Humanity.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt passed away suddenly at 4.35 p. m. Thursday afternoon, at the "Little White House" on top of Pine Mountain in Warm Springs, Georgia. The death of this great leader came as a shock to the entire world. It was a staggering blow to everyone, regardless of sect, creed or political affiliations.

Columns upon columns will be written extolling the virtues and the life-work of our late President. He bore a heavy cross through life, but bore it bravely and cheerfully, and carried on to the very last through the most trying and critical period of the world's history.

Franklin Roosevelt was a power in the world. The tremendous burdens that he has shouldered for twelve years have taken their toll. His death is a loss to humanity the world over.

The Late President Visited Nantucket in 1933.

The late President Roosevelt visited Nantucket in June, 1933, on the yacht *Amberjack II*. He did not come ashore, but in conversation with him, as he sat in the stern of the yacht, we learned that in his young manhood he visited Nantucket several times, when the "Delano" family had a summer home here.

He was very happy in recalling some of the features of Nantucket, and willingly posed for *The Inquirer* and *Mirror* camera. The smile on his face, the ruddy features, radiated the pleasures which he was getting from his yachting cruise.

Now that he has passed on, we look back to the summer of 1933 with a sense of pleasure—not only from the conversation which we had with the President (delightfully informal) but from the fact that we obtained the picture when the burdens of his office had not taken their toll upon his features.

year DIED 1945

Died, in action in Italy, March 5th, Private 1c Peter W. Folger, son of Mrs. Bertha Folger and the late Dr. Rupert Folger, of Nantucket.

Apr 12 - 1945

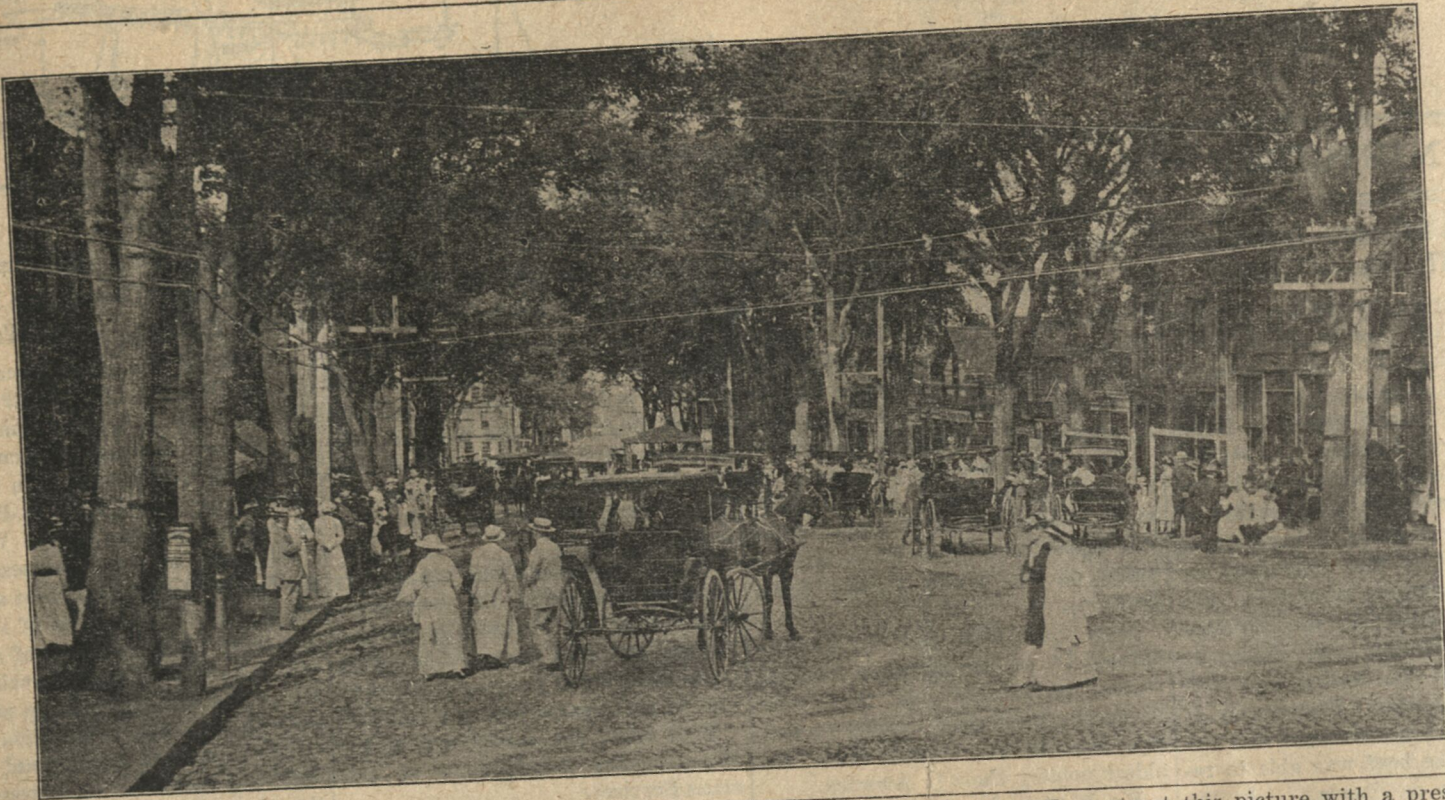
DECEMBER

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When Main Street's elms were in their prime, offering a perfect canopy



A view of Main Street's square in 1916, when the old elms offered a canopy of shade. To contrast this picture with a present day view of the square is the best possible proof of the need for a tree-planting program throughout the Town, to assure future retention of the island's shade trees which have made the Town's streets so attractive in the past.

When The Class of 1915, N. H. S., Went to Boston.



Back Row—Leon M. Royal, Supt. of Schools Edwin S. Tirrell, Norman Brooks, Lawrence Hadland, Sergt. Mason (of the State House), John J. Gardner, 2d.
Second Row—Esther Johnson, Clara Bartlett, Eleanor Manter, Governor David I. Walsh, Miss May H. Congdon (teacher), Dorothy Small, Alice Coleman, George Furber.
Third Row—Frances Raymond, Lelia Williams, Jeane Sanborn, Marian Allen, Grace Ring.
Front Row—Gladys Burgess, Elizabeth Grimes, Marguerite Manter, Charlotte Giffin, Reita Hull.

In this town, April 26, Ruth Donnell, aged 48 years, 11 months, 3 days.

Death of Miss Ruth Donnell.

The community was saddened on Thursday by the tragic passing of Miss Ruth Donnell, who died at the Nantucket Hospital early that evening, where she had been rushed after suffering severe burns about the head and body in mid-forenoon.

The deceased lived alone at her home at 7 West York street. Around ten o'clock that morning the neighbors heard her screaming for help and, rushing across the street, found her in agony from flames which had consumed her clothing. It seemed she had emptied a pan of hot ashes and a live coal, igniting the bottom of a housecoat she was wearing at the time, blazed up to entirely envelope her, causing fatal burns.

The fire department was summoned by telephone and the alarm sounded the customary three blows—soon followed by box number 47. Two pieces of apparatus responded.

The late Ruth Donnell was popular with her many friends. Of a cheery disposition, her small figure was a familiar sight as she walked with quick steps to and from her home on the hill. Her life had been saddened by the untimely deaths of two brothers—both young men highly esteemed—and by the recent decease of her parents.

For a quarter of a century she was a valued employee of the N. E. Tel. & Tel. Company's local exchange, and her death has come as a great shock to her associates there.

Miss Donnell is survived by one brother, Sergeant Kenneth Donnell, who is now serving in the armed forces in Europe.

Funeral services will be held from the home of the deceased's sister-in-law, Mrs. Clara Donnell, on North Liberty street, this (Saturday) afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Year 1945

When Nantucket Experienced Its Highest High Tide - - - January, 1915.

On the morning of January 13, 1915, the island was swept by a north-east gale which was accompanied by an unusually high tide. The water submerged the wharves, flooding the meadows and reaching many places previously untouched by such storms. Clint Folger's stable on Beach street was inundated for the first time in the 37 years Mr. Folger had occupied it. The wind was recorded at 89 miles per hour at one period and the tide was seven feet above the normal.



Old North Wharf looking from its point of junction with Cross Wharf. The water rose more than 2 feet over the wharf, so that boats were the only means of transportation down the wharf. Bad wash-outs occurred here.

French Bride of Sgt. John Moore Arrives in Nantucket.

Mrs. John E. Moore, Jr., the French bride of a Nantucket man, arrived in Nantucket this week after a voyage from her native land, via New York. Mrs. Moore left Cherbourg on March 8 on board the *Vulcania*, arriving in New York on the 22nd. Mrs. Annette Morin and Miss Lenora Moore, sisters of the groom, went up to meet her and bring her to her new home on the island.

The marriage took place in Paris on Saturday, December 22, 1945, at l'Eglise du Bon Pasteur, 179 rue de Charonne. Mrs. Moore, the former Mademoiselle Christiane Daigremont, wore a gown of white crepe, with a white carnation cap effect and carried a bouquet of white carnations.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Pere Monnier. Miss Nelly Daigremont, sister of the bride, was the brides-maid, while Corporal Melburn Saulnier, of the 709th Military Police, was best man. Mademoiselle Nelly Daigremont wore a gown of blue moire taffeta.

The wedding march was from Saint Saens, and several traditional American and French songs were played during the ceremony.

Following the ceremony, a dinner was served at the home of the bride, 9 Avenue Philippe Auguste, Paris, with a subsequent reception. A honeymoon trip of 21 days was spent in Paris and vicinity.

Mrs. Moore was educated in schools in Paris and was engaged in secretarial work. Sgt. Moore is a graduate of Nantucket High School. As a Staff Sergeant in the 709th Military Police, he has recently been stationed at Frankfurt, Germany. He is now on his way home.

MARRIED.

In Paris, France, December 22, 1945, Mlle. Christiane Daigremont, of Paris, and John E. Moore, Jr., of Nantucket.



A view from the Red Men's hall looking out across the dock between Old North and Steamboat wharves. The tug *Tasco* had a narrow escape from going ashore in her successful attempt to keep her lighter from breaking adrift. The steamer *Americana* rode out the gale at anchor in the harbor. This view shows how Old North Wharf was completely submerged.



The water reached an unprecedented height all along the waterfront. This photo shows how the tide flooded what is now the Children's Beach section, extending across the meadows to reach the rear of Springfield Lodge, now Crest Hall.



Looking up Steamboat wharf towards Broad street. Several of the telephone poles were undermined and the plank walk washed out. Many small craft were stove in. The water reached the doors of what is now the Whaling Museum building on the corner of Beach street.

A New England Romance.

There was once a man from Nantucket
Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.
—Princeton Tiger.

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket;
The man and the girl with the bucket.
And he said to the man,
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.
—Chicago Tribune.

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhas-
sett,
Where he still held the cash as an
asset;
But Nan and the man,
Stole the money and ran,
And as for the bucket, Manhassett.
—Exchange.

About the mysterious loss of a bucket.
Of this story we hear from Nantucket.
We are sorry for Nan,
As well as the man—
The cash and the bucket, Pawtucket.
—Pawtucket Times.

They afterward moved to Nantasket;
For a scuttle they carried a basket,
And to Pa remarked Nan,
"Fill this, too, if you can,"
But Pa said "You're foolish, Nantas-
ket."

Nantucket, then Pawtucket and the
Manhassett,
The bucket, not the cash, went for ale.
Pa drank after the man—
Who followed dear Nan,
And the trio are in Newport jail.

Then they fled to the river Shetucket,
Did Nan and the man with the bucket.
And when he fell in,
She decamped with the tin;
She said 'twas her turn, and Shetucket.

Pa caught them at old Narragansett;
Plied his boot to the place where the
man set.
The bucket and Nan
He took home—but the man,
Well, the man for a time Ne'er-again-
set.

I'm tired of hearing Nantucket,
If Pawtucket, Manhassett, what luck
it
Would be
If only the three
Would end it by kicking the bucket.

Nan and the family are now in Manila.
Let us hope that the climate will kill
her.
She already has fever,
So there let us leave her;
Pa, too, is quite ill—the Manila.

Pa's wife joined the party at Lima;
So glum she appeared, they said, "Fie,
ma,"
But she raved, "You well know
That the bucket of dough
Is mine." Nan exclaimed, "How you
Lima."

At last Nan and Pa went to Phoenix
To divorce the man of such free tricks.
Cried the lawyer, "My fee!"
"When you get my decree—
Until then," said Nan, "You'll get
your Phoenix."

Pa followed the pair to Alaska;
Swore if Nan was a thief he'd unmask
her.
Said he to the Man:
"Who's the crook, you or Nan?"
He answered, "Damfino, Alaska."

When Pa found them broke in Genoa
They touched the old chap for Samoa.
Pa says: "Where've you been?"
And the man, with a grin,
Says, "With Nan from Nantucket.
Genoa?"

Nan skipped with the dough to Man-
chester,
The man and Pa sprinting to best her;
But Nan was too slick,
She scented them quick,
And lit out while Pa and Manchester.
—Contributions to N. Y. Sun.

Then the pair followed Pa to Man-
hasset,
Where he still held the cash as an
asset,
And then Nan and her man
Formed a Co. as they ran—
Were wed, and the cash—the Cohasset.
—Troy Times.

"New Nantucket" Discovered by Captain Obed Starbuck.

In an interesting article entitled
"Three Nantuckets on Globe," which
appeared in a recent issue of the
Falmouth Enterprise, Miss Helen
Schauffler, of Quidnet, Nantucket,
writes of tiny Nantucket Island, off
Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy
(two-thirds of a mile from shore at
high water), and "New Nantucket" or
Baker Island in mid-Pacific Ocean.

In describing the latter island, the
writer attributes its discovery to a
Captain Michael Baker, of New Bed-
ford, who visited the island several
times between the years 1839 and
1851. It is understood that the name
"Baker's Island" is derived from this
New Bedford man.

But, as a matter of fact, the island
of "New Nantucket" was discovered
by Captain Obed Starbuck, of Nan-
tucket, while on a whaling voyage in
1825 in the ship *Loper*. This redoubt-
able island master mariner was the
discoverer of several other Pacific
islands, some of which still bear the
original names bestowed by him.

Between the years 1823 and 1826,
Captain Starbuck, while in command
of the Nantucket whaleships *Hero*
and *Loper* discovered "Starbuck's
Island," north of the Society group;
"New Nantucket" on the equator east
of the Marshalls; "Starbuck's Group,"
in the Gilberts; "Tracy" and "Loper"
islands in the Ellicees; and Granger,
in the Marianas.

Possessed of a remarkable ability
as a whaler, Captain Starbuck is
also credited with the shortest Pacific
Ocean voyage on record, having sailed
and returned in one year, 3 months,
and 2 days while on his third voyage
in the *Loper* and bringing in a full
cargo of 2,270 bbls. of sperm oil.

Captain Starbuck retired in 1843,
having accumulated a fortune in 20
years of voyaging. He lived a long
and active life, being in his 87th year
when death came in 1883.

It is rather ironical that the low,
sandy, desolate islet which he named
"New Nantucket" one hundred and
twenty-one years ago should be in
direct contrast to his colorful island
home in the Atlantic. Why he decided
on the name is not recorded, but un-
questionably the element of humor
(which was one of his strong charac-
teristics) entered into the picture.

"New Nantucket" or Baker Island
is one mile long but less than that
in width, almost circular in shape. It
is barely 20 feet above sea-level, has
only a growth of coarse grass and low
shrubs as vegetation, and no fresh
water. It is surrounded by a wide reef
of coral, and the surf sweeps heavily
over the reef to the island's windward
side.

In the 1860's and 70's it was used
as a supply base by a guano company
which acquired the rights to several
similar islands in this section of the
Pacific.

After being abandoned for about
35 years, the island was again utilized
—this time by the U. S. government,
which was beginning to realize the
importance of the island fringe of our
Pacific defense perimeter. For three
years, a number of men were stationed
on Baker Island as well as other is-
lands in the vicinity, and meteorologi-
cal data recorded.

"To the Editor of the Post:
"Sir—On what day and at what time
did the war in Europe end?
According to the War Department,
the war ended at one minute past mid-
night, May 9, Western Front Time, or
6:01 p. m. Eastern War Time, May 8. 1945"

Shortly after Pearl Harbor was at-
tacked by the Japs, an enemy sub-
marine came to the surface off Baker
island and proceeded to lob a few
shells ashore. The four Hawaiians
stationed there were forced to flee
their flimsy huts and burrow in sand
holes. A few days later, an American
destroyer hove to off the reef and
rescued the beleaguered garrison.
The next most exciting incident in
the island's history had to do with a
mutiny which left a whaling master
and a boat's crew abandoned on the
desolate beach for several weeks—
but that is another story.

Has Nostalgia For "Boyhood Days on Nantucket."

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

Thanks for the issues containing
Allison Greene's recollections. Some
of them have served as a palliative
for an incurable disease from which
I suffer. No, it is not cancer nor
even dementia praecox, but boredom,
and boredom complicated with at
times acute nostalgia. Did Allison
never leave his house without a note-
book, or was he at sometime a census
enumerator? I think I know the
Nantucket that was, and I can find no
errors or material omissions in his
articles. He brought me one piece of
gratifying news, i. e., the fact that
there still brightens this confused
world a young lady who was the first
of her sex whom I ever escorted to a
semi-public affair, namely one of
those Wendell's Hall dances of the
distant past where music was fur-
nished by a symphony orchestra com-
posed of Billy Stevens and Cora Cole-
man. It was fitting that this charm-
ing person was introduced in an article
on flowers, for she was then as pretty
a bloom as ever blossomed, and though
that was more than sixty years ago,
I do not believe that age can wither,
nor custom stale genuine beauty.

In his road map of Centre street,
Greene recalls one name which I shall
always remember, the late Daniel T.
Dunham. Thereby hangs a tale. One
summer vacation it was the almost
daily habit of Arthur Barrett, his
elder brother Oliver, and this scribe
to go up to the Cliff, either to play
baseball or to swim at the Rock.
Each day as we passed Daniel T's
store we found a bunch of bananas
and baskets of fruit dangerously near
the front of the stoop, and boy nature
being what it was we usually snatched
samples. We thought we were clever,
but Daniel T. was more so, for the
school bell had not stopped ringing
early in September before the old
gentleman had ambled over to see
Sheriff Barrett with an itemized bill:
2 peaches, 8c; 3 bananas, 15c.....

Every item was there, and the good-
hearted Sheriff had no recourse save
to draw a check for the whole amount,
thus by a stroke of the pen he meta-
morphosed three "thieves" into three
"customers"—a dignity entirely un-
expected by us boys. If Allison has
mentioned one item disconnected with
some deviltry of the North Shore gang
and its allies, that fact has escaped
my memories, which are flagrant if
not fragrant. But not one of the
devils ever became aught than a good
citizen, nor was ever what we now
cover by the term juvenile delin-
quency. "Them was the happy days".

Arthur C. Wyer.

Delhi, N. Y.

"Aunt Ruth's Hill" Did Not Shift With the Years.

Here on Nantucket, at least, the
landscape remains fairly stable, de-
spite the allusions by envious neigh-
bors to the island as being merely a
sand-heap—suggesting the top-soil as
being at the mercy of the elements.
Of especial stability is the old town,
with its ancient houses and winding
streets and lanes remaining as fixtures
through the years.

This reputation of Nantucket Town
is known by its loyal sons and daugh-
ters, many of whom have been living
off-island many, many years, but who
continue to keep in touch with the
"old home town" through the columns
of *The Inquirer and Mirror*.

With this stability in mind one may
appreciate the reaction of Allison
Greene, of Worcester, whose series of
"Fragrant Memories" has delighted
readers of this paper over a period
of months. His memory goes back to
a Nantucket of seventy years ago.

With astonishment, Mr. Greene read
in the issue of two weeks back that
an old house on Cliff Road, which
Mrs. Caroline Parker Hills had built
a half century ago, "was on Aunt
Ruth's hill" at the crest of the street,
and had been sold. Mr. Greene recalled
this particular hill as being a few hun-
dred feet past the top of old "North
street," but the accompanying picture
of the house in question showed the
location to be somewhat south of what
he recalled as "Aunt Ruth's hill."

Mr. Greene was certain of one fact
—that hill couldn't have shifted one
hundred yards to the south over the
past seventy years. Mrs. Caroline
Parker Hills had built her house on
"Aunt Ruth's hill," but the house
shown in the photograph was on the
crest of old "North street," as it sloped
to the south.

Mr. Greene was in a position to
know. He had lived at No. 7 North
street (Cliff Road) from 1872 to 1885.
Next to the north was the Matthew
Barney house, (now the home of Mr.
and Mrs. George W. Jones on Brant
Point) and then came another Barney
house, later renovated by R. Gardner
Chase. Next north was the garden of
Capt. Sylvester Hodges and then the
retired master mariner's dwelling,
now the site of the Fischer Meyer
property.

Naturally, "Aunt Ruth's hill" had
not moved. And the Caroline Parker
Hills house still stood there. Conse-
quently, the former home of the C.
Rollin Manvilles, which was recently
sold to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Kiley of
North Quincy, was the old Reuben
Barney house, which had seen con-
siderable renovation as it was owned
by R. Gardner Chase, Ferdinand
Echeverria and the Manvilles.

No, "Aunt Ruth's hill" is still oc-
cupying its original location on old
"North street." No matter what hap-
pens in the successive ownerships of
houses, Mr. Greene knows that "Aunt
Ruth's" will stay there.

Fragrant Memories

XII. The Bells of Old Nantucket.

My story will be different this time, in the words of Ed Wynne. These fragrant memories were first suggested by the sense of smell. As well, I think, there may be fragrance in the sense of sound, for is it not common to refer to a sweet-toned bell? So my fragrant memories this time relate themselves to the sense of sound, particularly the sound of ringing bells.

The history of Nantucket bells must be left to the historian. The bells of Nantucket and the musical tones of their ringing or striking are interesting to me only as in memory they recall experiences which are fragrant in their association. For

There were bells which called to labor,
Other bells bade labor cease;
Bells there were which called to worship
That the soul might find release.
Some bells warned of hidden danger,
Others led to channels clear;
Some there were which told the stranger
Not to worry, not to fear—
For the bells of old Nantucket,
Rung at morning, noon, and night,
Give a sense of charmed existence,
Joyous sense that all is right.

Oh for a poet like Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, Rev. Louise Southard Baker, Josephine Smith Brooks, William Hussey Macy, or other inspired writer of the past to take up the strain and give us a real poem of the Bells of Old Nantucket. The sound of ringing bells recalls them with varying reactions.

From my little chamber window in the old house on North Street could be seen the buoy, and heard, particularly when the wind was northeasterly, the bell as the four "tongues" or strikers, were moved by the swell. It was a most satisfying sound, for it gave assurance to the landlubber that the buoy was in place, and a warning to mariners as they approached the bar. One accustomed to it would listen for the ringing of the bell on the bell-buoy every morning. It was an important item in the daily program and a cause of wonder if unheard.

To fasten a dory's painter to the bell-buoy and fish for scup was a common pastime for North Shore boys in the summer. That was before the jetty was dreamed of. I saw the first boatload of stone dropped off the Cliff Bathing Beach for the jetty—but that must be another story.

The ringing of the beautifully-toned tenor bell in the tower of the North Congregational Church was particularly harmonious with nature on a fine Sunday morning in June. "Then if ever come perfect days," and the sound of that church bell, inviting some, commanding others, to divine worship, added considerably to the feeling of peace and harmony inspired by an already fragrant and invigorating atmosphere.

To this day I remember the first time I was "permitted" to attend church with my grandfather. We occupied a pew about half-way down the south aisle, next to the wall. The minister must have been Rev. Samuel D. Hosmer, who was in the pulpit from 1862 to 1872. I recall his appearance very well, but his sermon escapes me, as well as other parts of the service.

To relate all that occupied my time and interest in this old church and the vestry would take all four pages of the Mirror. Perhaps some of these activities and the people involved may be the subject of another fragrant memory. Beginning with my first attendance at Sunday School, which must have been in 1871 or 1872, I remember but one teacher—Mrs. Benjamin Cartwright, a lovely woman with more patience than any woman is justified in possessing.

The first "officers" that I recall are Mr. and Mrs. Seth M. Coffin, superintendent; Mrs. Huxford, secretary; and Miss Sarah Bunker Winslow, librarian. One characteristic of Seth M. made an unforgettable impression. When reading from the Bible or offering a prayer, he had a habit of sounding his "s" with a whistle. The boys had difficulty in controlling themselves during the process.

Many events, interesting to me and perhaps to a few other "octogenarians", are associated with the old North Church. They will be told if there is sufficient demand. But now, on with the bells.

The bell on the old Academy Hill School recalls many happy days—not many unhappy, for I was fortunate in not irritating my teachers to the point of rapping my knuckles. Some teachers had a bad habit of walking up and down the aisle with a ruler ready for instant use upon the hand of an indifferent pupil.

This school bell was heard with joy, indifference, or fear, according to the degree of pleasure one had in "going to school"; or to what extent "home work" had been prepared. Particularly when school opened after the summer vacation, the sound of that bell was an invitation to which the boys and girls responded promptly and withal gladly. Few, if any, were tardy the first day of school.

Without going into the harrowing details, I will give the names of my teachers from grade to grade. Let's begin with Miss Lizzie Adlington, the first grade, I think, who lived out on Main street, opposite the Friends Cemetery. Then Miss Winnie Chase, Miss Susan Barnard, Miss Phoebe Tracy, Miss Elma Folger. In the High School in my time were Mr. Arthur J. Clough and Miss Sarah Catherine Robinson. It was my great honor to have been an usher at the wedding of Mr. Clough and Miss Robinson in the North Church. Thus school bells and church bells recall wedding bells!

I am thinking, too, of the more individual and less public bells, whose ringing are recalled with considerable interest and pleasure. The bell of the town crier was heard all over town, announcing that he is about to proclaim some important piece of news or advertising. The bell of the auctioneer on the lower square, perhaps Alexander M. Myrick, as he prepares to dispose of "junks" of corned beef.

The bell affecting the lives and movements of more people than any other is, of course, the bell in the tower of the Unitarian Church—the bell which calls to labor, to dinner, to bed; the bell which has been the occasion of many articles in this paper, and which has a most interesting history. The bell which for many years has called Nantucket people to Church, and has startled the town from its slumbers at the time of conflagrations.

The fire bells are probably more tragically recalled because of the alarming nature of their ringing. My first experience with the ringing of the bells for fire was at the burning of the West Grammar School on Main street, on an August night in 1873.

The building had been converted into a shoe shop where quite a number of the townsmen were employed. The ringing of the bells, the red glow of the fire, the excited cries of the neighbors, made an impression upon my childish mind never to be erased. The building was a total loss, including the tools of all the men, of whom my father was one.

Yes, the bells of Nantucket are memorable to those whose lives have been associated with them.

Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass.

Nantucket's Ancient Gaol



The Old Jail and House of Correction has long since been condemned by the State as a penal institution. A relic of the days when those who were imprisoned for debt, or for misdemeanors, had to mingle with criminals and mental patients, the 18th and 19th century structures have been an island land-mark. Under recommendations of the Finance Committee the town meeting is requested to turn the old buildings over to the Nantucket Historical Association for preservation.

Old Dwelling of Jail Keeper Sold For \$2700 at Auction.

The old, one-story dwelling at 13 Vestal street, known for a century as the "jail keeper's house," was sold at public auction on Wednesday afternoon to Mrs. Ruth Chagnon, a summer resident. The highest bid—\$2700—was made by Miss Gladys Wood, representing Mrs. Chagnon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ellis have been the occupants of the house since Mr. Ellis was appointed Keeper of the Jail some thirty years ago.

Reuben S. Glidden, the auctioneer, opened the proceedings by reading the order issued by the Selectmen authorizing the sale. He emphasized that, although considerable repair was necessary, the dwelling was structurally sound, and that it had certain historic connections which were decided assets.

"Many a prisoner, whether guilty or innocent, has been led through this yard to the Old Jail at the rear," he remarked.

Bidding opened at the figure of \$500, but was quickly jumped to \$1000 and then \$1500. The Misses Monaghan and Miss Wood became the only bidders, with the price mounting to \$1750, \$2000 and then \$2500. Miss Wood's final bid of \$2700 concluded the proceedings.

Sept. 14 - 1946

Year DIED 1945

In this town, February 7, Esther F. Johnson, aged 48 years, 11 months, 24 days.

Death of Miss Johnson.

Miss Esther Frances Johnson, teacher in the primary grades of the Nantucket schools for approximately thirty years, passed away some time Tuesday night at her home, 13 India street, having met the final summons alone and with no one aware of her critical illness.

Miss Johnson had telephoned to the Superintendent of Schools on Tuesday that she was not feeling well and would be unable to teach that day. No grave concern was felt, however, until there was no response to telephone calls Wednesday, when the authorities, realizing that something must be wrong, forced entrance and found that Miss Johnson had passed away in bed.

The deceased was the daughter of the late Joseph A. and Ida M. Johnson and was born in Nantucket, February 13, 1896. She was a member of the class of 1915 of the Nantucket High School, and the following year became a teacher in the primary grades, in which she was particularly well-fitted and highly esteemed, possessing characteristics which endeared her to each class of little ones as they came along.

In years of service she was the oldest teacher in the Nantucket schools. She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Agnes Cahoon and by two brothers, Lawrence Johnson and Mark Johnson, all of whom reside on Nantucket.

Funeral services were held in St. Mary's church yesterday (Friday) morning, the Rev. Fr. Griffin officiating. Pall-bearers were Charles W. Ellis, Albert A. Fee, Herbert Murray and Frederick Hoitt.

Seventy-Seven Octogenarians in Nantucket.

There are many residents of Nantucket who are now eighty years of age, and over, and are excellent examples of the longevity for which the island of Nantucket has long been noted. Every time a census is taken the fact is brought out that the proportion of elderly citizens residing here is above the average of other communities.

On the first of January, 1945, there were 77 persons living on the island who are 80 years of age and over. Some of them have since observed their birthday anniversaries and are able to add another year to the age recorded the first of the year. Of the 77 persons, 23 are men and 52 are women.

The oldest resident on the island is Miss Elizabeth E. Marshall, of 21 Federal street, who was 94 when the year 1945 came in and on the 6th of February observed her 95th anniversary.

Those who were eighty years of age, or over, on the first of January this year are as follows:

Helen Appleton—87
Beatrice Araujo—83
Ellen Arnold—87
William H. Barney—83
Anna E. C. Barrett—81
Elizabeth A. Bartlett—81
John H. Bartlett—80
Mary E. Brooks—85
Eleanore E. Brown—83
Emily Bunker—82
Lulu Cash—80
Ida Cathcart—81
Susan J. Clisby—80
Albert R. Coffin—82
Orville Coffin—85
Arthur B. Collins—81
May H. Congdon—81
Emma Cook—84
Nelson H. Crocker—84
John S. Cross—85
Catherine Curley—89
Wilbur Delory—80
William H. Dennis—80
Katherine M. Dittmar—85
Arthur C. Dunham—81
Harry Dunham—80
Nelson P. Ewer—85
Alonzo D. Fisher—82
Alice M. Folger—88
Grace Folger—82
Susan P. Folger—90
Emma J. Frazer—83
Herbert C. Gardner—88
Grace F. Gordon—82
Mary F. Hamblin—90
Lucinda H. Handy—87
Johanna Hendrick—81
Frederick P. Hill—81
Jane Hiller—82
Frank M. Jones—80
Emily M. Kent—80
Charles E. Lamb—89
Ida M. Leach—81
Lizzie Lewis—88
Thomas Lewis—89
Agnes MacVicar—81
Susan C. Macy—80
Elizabeth E. Marshall—94
Ella J. Moranay—80
Isaac W. Moranay—86
Leonard Morris—87
Lizzie M. Newcomb—80
Minnie A. Niemeire—80
Rebecca M. Niemeire—84
Horace G. Norcross—84
Clara A. W. Norton—87
Harriett E. Parker—80
Byron E. Pease—82
Emma C. Porte—88
Ida R. Porte—81
Bessie A. Rancour—85
Mary E. Ring—83
Emily B. Robinson—88
Virginia C. Sharp—86
Mary T. Small—82
Charlotte G. Swinburne—83
Florence C. Thomas—84
Edwin S. Tirrell—81
Minnie Townsend—80
Etta J. Welch—80
Liza Welkes—80
John L. Whelden—88
Edgar W. Wilkes—81
Emma F. Wilkes—86
Laura L. Williams—82
Etta C. Wood—81
Lucy N. Wood—81

Fragrant Memories

VIII. Centre Street, Nantucket.

'Heaven is not built of country seats
But little queer suburban streets.'

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ALLISTON GREENE

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Nor can I overlook my own North Street (now Cliff Road) and those wonderful neighbors—Matthew and Elizabeth Barney, Friends, on one side

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Alliston Greene
Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Charles Talford left the island go "baist week to visit her son, Charles of cor Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Ellinger are feel planning to arrive from New York on thoseaturday to spend a few weeks at clea Miss Emily B. Robinson left St. Petersburg, Florida, on March 28th and expects to reach Nantucket short- di to occupy her home at 4 Martin's plane.

The extended forecast for New England for the period beginning at 7:30 p. m., Friday, April 18, through 7:30 p. m., Wednesday, April 23: The seasonal normal first part of week; colder Tuesday, warmer again Wed- nesday. Rain will amount to between 0.2 and 0.6 inches, occurring on Sun- day and again on Tuesday.

Thunderstorm on the 12th.

Sunshine averaged 50 per cent. of the possible duration.

Fog occurred on the 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnham N. Dell ar- ved this week after spending the ist few months at Hot Springs, Va. Dell held the rank of lieutenant- lorel when he retired from active ty in the Army in February.

Ann Murphy.

The "ends" were in good form and kept the audiences in good humor all evening. Of the numerous jokes and bantering comments, Nate (Amos) Thurston's parody was the outstand- ing hit of the proceedings. It was com- posed by Nate's wife, Mrs. Helen Norcross, and was sung by Nate as follows, to the tune of "Tuck Me To Sleep in My Old Tucky Home:"

"Our Steamboat Line"

On Nantucket in the very early morn, A seed of discontentment, sure as fate, was born;

Orin said: "I have been told, That our steamboat line's been sold!" Ray shook his head, and this is what he said:

"What's happening to our old steam- boat line?"

"Those awful words 'No boat!' 'We're hearing half the time; 'We are confused—and we think we are abused,

"It's the Naushon, 'We've been missing 'From the island since she's gone; 'If they send that Hack-en-sack, 'We'll just send the damned thing back,

"In our boats we take great pride, 'On that Hack we'll never ride, 'That hunk of junk—we think should be sunk,

"For we need real boats, more boats, 'Now Harry that ain't just bunk!"

The Nantucket Hot Shots" were called back for encores, and were al- ways willing to oblige.

Another feature which pleased the audiences was young Master Nathan Thurston and his "spoon clappers." He displayed a fine sense of rhythm and was roundly applauded. In the front row of the onlookers was the youngster's great-grandfather, Frank Thurston, who enjoyed the show as much as anyone.

A nostalgic feature of the evening was the appearance of Al Mauduit as an end man. A director and partici- pant in minstrels of thirty years and more ago, he performed one of his characteristic "buck and wings," as of old and sang "Nobody," a number he introduced thirty-five years ago at the old Atheneum Hall.

All in all, it was a typical "old- time" minstrel, and Director Charles Stackpole and his company are to be congratulated for providing plenty of fun and entertainment.

The Minstrel Committee

Chairman Charles G. Stackpole

Music Mrs. Eva Wilson

Directed by "Al" Mauduit

Advertising George Fee

Program Albert Fee, Francis Perry

Stage and Properties Allen Norcross

Refreshments Richard Lewis

Make-up Carol Coggins

Notes From The Airport.

Liff and Bill Allen have purchased a new Stinson plane—a four-seater—which they will use on charter flights to the mainland out of the local port.

Associated with the Allen boys in their new enterprise is Arnold Larson, veteran Transport Command pilot, who has had 1000 hours in the air. Larson recently returned from the India China theatre, Mr. Larson will fly out of the local airport to all parts of the world.

He had flown out of Providence a number of years before the war, is well acquainted with this area.

apt. Ralph Sjolund flew up to Newford last Saturday with Holdgate, see how work is progressing on the fishing-boat which he has under construction. "If you want to get where in a hurry," quoth Ralph, "an air-plane will get you there, but would not be much good for the fishing business, especially when the other gets bad out on Georges."

Simon Kaufman has made the first claim against the new steamboat com- pany and received a check in full, amounting to 25 cents. It happened that Si had from time to time had his consignments tampered with en route to Nantucket, so this time, when he found two bottles of beer missing, he at once filed a claim of 25 cents for the loss. The company replied prompt- ly, with a very courteous note and a check for 25 cents, which bore "No. 1," showing it was the first claim to be paid by the new management. "Si" says he is going to frame the check and post it at the Green Coffee Pot, to show that the new steamboat com- pany is trying to do what is right.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Werry turned Wednesday from their motor ip west. Mrs. Werry, before her arriage in January, was Miss Wini- ed Williams, daughter of Mr. and rs. Thomas W. Williams, 14 Hussey reet. Mr. Werry completed his riminal leave from the Navy "Sea ses" while on his honeymoon. Mr. n, D. C. Werry will live in Washing-

Harry P. Schaub and Mrs. Schaub ve been spending their winter vaca- m at Fort Lauderdale Beach in orida. Mr. Schaub writes that he is anning to buy a 40-ft. "Sport sherman" which he may bring to antucket late the coming summer. writes that there are always some 0 power and sail-boats tied up at the rious municipal wharves down re, which provide safe docking, fuel ter and separate electric power nections for each boat.

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Seventy-Seven Octogenarians in Nantucket.

There are many residents of Nantucket who are now eighty years of age, and over, and are excellent examples of the longevity for which the island of Nantucket has long been noted. Every time a census is taken the fact is brought out that the proportion of elderly citizens residing here is above the average of other communities.

On the first of January, 1945, there were 77 persons living on the island who are 80 years of age and over. Some of them have since observed their birthday anniversaries and are able to add another year to the age recorded the first of the year. Of the 77 persons, 23 are men and 52 are women.

The oldest resident on the island is Miss Elizabeth E. Marshall, of 21 Federal street, who was 94 when the year 1945 came in and on the 6th of February observed her 95th anniversary.

Those who were eighty years of age, or over, on the first of January this year are as follows:

Helen Appleton—87
Beatrice Araujo—83
Ellen Arnold—87
William H. Barney—83
Anna E. C. Barrett—81
Elizabeth A. Bartlett—81
John H. Bartlett—80
Mary E. Brooks—85
Eleanor E. Brown—83
Emily Bunker—82
Lulu Cash—80
Ida Cathcart—81
Susan J. Clisby—80
Albert R. Coffin—82
Orville Coffin—85
Arthur B. Collins—81
May H. Congdon—81
Emma Cook—84
Nelson H. Crocker—84
John S. Cross—85
Catherine Curley—89
Wilbur Delory—80
William H. Dennis—80
Katherine M. Dittmar—85
Arthur C. Dunham—81
Harry Dunham—80
Nelson P. Ewer—85
Alonzo D. Fisher—82
Alice M. Folger—88
Grace Folger—82
Susan P. Folger—90
Emma J. Frazer—83
Herbert C. Gardner—88
Grace F. Gordon—82
Mary F. Hamblin—90
Lucinda H. Handy—87
Johanna Hendrick—81
Frederick P. Hill—81
Jane Hiller—82
Frank M. Jones—80
Emily M. Kent—80
Charles E. Lamb—89
Ida M. Leach—81
Lizzie Lewis—88
Thomas Lewis—89
Agnes MacVicar—81
Susan C. Macy—80
Elizabeth E. Marshall—94
Ella J. Moranay—80
Isaac W. Moranay—86
Leonard Morris—87
Lizzie M. Newcomb—80
Minnie A. Niemeire—80
Rebecca M. Niemeire—84
Horace G. Norcross—84
Clara A. W. Norton—87
Harriett E. Parker—80
Byron E. Pease—82
Emma C. Porte—88
Ida R. Porte—81
Bessie A. Rancour—85
Mary E. Ring—83
Emily B. Robinson—88
Virginia C. Sharp—86
Mary T. Small—82
Charlotte G. Swinburne—83
Florence C. Thomas—84
Edwin S. Tirrell—81
Minnie Townsend—80
Etta J. Welch—80
Liza Welkes—80
John L. Whelden—88
Edgar W. Wilkes—81
Emma F. Wilkes—86
Laura L. Williams—82
Etta C. Wood—81
Lucy N. Wood—81

Fragrant Memories

VIII. Centre Street, Nantucket.

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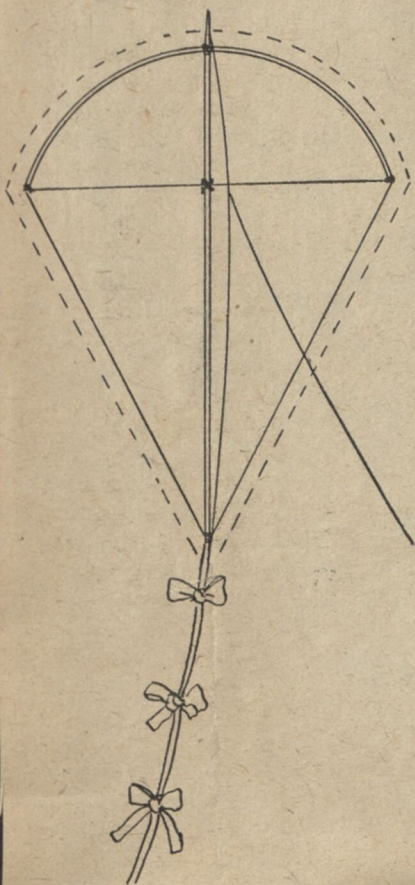
Fragrant Memories

XVII. Spring and Summer Sports and Pastimes.

In the Spring, as soon as the warm sun had reduced the moisture in the loamy sidewalks of North Shore Hill to a satisfactory condition, the boys appeared with their marbles—"Rusty" Burdett, the Brayton boys, left-handed Walter Barney, the Chase boys, Maurice Gibbs, Ben Folger, Jesse Snow, Eddie Greene, Bert Chase—a few of those whose names now come to mind. Every good day after school hours and on Saturday found a noisy group playing "triangle" with knuckles down, a style which required considerable skill and a peculiar "snap" which some boys could control better than others. Thus it was that the bag of marbles in the hands of some boys, or their pockets, gradually became heavier while those of others became lighter, for we usually played "for keeps". Eddie usually came home with bulging bag or pocket, and his younger brother was not often "skunked". The best place to play marbles, as I may have said before, was on the sidewalk in front of Sylvester Hodges'.

After marbles came kite flying on Sunset Hill. First we must have a kite. At that time there was no "5 and 10" where one could buy a fancy kite. We had to make our own and in the making learned several things about mechanics which the public school did not teach. Those kites could fly!

To make a good kite, these are the necessary elements: (see sketch) A light-weight stick, pointed at the top, two and a half or three feet long; a bow made from a sugar-barrel hoop, split and reduced to as small diameter as would stand the strain; string to tie the bow to the main stick; news-



paper with which to cover the frame; paste to stick the paper; and light-weight rags for the tail. The tail of the kite is a very important adjunct. It must be light in weight and long enough to give perfect balance. A short, heavy tail is not as good.

The newspaper to cover the frame was cut with an inch or more margin

go "barefoot". What a wonderful sensation! After six or eight months of confinement to cowhide shoes, to feel the warm gravelly sand under those rather tender, white feet! Better still, the warm resiliency of the clean beach sand those first days on the shore. To be sure, school is still in session, for our summer vacation did not begin before the end of June, but Saturday was a long day and we made the most of it.

As early as possible the kids ran down to Hayden's "Clean Shore" for their first experience in swimming. Not that we ever had a teacher—no. Every boy for himself. No Nantucket boy was ever "taught" how to swim—none that I ever heard of. He was usually thrown overboard and he had to swim—or go under. I have absolutely no idea when or how I learned to swim. Likely the art was an inheritance from generations of whalers.

How the other boys were fixed in the matter of costume for swimming I do not remember, but until some time after leaving Nantucket I never had a bathing suit! What passed for such was a pair of handed-down, sawed-off pants, held precariously in place by such string or rope as could be found. The change was made behind Hadwen and Barney's fence surrounding the old candle works lot: then we would join the "paying guests" more elegantly dressed for bathing as they came into the water from Charles Hayden's bathhouse. At low tide one could walk out quite a distance in those days.

When we became older and more independent, we graduated from the "Clean Shore" and moved on up to the Cliff Beach, where George Washington Burdick carried on his bathing institution. Anybody recall George Washington—"Wash"? Always with bare feet and pants rolled up to the knees; always on the rush—adjusting the rooms, wringing out the used suits by hand, sossling them in a tub of fresh water, hanging them on the line—nervously busy all day long. However, the boys did not go swimming there—oh! no, we still lacked the raiment essential for polite society. Rather, our field of operations was "up along shore" at "the rock" or "the wreck", or "the Spring" at the foot of Hinkley's Lane.

While these activities were in progress during the day-time, the evening hours after supper found us at "the corner" playing "hunt the red lion". That was the game of games. Backyards, barns, hen houses, even the neighbor's kitchens were common property for hiding places for those "red lions". A favorite place to hide was Bill J. Chase's barn, then right over the barn and into Aunt Phoebe Brooks' back door. Even Ben Sheffield's hearse house had no qualms for those wild animals.

What memories! Do Nantucket boys of this generation enjoy themselves as we did seventy years ago? Those misguided people who slurringly talk about "horse and buggy days" have no conception of what life really was. Most of us had no horse and buggy; but we did have the whole island of Nantucket for a playground and used it, I think, in a way which interfered with the rights and privileges of no one, while establishing habits of industry, independence, self-government, and mae history which today are fragrant memories.

Alliston Greene.
Worcester, Mass., March 28, 1947.

P. S. Arthur Wyer's contribution in the issue of March 22 was one of his best. His testimony to the character of Rev. Louise S. Baker was masterfully drawn. With Arthur, as well

very well was a chess player. This animal was blind as a driving horse. A fine horse good speed. Some who read these lines may remember Johnnie Nevins. John worked for Ben Wyer and occasionally exercised the horse in the evening after supper. As a small boy it gave me a thrill to ride behind that blind horse driven so carefully and expertly by one of my heroes—Johnnie Nevins. John shipped aboard a square-rigger

However, I must return to Centre Street, for every door was wide open to my boyhood approach.

In the first place, my "academic" education began here in the little shop which stood next to the driveway leading to Ben Wyer's yard and stable. This was one of those old-fashioned "cent" schools—a penny a day per



The Elizabeth I. Gardner house on North Liberty street, from a sketch made by Pedro deLemos, editor of School Arts Magazine. The sketch was reproduced in the January issue. Mr. Greene, who is writing these "Fragrant Memories" for *The Inquirer and Mirror*, was born in this house. It was the home of Reuben and Elizabeth I. Gardner, and in more recent years the home of Sarah Hobson Gardner. The "Uncle Josiah" Gardner house (which is also known as the "Major Josiah Coffin House") is on the opposite side of the street, at the junction with Cliff Road.

pupil. I presume this type of school was the parent of the kindergarten of the present. Here again I must appeal to others for verification of the statement that my teacher in that "cent" school, and probably the last in that type of school, was Miss Amelia Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, and sister of the immortal Elma. There used to be another "cent" school on the corner of Centre and Chester, where the residence of Mrs. E. G. Thomas now stands. I remember that little school house very well.

In the second place, my business experience began on Centre Street, when I entered the employ of Abner Turner, Jr., as a part-time clerk. Here between and after school sessions and on Saturdays I sold molasses and kerosene from adjoining barrels; calico, pins and needles, and moth balls to the ladies; candy, pickle limes, and peanuts to the boys and girls, and bananas! a bunch of golden bananas always being outside the door—5 cents each! Many stories could be told about experiences in that store and the customers, particularly the men who sat around the "pot-bellied" stove in the "office" of a winter evening.

One day Mr. Turner told me to take a watermelon to a customer. Now, everyone knows that a good-sized watermelon is an uncooperative piece of furniture; this particular melon was nearly as heavy as the boy, so that its center of gravity became "off center" when placed under my left arm. Result, a melon split in two on the floor. This accident was overlooked, but when he gave me another one with the same result, with considerable and entirely reasonable im-

for Australia, and, as some readers may recall, never came back.

The third horse was old "Fannie," the gray mare. At the time I used to ride her, bareback, she was more than twenty-five years old. But she had speed in spite of her years. It was great sport to climb up on her back and drive Ben Wyer's cows to pasture, then go after them in the late afternoon. The horse was so big in comparison to the rider, I had to get her near a fence rail in order to mount. She usually waited for me, but not always. The pasture was out West Chester Street on the road to Washing Pond—about a quarter mile beyond George M. Winslow's. Anybody now know where that is?

"Uncle Benjamin" Gardner, after returning from California where he had spent some years seeking the elusive gold, opened a small grocery store between Daniel T. Dunham's house and Benny McCleave's. Benjamin Gardner was a very likable man, kind-y and accommodating. He used a novel method for establishing a cash business. On a shelf facing the customer was a clock without works, across the face of which was printed in large letters "No Tick Here." Its success is a question.

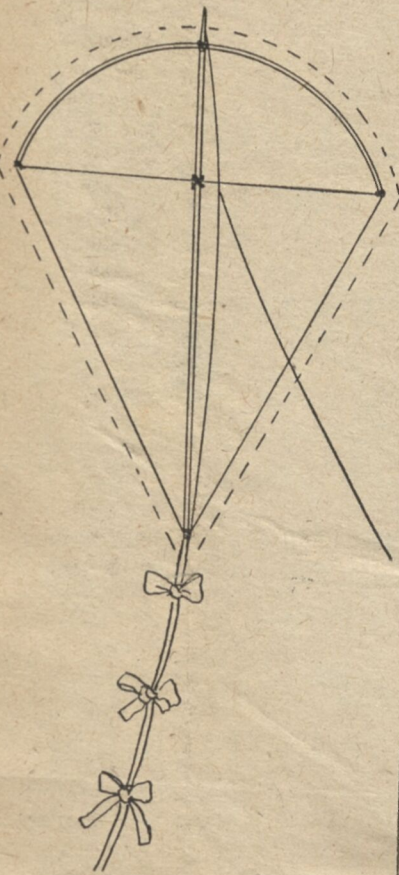
I must pass along now to Dr. Benjamin Pitman's at the corner of Gay Street, just to say a cheery word to his lovely old Mother as she sat, unseeing, by the fireplace, a blessing to all who knew her. Sitting on the floor with my head between his knees, Dr. Pitman pulled my first tooth, and, as well, pulled me through a rather severe case of the mumps.

How many recall the two old "hand tubs" of the Fire department in the building corner of Quince Street—the

gradually became heavier while those of others became lighter, for we usually played "for keeps". Eddie usually came home with bulging bag or pocket, and his younger brother was not often "skunked". The best place to play marbles, as I may have said before, was on the sidewalk in front of Sylvester Hodges'.

After marbles came kite flying on Sunset Hill. First we must have a kite. At that time there was no "5 and 10" where one could buy a fancy kite. We had to make our own and in the making learned several things about mechanics which the public school did not teach. Those kites could fly!

To make a good kite, these are the necessary elements: (see sketch) A light-weight stick, pointed at the top, two and a half or three feet long; a bow made from a sugar-barrel hoop, split and reduced to as small diameter as would stand the strain; string to tie the bow to the main stick; news-



paper with which to cover the frame; paste to stick the paper; and light-weight rags for the tail. The tail of the kite is a very important adjunct. It must be light in weight and long enough to give perfect balance. A short, heavy tail is not as good.

The newspaper to cover the frame was cut with an inch or more margin to fold over the string and bow frame, attached with flour-paste made over Mother's kitchen stove, usually when she was cooking corned beef and cabbage or baking her Saturday beans. But Mother was a home body in those days and took an interest in most of the activities of her children.

Newspapers were more limited than they are today. The Boston Herald, New Bedford Standard, New York Times and other papers, did not find their way into the homes of many Nantucket boys. Thus the Inquirer and Mirror took many a "lofty flight" under the guidance of ten-year-old boys. I presume this newspaper has been "up in the air" many times since, but never to the delight of a more appreciative audience.

Now we must go down to William Hosier's store on Federal street for a ball of twine. Mr. Hosier was a good friend to every boy in town. I never saw him provoked nor "out of sorts". His smiling face greeted every customer with equal urbanity. A boy with five coppers (a 2-cent piece and 3 pennies) for a ball of twine was received as graciously as the most well-to-do and profitable customer. We always got our money's worth at Hosier's.

So, with all the equipment we went happily to Sunset Hill, the best place in the world to fly a kite. No houses, no trees, and a wonderful steady westerly breeze, just right for kite-flying. With little effort the kites were soon in the air, sailing majestically over Peter Brock's house toward Lily Pond and Academy Hill School-house. When the line had been "paid out" to the end of the ball (the kite seemed to be a mile away), we would sometimes tie the string to Ben and Robert Calloway's fence, or to a stake driven into the ground, allowing the kite to fly unattended as long as the wind lasted or the owner had to go home. After kite-flying came baseball. The kid's ball ground was at the foot of that same hill (what would the boys have done without Sunset Hill?) across the road from Peter Brock's. Many balls found their way through his kitchen windows; some came back and some did not, according to the disposition of Peter and Abby at that particular time. The older boys and "young men" played ball up on the Cliff in a section now strictly residential.

"Two-old-cat" and "scrub" were our particular styles of game. To become a batter was the chief objective. Starting by lot as a fielder, one had to pass up through the positions—the bases, pitcher, catcher before becoming a batter. The game was far from the scientific game that it is today. A curved ball was unknown. A runner was out between bases if hit by the ball which was thrown at him. The catcher stood far back and received the pitched ball on the first bound—not "off the bat". In fact, one would hardly recognize the game of today as a development of that of seventy years ago. But we had a wonderful time.

Approaches now the season when the boys can go in swimming. As an introduction come those first warm days in June when Mother lets us take off our shoes and stockings and

I do not remember, but until some time after leaving Nantucket I never had a bathing suit! What passed for such was a pair of handed-down, sawed-off pants, held precariously in place by such string or rope as could be found. The change was made behind Hadwen and Barney's fence surrounding the old candle works lot; then we would join the "paying guests" more elegantly dressed for bathing as they came into the water from Charles Hayden's bathhouse. At low tide one could walk out quite a distance in those days.

When we became older and more independent, we graduated from the "Clean Shore" and moved on up to the Cliff Beach, where George Washington Burdick carried on his bathing institution. Anybody recall George Washington—"Wash"? Always with bare feet and pants rolled up to the knees; always on the rush—adjusting the rooms, wringing out the used suits by hand, sossling them in a tub of fresh water, hanging them on the line—nervously busy all day long. However, the boys did not go swimming there—oh! no, we still lacked the raiment essential for polite society. Rather, our field of operations was "up along shore" at "the rock" or "the wreck", or "the Spring" at the foot of Hinckley's Lane.

While these activities were in progress during the day-time, the evening hours after supper found us at "the corner" playing "hunt the red lion". That was the game of games. Backyards, barns, hen houses, even the neighbor's kitchens were common property for hiding places for those "red lions". A favorite place to hide was Bill J. Chase's barn, then right over the barn and into Aunt Phoebe Brooks' back door. Even Ben Sheffield's hearse house had no qualms for those wild animals.

What memories! Do Nantucket boys of this generation enjoy themselves as we did seventy years ago? Those misguided people who slurringly talk about "horse and buggy days" have no conception of what life really was. Most of us had no horse and buggy; but we did have the whole island of Nantucket for a playground and used it, I think, in a way which interfered with the rights and privileges of no one, while establishing habits of industry, independence, self-government, and mae history which today are fragrant memories.

Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass., March 28, 1947.

P. S. Arthur Wyer's contribution in the issue of March 22 was one of his best. His testimony to the character of Rev. Louise S. Baker was not overdrawn. With Arthur, as well as with the writer of Ecclesiastes, I can say from intimate experience, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness". Furthermore, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Yes, Louise Baker had her sorrows, but bore them like a Saint!

It was not my good fortune to know personally Rev. Cyrus Roys, who came to town after my departure. I have, however, this very day had telephone conversation with his son, Prof. Francis W. Roys, faculty member of Worcester Polytechnic Institute since 1910, and who was born in Nantucket, 1886. Arthur Wyer's fine tribute to his father delighted him and he is most appreciative.

A. G.

cutting, shampoo, finger waving. Rilling Method. Avoid the rush. Telephone in advance, 1078-W.

feb16-4t
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Werry turned Wednesday from their motor trip west. Mrs. Werry, before her marriage in January, was Miss Winifred Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Williams, 14 Hussey street. Mr. Werry completed his terminal leave from the Navy "Seabees" while on his honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Werry will live in Washington, D. C.

Harry P. Schaub and Mrs. Schaub have been spending their winter vacation at Fort Lauderdale Beach in Florida. Mr. Schaub writes that he is planning to buy a 40-ft. "Sport Sherman" which he may bring to Nantucket late the coming summer. He writes that there are always some 50 power and sail-boats tied up at the various municipal wharves down here, which provide safe docking, fuel and separate electric power connections for each boat.

Notes From The Airport.

Cliff and Bill Allen have purchased a new Stinson plane—a four-seater—which they will use on charter flights to the mainland out of the local port.

Associated with the Allen boys in their new enterprise is Arnold Larson, veteran Transport Command pilot, who has had 1000 hours in the air. He recently returned from the India China theatre, Mr. Larson will fly out of the local airport to all parts. He had flown out of Providence a number of years before the war, is well acquainted with this area.

Capt. Ralph Sjolund flew up to New Bedford last Saturday with Holdgate, to see how work is progressing on the fishing-boat which he has under construction. "If you want to get where in a hurry," quoth Ralph, "the air-plane will get you there, but would not be much good for the fishing business, especially when the other gets bad out on Georges."

On the basis of present prices, philatelic-minded admirers of the late President Roosevelt can build up at a minimal cost a specialized collection of stamps issued in his honor. Latest of the Roosevelt memorial stamps to reach the market are Haiti's two black-ink airmails similar in design.

the island since she's gone; "If they send that Hack-en-sack, back, We'll just send the damned thing back,

"In our boats we take great pride, "On that Hack we'll never ride, "That hunk of Junk—we think should be sunk, "For we need real boats, more boats, "Now Harry that ain't just bunk!"

"The Nantucket Hot Shots" were called back for encores, and were always willing to oblige.

Another feature which pleased the audiences was young Master Nathan Thurston and his "spoon clappers." He displayed a fine sense of rhythm and was roundly applauded. In the front row of the onlookers was the youngster's great-grandfather, Frank Thurston, who enjoyed the show as much as anyone.

A nostalgic feature of the evening was the appearance of Al Mauduit as an end man. A director and participant in minstrels of thirty years and more ago, he performed one of his characteristic "buck and wings" as of old and sang "Nobody," a number he introduced thirty-five years ago at the old Atheneum Hall.

All in all, it was a typical "old-time" minstrel, and Director Charles Stackpole and his company are to be congratulated for providing plenty of fun and entertainment.

The Minstrel Committee

Chairman	Charles G. Stackpole
Music	Mrs. Eva Wilson
"Ends" Directed by	"Al" Mauduit
Advertising	George Fee
Program	Albert Fee, Francis Perry
Stage and Properties	Allen Norcross
Refreshments	Richard Lewis
Make-up	Carol Coggins

Claim Was Paid Promptly.

Simon Kaufman has made the first claim against the new steamboat company and received a check in full, amounting to 25 cents. It happened that Si had from time to time had his consignments tampered with en route to Nantucket, so this time, when he found two bottles of beer missing, he at once filed a claim of 25 cents for the loss. The company replied promptly, with a very courteous note and a check for 25 cents, which bore "No. 1," showing it was the first claim to be paid by the new management. "Si" says he is going to frame the check and post it at the Green Coffee Pot, to show that the new steamboat company is trying to do what is right.

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